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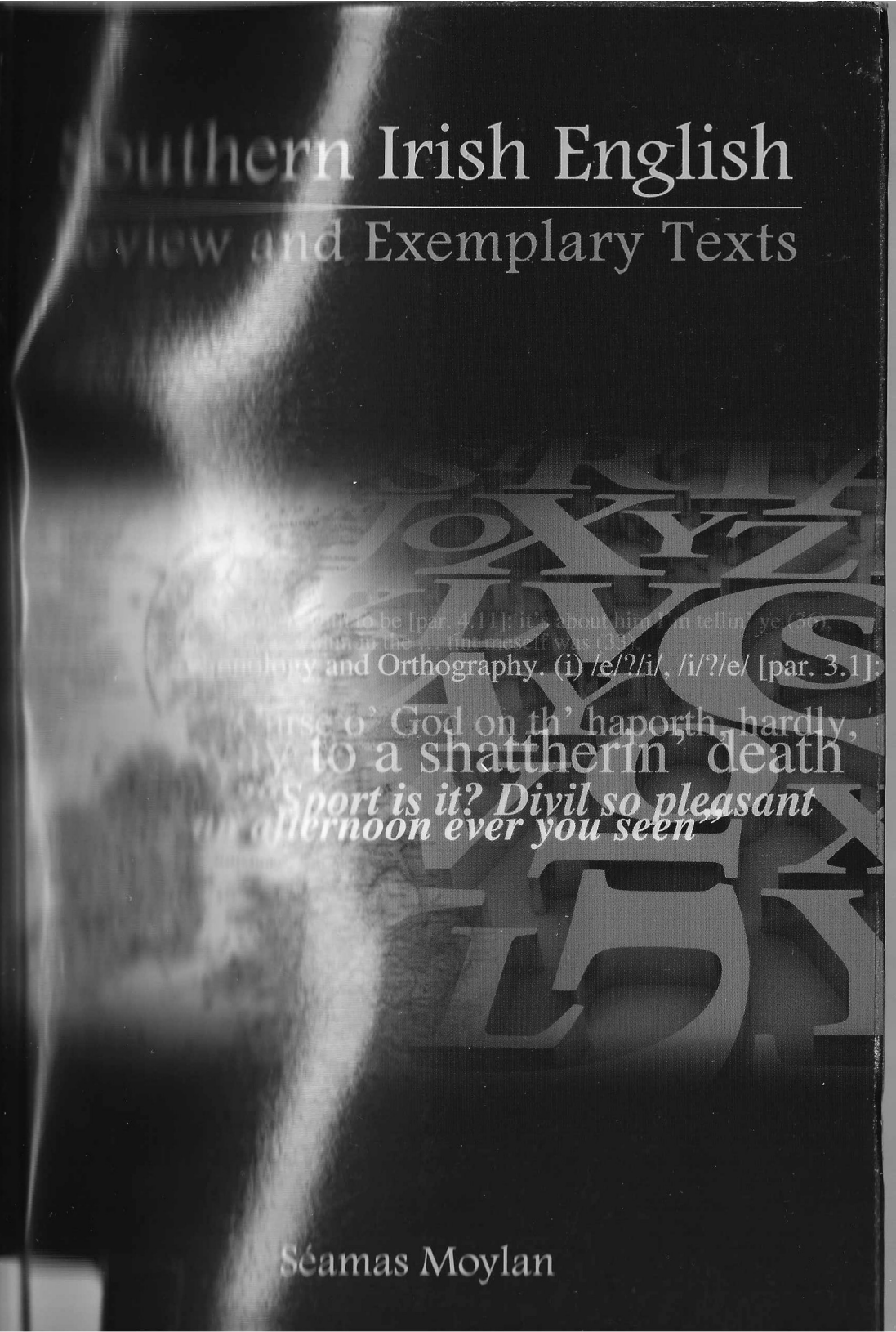
# Southern Irish English

## Review and Exemplary Texts




Séamas Moylan

Seventeenth century colonist English was received by an Irish-speaking population and remodelled on a Gaelic template. The two languages shaded into each other structurally, giving rise to a hybrid – Irish English. Two major varieties emerged: northern and southern. *Southern Irish English* examines the second of these.

This readable account of its origin, development, and current status begins with a synopsis of its history and nomenclature, then reviews its major categories, including vocabulary, forms, sounds, syntax and meaning.

The rest of the book comprises a series of illustrative texts, with commentary and analysis. Most selections are modern, but the earliest (Text 1 and its appendices) give an insight into the pluralist culture of Irish-Norman society and the fraught relationship between natives and newcomers. Texts 3 and 4 give English and Anglo-Irish perspectives on linguistic and related developments taking place in a politically-charged colonial context. The remaining texts show the new national vernacular in its colloquial vigour, a state of being now giving way to a more standardised and eclectic but less organic confection.

# Southern Irish English

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SÉAMAS MOYLAN

GEOGRAPHY PUBLICATIONS

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# Foreword

It is widely accepted that the influence of the mass media and the diffusion of "mass culture" they are said to promote is giving rise to an unprecedented degree of homogenization. One consequence is the loss of diversity and the acceleration of the attritional process affecting all forms of regionalism and localism, including the variety of English presented here. That variety is now being replaced by a blander, less particularized form of speech based on mixed international (rather than local or national) norms.

"The idioms, the figures of speech that make a language rich and full of the poetry of time and place must go," wrote John Steinbeck in 1960, "and in their place will be a ... speech wrapped and packaged, standard and tasteless." This is perhaps overpessimistic: the transaction may involve profit as well as loss. American English demonstrates that creativity and metaphoric vitality are compatible with a large degree of homogeneity, so it may be that the steamroller effect we are witnessing will not necessarily lead to what Liam de Paor called "entropic monotony". Nevertheless, Patrick Kavanagh's distinction between parochial (local, vital, authentic) and provincial (derivative, imitative, subservient) comes to mind. (The contrast is somewhat forced, of course, but has its own validity.) Despite its mixed parentage, our subject matter belongs to the first category. From a historical perspective Southern Irish English is, in Thomas Kinsella's words, "a matter of two linguistic identities in dynamic interaction". The resulting synthesis is a freewheeling vernacular with the novelty and vigor of the hybrid, "racy of the soil", the product of a democratic experiment which made it representative and egalitarian.

The following pages offer a perspective on this hibernicized English, including some remarks about its current status and direction. Introductory chapters discuss history and terminology, lexis and meaning, salient aspects of the phonology (sound system), and some of the principal syntactic features. These are followed by a series of texts illustrating SIE and its background from medieval to modern times, i.e. from a branch of Middle English to a denizened, then naturalized and gaelicized mother tongue. The heaviest concentration of texts is on the mature, achieved stage of the language — the so-called "classical" form of SIE — which is also the standard of reference in the introductory chapters.

## CHAPTER I

# Concept, Terminology, History

### Nomenclature and Typology

Southern Irish English (SIE) is the variety of English spoken in the part of Ireland roughly coterminous with the Irish Republic (Donegal being the most obvious exception). It may be defined as English spoken by the people of Southern Ireland, affected in varying degrees by the Irish language, and retaining some older features of English vocabulary, pronunciation, and syntax.

The time and circumstances of its acquisition determined the character of English as adopted (and adapted) in the South. Saturation settlement from Tudor, Stuart and Cromwellian Britain was contemplated but not achieved; English-speaking colonists were always in a minority and though their linguistic culture came to predominate it did so in a modified way. The ad hoc process by which the bulk of the indigenous Irish population learned English, as well as the political, social and demographic factors which conditioned that process, resulted in a popular synthesis of the kind referred to as "compound bilingualism", that is, "two languages form[ing] a merged system" (Bell 1976 120).

A cross-breeding or blending of elements is implied in the terms most commonly used to designate this language or dialect: "Anglo-Irish", "Hiberno-English", "Irish English" (the latter sometimes hyphenated). For some scholars all these are synonyms; for others they can imply important differences of origin and linguistic affinity. A.J. Bliss, for example, used "Anglo-Irish" and "Hiberno-English" interchangeably (cf. Bliss 1976, 1979) but seems to have had a preference for the second, defining it as "a variety of English ... strongly and continuously influenced by the Irish language" (Bliss 1979 226). For P.L. Henry, on the other hand, the two terms imply quite different things, namely a form of Irish with an English modification (Anglo-Irish) and a form of English with an Irish modification (Hiberno-English). The first is "a characteristically rural variety compounded of Irish and English" which "developed chiefly in the last century and a half"; it implies "language forming on the same base as corresponding Irish structures, with native intonation and pronounciation". The second is "a more urban, regional and standard variety tending towards international or so-called Standard English" and deriving ultimately from the speech of 17th century British settlers (Henry 1977 20, 36). "[T]he term *Anglo-Irish* ... points to the creation of a *new language* based upon Irish or Gaelic and absorbing linguistic

resources chiefly lexical from outlying forms of English"; it is "a mixed language mainly Irish in syntax and phonology with an appreciable and increasing English vocabulary and accidence". The term *Hiberno-English* "should be applied to varieties of colonist English which owe least to their Irish environment and in which the historical relation with the mother country has some claims to being immediate and direct.... [It] can include all the more 'standard' varieties whether of the schools, the media or the pulpit" (Henry 1985 157-9).

Henry's concept of "Anglo-Irish" is based on the primacy of structures and on provenance (cf. Weinreich 1963 68-70). Its "essentially Irish character" derives from the fact that its syntax shows large-scale replication of Irish model constructions, while its phonology, lexicon and semantics also illustrate widespread institutionalized interference from the same source. This "new language" is "modified and eked out" by English, but defined and determined by Irish. "The view that it is a kind of Irish, in fact English-Irish or Anglo-Irish, derives from the attention to the generative or creative aspect of language. The view that it is a kind of English depends on its utilization of English materials and on the prospect of an eventual watering down of most if not all the Irish elements in classic Anglo-Irish" (Henry 1977 36).

The appeal to linguistic history in support of the "Anglo-Irish" — "Hiberno-English" distinction meets with mixed reaction. On the basis of speech-forms used by Irish characters in plays written in England and Ireland from c. 1600 on, J.P. Sullivan concludes that there was "a historical transition from lexico-phonological to syntactic representaion", suggesting "different forms of mother-tongue interference" at different stages; hence his definition of "Hiberno-English" as "a variety of English which differs from standard English partly (a) because of the presence of some seventeenth and eighteenth century English forms, especially in the ... lexicon; and (b) more significantly, because of the variety's retention and/or reinterpretation of numerous Gaelic phonological and syntactic features" (Sullivan 1980 195-8). J.J. Hogan, on the other hand, sees no conceptual differences between different synchronic forms of "Anglo-Irish": "the mixture of sound, accidence and idiom is the same" in its medieval and modern manifestations (Hogan 1927 6).

Kirk et al. (1985 25-6) conclude with respect to the labels "Anglo-Irish" and "Hiberno-English": "It is our experience that the linguistic arguments in favor of each of these designations for the distinctive Irish variety of ... English are irresolvable. There are arguments in favour of each, and their usage has become idiosyncratic and established as a matter of personal preference." If the difficulty cannot be resolved it can be circumvented by discarding both "Anglo-Irish" and "Hiberno-English" in favor of "Irish English", which is neutral and fairly unambiguous. Moreover, it is long established in the usage of scholars such as Hayden and Hartog (1909), Taniguchi (1956, 1972), Francis (1963), Hickey



(2007), and more recently has found favor as an analogue to "English English", "American English" and so on: cf. McHugh and Harmon (1982), Pitts (1982), Trudgill and Hannah (1982), Wells (1982), Paulin (1983), Filppula (1990), Kallen (1997), Kirk (1997), Ó Baoill (1997), Todd (1999) and others. There is some subjectivity in its usage, especially with respect to its subvarieties.[1]

The dichotomy between "Anglo-Irish" and "Hiberno-English" posited by Henry is analogous to the distinction he makes between "Common" and "Rural" (or "classic") forms of "Anglo-Irish". "Common" is the term coined by Hogan (1927 62) for a kind of representative abstraction drawn from the different forms of IE; Henry (1957 15-16, 72-3) and Mhac an tSaoi (1969 46) agree that it means a supra-regional (middle) class dialect, but differ about its origins. Mhac an tSaoi, like Hogan, thinks of it as "a common denominator of all Irish dialects of recent growth"; Henry describes it as the language of the "educated and commercial classes" with a "de facto official position" and disseminated via "radio, school and pulpit". Similarily, what Delahunty (1977 133) calls "the standard Irish pronunciation of English or Hiberno-English" is said to contrast with the most obvious regional types and "is used by people from widely separated parts of the country who share many features of education, life-style and assumptions". This suggests a social variety identical to Henry's conception of "Common", which he uses in contradistinction to "Rural" or "classic" A-I. "Common ... is set off against ... rural dialect" in being "free from pronounced regional traits" and "the direct descendant of colonist English". "Rural", on the other hand, is geographically diversified and derives from the "intimate fusion" of Irish and English which took place principally in the 19th century (Henry 1957 15-16). Common is a "link" or "buffer" between Rural and "Standard" (Ibid. 16, 73), is "much influenced" by the latter (Mhac an tSaoi, op. cit.), and hence implies a compromise oriented towards orthodoxy and minimal deviation: "Among the educated ... Common A-I is deprived of its most obvious difference from StE" (Hogan 1927 62). Rural, on the other hand, implies maximum divergence. This classification tends to reproduce the identity argument summarized above, using mainly sociological rather than linguistic or historical criteria. In Henry's analysis the equation Common Anglo-Irish = Hiberno-English, Rural Anglo-Irish = Anglo-Irish Proper is made.

The current situation is characterized by the unstable coexistence of the Common and Rural types, the higher prestige of the first tipping the balance progressively against the second, which is becoming attenuated by adjustment to its rival. Their relationship is comparable to the "dominance configuration" analyzed by Weinrich (1963 78ff.) in which one language is identified with high social status, the other with social and educational inferiority. Thus, the "watering down of ... classic Anglo-Irish" is now well advanced. Henry (1958a 99) speaks of a "refining instinct" on the part of some Rural speakers, who suppressed or

repudiated local forms in favour of the more standardized (Common) code; he notes the generalized failure of the Rural variety to "assert itself and ... stand its ground as a representative national language" (Henry 1974).

In this respect the rivalry of Common and Rural is a kind of reenactment of that between English and Irish in the 19th century. The proleterian background of Rural SIE, which originated chiefly amongst an Irish-speaking peasantry, identified it in the minds of the more urbanized and aspirant classes with rusticity, backwardness and low socio-economic status. The educational establishment likewise seems to have regarded it as an aberration, hence the efforts of the schools have been directed towards bringing it into conformity with the more socially acceptable variety. The broadcast media reinforced (and even exacerbated) this prejudice by promoting either a highly refined form of Common or a non-rhotic variety of English based on SEE — speech-norms by and large unrepresentative of the population these media purported to serve. The continued growth of towns and cities as well as the "urbanization" of country life brought about by modern modes of travel, transport and communication have tended to make rural speech (and perhaps rural *mores* generally) recessive. In these circumstances the characteristically Irish-conditioned elements in Rural SIE are being modified and its patterns brought into a greater degree of conformity with general or international English. The speech of the younger generation — one accustomed from childhood to radio, television and computers — is formed on the base of Common SIE, with phonetic, lexical and idiomatic encroachment from other varieties of English, principally British and American. The older rural generation, meanwhile, represents the continuity of the Rural type, with its established interference features from Irish systematically and unselfconsciously realized; but these monodialectal speakers form a steadily decreasing minority. Bridging the gap between old and young are the middle-aged, whose usage appears to be characterized by a greater degree of flexibility than either "extreme", and who are capable of more modification and code-switching than the others. Their speech represents a context-related alternation or compromise between Common and Rural, the one being the preferred medium in more formal situations, the other the colloquial idiom of hearth, home and informal domains generally.

## Historical Background

The essential facts are: the successful military incursion and subsequent colonization carried out under Anglo-Norman auspices (1167-*c.*1300); the Irish recovery and decline of the colony (*c.*1300-*c.*1550); the Tudor reconquest (*c.*1550-1600), followed by new settlements under Stuarts, Cromwellians and Williamites (1600-1700); the Penal Laws and their gradual discontinuance (1700-1800); the Union, the National Schools, and the Famine with its demographic, social, and



linguistic consequences (1800-1900); independence, emigration and immigration, economic development, global village communications (1900-2000).

In the first phase there was substantial immigration into the fertile areas of the east, north-east, midlands and south; by 1250 approximately three-quarters of the country had been overrun and divided into counties; civic life was firmly established with the widespread foundation of towns. By the 14th century the colonial enterprise had begun to falter as emigration sapped its strength and assimilation blurred its identity; the plague had a devastating effect. English, evidently the speech of a plurality of the settlers, declined proportionately, and though it managed to retain bases in the Dublin area, the south-west, and the walled coastal and "uplandish" towns, its existence everywhere was precarious and its outlook bleak; the future appeared to lie with Irish. This phase was marked by discriminatory and segregationist laws, culminating in the Statutes of Kilkenny; these, however, were unable to arrest the assimilative process. In the third phase the native resurgence was halted, then reversed. With the consolidation of the Tudor dynasty in England "an entire, perfect and final Conquest of Ireland", as Attorney General Davies put it, was attempted and largely achieved. In the last half of the 16th century and at various times during the 17th the aim seems to have been the replacement of the native Irish population by British settlers (cf. de Paor 1986 126). The partial success of this policy reinvigorated the colony, while the speech of the newcomers "is the form of English which, mixed with older Anglo-Irish [i.e. early colonist English] and learned by a population with an Irish speech-basis, is the language of Ireland today. But it did not begin to spread among the people until the end of the 18th century, nor did it emerge victorious from the struggle with Irish until the middle of the 19th" (Hogan 1927 54).

A noteworthy feature of the "Norman" invasion and settlement was its cosmopolitan character: the newcomers were of mixed ethnic and "national" background — Norman-French, English, Welsh and Flemish. Among the latter (drawn from the settlement established in Pembroke some sixty years previously) were Flemings, Prendergasts, Roches, Synotts and others with what are now typical Irish names; together with the Cambro-Normans whose names have also become part of Irish history — Barrys, Butlers, Fitzgeralds, Fitzhenrys, Walshs et al. — they formed the leadership of the colonial venture. They were mainly French-speaking (Lydon 1973 3), and as the dominant class continued to have disproportionate prestige and influence even when, with the expansion of the colony, English-speaking settlers came to constitute the largest linguistic group (cf. Otway-Ruthven 1968 133ff.). The language of these latter is illustrated in the early 14th century Kildare Poems; that of the former (retained as the medium of legal tracts and official documents) by the Statutes of Kilkenny (1366), a series of decrees which attempted to codify relations

between native and colonist, and from which the condition of the colony at its bicentennial is to be inferred. That colonial culture was undergoing some degree of absorbtion is suggested by the fact that "many English ... abandoning the English language, manners, mode of riding, laws and usages, live and govern themselves according to the manners, fashion and language of the Irish enemies". This evidence is testimony to the synthesizing of races and "nations" in 14th century Ireland, and the assimilation of guest culture to that of the host. In the view of historian Edmund Curtis (1961 113), "The Kilkenny Statutes marked the failure of the Conquest".

The almost total lack of written texts for the period 1400-1600 (Bliss 1979 30) is probably a measure of the colony's decline. Throughout the 15th century the absorbtion of the immigrant community and the erosion of its territorial base continued; by mid-16th century, according to Bliss (1976 546), "spoken English was in a stage of almost total eclipse". This is probably an overstatement, based on evidence such as that of Richard Stanihurst, an Englishman who reported in 1577 that the colony was in a state of "ruine and decaye", its land area "cramperned and coucht into an odd corner of the countrey" in the vicinity of Dublin (Miller and Power 1979 13). Moreover, Irish was "vniuersally gagled" there, and the chronicler bemoaned the desuetude of the colonists' "owe auncient natiue tongue" while "the enemies language, as it were a tettare, or ringwoorme ... herborow[ed] it self within the iawes of the Englishe conquerours" (Ibid. 15-16). However, Stanihurst's evidence is likely to have been deliberately alarmist and exaggerated (cf. Hogan 1927 34-6), since it was designed to elicit action from London in support of the colony.

Action was forthcoming. Under the Tudor monarchs the resources of a united national state were directed towards a definitive conquest which would complete the haphazard and indecisive medieval one. By the time of Elizabeth's death in 1603 the substance of this policy had been achieved, and Davies could boast of "an vniuersall and absolute conquest of all the Irishrie", adding "an hope that the next generation, will in tongue and heart, and euery way else, becom English; so as there will be no difference or distinction, but the Irish Sea betwixt vs" (Davies 1969 6, 272). During the 17th century the anglicization process took the form of recolonization. The "plantation" of Ulster with English and Scottish settlers following the exile of the Irish leadership there in 1607 gave rise to NIE. For the history of English in the south the crucial event was the Cromwellian settlement of mid-century. This has been described as "the most catastrophic land-confiscation and social upheaval in Irish history, involving the expropriation of catholic landowners ... on a vast scale, the transplantation to Connacht of most of those who survived, and an influx of English landowners and settlers" (Moody 1976 xliv). It was the speech of these "new English" which "seasoned and moulded ... entered with Irish into the blended language of today" (Henry 1958a 59).



The Cromwellian arrangement, confirmed and extended by the victory of William of Orange over James II in 1690, established the "new English" minority as undisputed rulers of Ireland for more than two centuries. Frank O'Connor (1967 109) considered (perhaps overoptimistically) that the Irish and the Old English (i.e. the colonist element of the medieval phase) had "shared ... a cultural nationality that did not impinge on their political identity"; similarly, Seán Ó Faoláin (1970 17) concludes that "colonists and natives still lived in a makeshift kind of unity, at least a tolerance, up to the end of the 17th century", when "that all came to an end. The new division is a social one — the conquerors and the conquered". Woodham-Smith (1953 17) describes the "new English" as "foreigners, separated from the Irish population by religion and language, preserving through the centuries the outlook and behaviour of conquerors in an occupied country, regarding their Irish estates merely as the source which produced money to pay for English pleasures".[2]

The "lower nation", meanwhile, struggled to survive. Denied political rights and reduced to peonage by anti-Catholic legislation, the mass of the Irish people now lived at subsistence level, on a diet whose staple had become the potato (introduced in the 17th century). After a century and a half of "the most sustained demographic expansion in Europe" (Cullen 1981 18), the population stood at about 8 million on the eve of the great famine of the mid-19th century (Beckett 1966 345). In the last decades of the 18th century this population had begun to turn increasingly to English — a linguistic preference related on the one hand to the identification of their social and economic condition with Irish ("the badge of the beaten race, the property of the vanquished", as Matthew Arnold called it) and on the other to the gradual mitigation in the severity of the penal code which had brought about their degradation. As these laws were amended, revoked or allowed to fall into desuetude, giving Catholics access to the professions, English became the necessary prerequisite for progress and preferment in a society ruled by its speakers. By 1800, the year in which the legislative union of Britain and Ireland took place, "Irish had ceased to be the language habitually spoken in the homes of all those who had already achieved success in the world, or who aspired to improve or even maintain their position politically, socially or economically" (Wall 1969 82).

In the following half-century the process of repudiation spread and accelerated. Cullen (1981 131ff.) describes the rate of linguistic change between 1810 and 1840 as "astonishing" and ascribes it to "the prestige of written over oral culture, and the explosive growth in the demand for literacy". After 1831 this demand was met by the National Schools, whose "steady, unwavering, unrelenting determination to stamp out the Irish language" (Hyde 1899 631-2) and replace it with English seems to have had the support and cooperation of the Irish people generally (cf. de Fréine 1978 73). The "great hunger" of 1846-52, which

"swept away upwards of a million Irish speakers" (Ó Cuív 1967 22) and reduced the population generally by another million or so (Kinealy 2006 169), turned retreat into rout. As emigration (chiefly to English-speaking America) became a panic-stricken rush from a devastated land, the Irish language, already emblematic of servitude at home, was now perceived as an impediment abroad and was jettisoned. The census of 1891 showed that the language shift was complete in most of the country.

Given the conditions under which it took place, the linguistic transition was bound to be disordered and the end product nonconformist. A more methodical learning procedure would no doubt have resulted in a type of English closer to other standard varieties, but the actual process was highly informal, the method largely one of adaptation and improvisation. English was received not as a finished product, but as raw material to be smelted and recast by Irish speakers "à la forge de leurs habitudes de pensée et de parole différantes" (Rafroidi 1972 3). Emergent colloquial SIE was a kind of linguistic alloy in which the tone and tincture of Irish permeated the word-material of English. Its most characteristic quality in this mixedness, typically expressed as a tendency to hybridize, impersonate and engage in lively masque.

**Summary and Review**

English has been spoken in southern Ireland for over 800 years, but existing varieties derive mainly from the early modern (chiefly 17th century) stage of the language as modified by Irish during centuries of intensive contact. If we characterize Irish history from late medieval times as a pattern of resistance to and assimilation of outside (chiefly British) influences, SIE is a product and reflection of the national experience. At its most characteristic it is, in P.L. Henry's image, "the blithe, natural child of a forced marriage".[3]

Its quintessential expression is the composite idiom which crystallized principally during the 19th century when an Irish-speaking peasantry, driven by desperate need, attempted under adverse learning conditions to acquire English, the language of the utilitarian ethic that dominated their world. The broadly-based form of that language which evolved — the "classic" or Rural variety — was characterized by a symbiotic relationship with its predecessor; its formation amounted to a "rebuilding of English on an Irish speech basis" (Hogan 1927 6), making it in large part "the Irish language with English words" (Joyce 1910 39). Shaped and hammered on the anvil of popular usage, this new idiom had an improvised, colloquial, and democratic character.

The subsequent development of SIE had been in the direction of a more international, standardized and anglicized norm. Laundering of the popular vernacular, especially by the schools and the media, has brought about the homogenization of the dialect and the dominance of "Common", which is



challenged and infiltrated by British and American idiom and articulation. These developments represent the linguistic aspect of Ireland's progressive assimilation into what Conor Cruise O'Brien called "the English-speaking Atlantic society": "Television speeds up ... a process begun by conquest, helped on by famine, emigration, the National School system and later the cinema and radio" (O'Brien 1969 19).

Some of the terminological and conceptual difficulties associated with our subject-matter have been suggested above. Of the principal names used to designate English as spoken in Southern Ireland, "Hiberno-English" is preferred by many scholars, e.g. O'Rahilly (1932), Sullivan (1976, 1980), Bliss (1977, 1979 etc.) and Barry (1981, 1982), as being more accurate than "Anglo-Irish" and because it avoids the semantic problems and confusions inherent in it. As a political term "Anglo-Irish" may refer to colonists of Anglo-Norman or other extraction in the period 1200-1500; or, more particularly, to the Protestant Ascendancy of the 18th-19th centuries. As a literary term it can correlate with one or other of the political senses, as in St. John Seymour's study *Anglo-Irish Literature 1200-1582*, which includes writings in French, English and Latin but excludes Irish (Seymour 1929 2). Augustine Martin's definition of "Anglo-Irish Literature" is also language-based: for him it is simply "Irish writing in the English language" (Martin 1980 11); similarly, McHugh and Harmon (1982) apply "Anglo-Irish" to "the indigenous literature of Ireland in English". However, in his book *Irish Literature in English* (1980), Patrick Rafroidi deliberately avoids the term "Anglo-Irish", which for him is pejorative, implying regionalism and provincialism (cf. O'Driscoll 1982 xvii). For Thomas McDonagh, on the other hand, its connotations are positive: his *Literature in Ireland* (published in 1916, the year of the author's execution for his part in the Easter Rising) excludes the work of "Hiberno-English" authors such as Swift, Burke or Goldsmith from the canon of "Anglo-Irish" literature and reserves that term for "literature produced by the English-speaking Irish" (Ibid. vii, 28). Daniel Corkery (1931 1ff.) likewise argued that "expatriate" or "colonial" Anglo-Irish writing is to be distinguished from the "indigenous" or "genuine Anglo-Irish literature" whose first great exponent was Synge. P.L. Henry's distinction between "Anglo-Irish literature" and "the Hiberno-English tradition" (Henry 1968 119) agrees substantially with MacDonagh's both in concept and terminology, and echoes the dichotomy between the linguistic senses of Anglo-Irish and Hiberno-English outlined above.

These opinions and usages show the evolution of "Anglo-Irish" from the sense "alien" to the sense "indigenous", and the gradual dominance of the second element (formerly a modifier with geographical significance only). The coming of age which took place in the late 19th century made the old dichotomy obsolete; from that point on Irish literature in English was unhyphenatedly

Irish and, in Anthony Cronin's phrase, "not Anglo-anything". Cronin (1982 11) argues that Irish writing in the English language reached its full maturity and independence in the work of Yeats, Joyce, O'Nolan ("Flann O'Brien"), Kavanagh and Beckett, and that the designation "Anglo-Irish" is "entirely inapplicable" to it. O'Driscoll (1982 xviii) thinks likewise and suggests that the term "be dropped now, and dropped forever", but it continues to be applied by some academics, either out of habit or to distinguish the English Irish from the Gaelic Irish literary tradition.[4]

Applied to language, "Anglo-Irish" has the same kind of ambiguity and ambivalence as in the literary sphere. In informal usage the linguistic and political senses can coalesce, as in the newspaper report headed "Anglo-Irish Accents at the Dublin Horse Show" (meaning the anglified speech of the remnants of the Anglo-Irish aristocracy and their Irish imitators). As a generalized term for the English language in Ireland it has the sanction of established usage: cf. Burke (1896), Joyce (1910), Van Hamel (1912), Clark (1917), Hogan (1927, 1934), Visser (1942), O'Faolain (1957), Henry (1957 etc.), Ó Muirithe (1996), et al. It is, as we have seen, the preference of P.L. Henry, in whose analysis it shows the same development as in its literary sense, i.e. from a compound in which the first element is preeminent (= Hiberno-English) to one in which the second is determinative (= Rural/classical IE). Our perspective here is the latter variety, which exemplifies the creativity and originality of SIE at its fullest and most definitive; the Common subcode, probably the most representative current expression of the language, is referred to by way of comparison and contrast.[5]

**REFERENCES**

1. Kirk (1997 202) describes IE as "essentially a hyperonym" for Scots and English in Ulster, A-I and H-E in the south. As if to emphasize his point about the difficulty of labeling (supra), he defines A-I as a "colonial" type (like Henry's H-E) and H-E as "that contact variety ... which is heavily influenced by" the Irish it replaced (Henry's A-I). For Wells (1982 ii 417-18, 436-38) IE includes "the Scots dialect" of Ulster and "Anglo-Irish", the latter defined as "the English language as introduced from England" and "the ... accents of the Republic". "Ulster English" consists of "Scotch-Irish" and "Ulster Anglo-Irish"; "rural dialects are still distinguishably either Scots or Hiberno-English". Todd's "Irish, or Green, English" originated in "Planter English", which devolved into "Ulster Scots" ("a variety of Scottish English" spoken in parts of east Ulster and Donegal) and "Anglo-Irish" ("a variety of English spoken over most of Ireland ... modified by contact with Irish, Ulster Scots and Hiberno-English"). H-E is one of the "two main traditions of English" in Ireland (the other is "Planter English"); it "reflects Irish influence at every linguistic level from the sound patterns and the rhythms to the vocabulary, the idioms, and the sentence structure". "The three varieties of English in Ireland are Anglo-Irish, Hiberno-English, and Ulster Scots"; the first two are merging because "many speakers of Hiberno-English follow the Anglo-Irish pattern", while "the grammar of uneducated speakers of Anglo-Irish includes many features ... found in Hiberno-English", which is itself being eroded by "education and the media" (Todd 1999 49 and passim). As conceived by Northern writer Tom Paulin the eclecticism of IE makes it a potentially



unifying mechanism. It is "a federal concept" which would find its proper expression in an "all-Ireland context". In such an Ireland "there would exist three fully-fledged languages — Irish, Ulster Scots and Irish-English". The latter "would be a form of modern English which [drew] on Irish, the Yola and Fingallian dialects, Ulster Scots, Elizabethan English, Hiberno-English, British English and American English. A confident concept of Irish English would substantially increase the vocabulary and this would invigorate the written language. A language that lives blithely on the tongue ought to be capable of becoming the flexible written instrument of a complete cultural idea" (Paulin 1983 17).

2. "They were ... landlords, with the ... manifold vices of the breed" — "grasping, mean, dissolute, lazy, feeble, dull-witted, provincial, bigoted, or else absentee", supported by "a vast and wretched tenantry". Mary McCarthy's characterization of the dukes of Florence after the Spanish conquest (*The Stones of Venice*, p. 147) applies equally to the kleptoparasitic class which came to be called "Anglo-Irish", a term in which the second element has purely geographic significance. When *The New Yorker* (10 Feb. 1997) reported the death of journalist Mollie Panter-Downes it noted that she was "thoroughly, bred-in-the-bone *English* (actually, Anglo-Irish, which is even more so)". More English than *English* (their emphasis): an assertive, exaggerated nationalism was typical of this essentially Gauleiter group, whose Angloness was reinforced by a powerful ideology of religious and cultural — even racial — superiority, making them unassimilable. There were exceptions, of course; one thinks of Tone, Emmet, Davis, Mitchell, Hyde, Maud Gonne, C. Gore-Booth and others to whom the nation is indebted; others still became cultural nationalists while remaining Unionists. But to foist Irishness on people who by and large were as partial to that identity as the devil to holy water is mendacious, unhistorical, reverse imperialist, and not a little pathetic. Of course, a disposition to falsely repossess the past is not without precedent: "King" Arthur, who fought against the invading Anglo-Saxons, was assimilated to English national mythology; and Magna Carta, a deal between Frenchmen, to "Anglo-Saxon" jurisprudence. Our claim to Anglo-Irish writers, artists, composers, scientists (including most of the "super Irish scientists" featured in *The Irish Times* on 22 Jan. 2008) et al. is just as dubious, even where inspired by ecumenism or as part of "a more fluid and embracing sense of Irish identity", as the editors of *The Cambridge History of Irish Literature* (2006) put it (Introduction, p. 4). Eschewing any "essentialist definition" of Irishness in favor of "generous inclusion", they conclude that "in some ways the very fact that an author's 'Irishness' is an issue ... is itself proof that he or she belongs in the *History*" (Ibid.). If it's neither fish nor fowl it must be Irish. This is a recipe for specious inclusiveness (cf. i 96-7, 103, 373-4 etc.); the discomfiture of some contributors is palpable. Neither good will nor plámás nor casuistry nor political correctness nor revisionism can bring about retrospective assimilation of the Anglo-Irish, any more than they can naturalize present-day Unionists. Bíonn an fhírinne searbh. It was the Irish ("the children of the captivity", as Somerville and Ross called them) who became assimilated. This study examines some of the linguistic consequences of that process.
3. Someone more cynical might prefer Joyce's image, "the cracked looking-glass of a servant". Ó Liatháin (1964 14), on the other hand, outdoes Henry in enthusiasm: "Nuair a ghlacadar le Béarla an rí dhearmadar an rí agus rialacha a theanga. Chasadar an Béarla as a riocht spadánta stóinsithe Sasanach agus mhúnlaíodar in oiriúint dá mbeo-aigne agus dá samhlaíocht fhileata féin é, ionas go ritheann sé dá dteanga ina chaisí meara rithimiúla agus é ag spréacharnach le focail agus le habairtí dathúla."
4. Historian J.C. Beckett, an apologist for things Anglo-Irish (in the political sense), finds the term "Anglo-Irish literature" unacceptable because it is "without any precise or accurate meaning" and because "Irish writers using the English language have been unable to establish an independant literature"; at most Yeats and co. "formed a local school within the confines of English literature in general". The "extended application" of the term, i.e. "the whole body of work by Irish-born writers who used the English language ... can serve no useful purpose and may be dangerously misleading. The authors thus lumped together are not distinguished from their English contemporaries by any common characteristic beyond the mere fact of having been born in Ireland; and their work as a whole, taken out of its proper place in the main stream of English literature, displays none of those elements of coherence or continuity that would entitle it to be regarded as a distinct and independent literature, to be described in national or quasi-national terms" (Beckett 1983 131-2).

5. The category "typical southern Irish provincial" (Wells 1982 ii 241) reminds us of the relative homogeneity of Rural SIE, hence social or educational differentiation is largely confined to towns and cities, especially Dublin. According to Barry (1982 90), A.J. Bliss distinguished "three main varieties of Hiberno-English", namely "rural", "urban", and "educated". The first of these is "the most conservative and gaelicized"; the second was "influenced by the outside world" and may preserve some medieval forms; the third is "more influenced by standard English" though it "retains a few characteristics of rural" speech. Bertz (1975) divides Dublin E into "educated" (EDE), "general" (GDE), and "popular" (PDE) — the latter possibly to be identified with the type Hogan (1934 14) calls "Vulgar Dublin English", which "occupies a special place among Anglo-Irish dialects, being much remoter from the seventeenth-century standard than the rest". Wells (1982 ii 417ff.) slices Dublinese into "typical", "conservative", "working class", "smart", "progressive", "educated", and "sophisticated", and notes that "some educated and cosmopolitan-minded Dubliners ... have ... adopted various RP characterisics". (Of course, one man's cosmopolitanism is another man's provincialism.) This points to an anglified mode of speech which tends to correlate with high professional status and material affluence; it may be the current expression of that rarified form of Common which Hogan (1927 62) described as tending to merge with "Standard" EE. Such a mode of speech is, notoriously, affected by Dublin barristers queened up in wig and gown, and can also infect thespians, hence is possibly identifiable with that "upper-class Irish accent" which, according to the theatre critic of *The New Yorker* (20 Oct. 2003), "grates on the nerves like a migraine".



CHAPTER II

# Vocabulary, Semantics, Morphology

**2.0** The non-standard forms, words and meanings of SIE comprise archaic terminology, senses and inflections; loan-words and semantic imitations from Irish; hybrids and "independent evolution".

**2.1.0 Archaisms.** This category includes terminology of diverse origin, e.g. *cant* (n., v.) "auction" (Lat. *accantare*), *clout* "cloth, article of clothing", *drouth* "thirst", *fornenst* "opposite", *gale* "instalment" (OE *gafol*), *haggard* "enclosure for hay- and corn-stacks" (ON *heygarthr*), *keeler* "shallow tub", *mearing* "boundary" (OE *gemære*), *mitch* "play truant" (OE *mycan*), *quality* "gentry, aristocracy", *settle* "wooden seat with back and arms, convertible into a table, sometimes used as a bed" (OE *setl*), *skillet* "small pot", *skiver* an older form of *skewer*, *stim* "small bit" (*a stim of light, a stim of sense*), *troth* asserveration (*Troth I won't!* "I certainly won't!"), *tundish* "funnel". Words which according to Bliss (1984 140-1) became obsolete or dialectal in EE between 1650 and 1850 but which are retained in SIE include *afeard* "afraid", *bowsey* "drunkard", *cog* "cheat (at homework or in an examination)", *collogue* "conspire", *crawthumper* "ostentatiously devout person", *cross* "ill-natured", *delph* "crockery", *galluses* "braces", *grain* "prong of a fork", *handsel* "New Year's gift" (also "wedding present" or any gift), *learn* "teach", *lief(er)* "soon(er)" (expressing preference), *lock* "small quantity (of hay)", *mannerly* "well-mannered", *mearing* "boundary", *pismire* "ant", *renegue* "go back on one's word", *shore* "drain", *strand* "beach".

**2.1.1 Loan-words from Irish.** Most of the native (Ir.) words retained in SIE are drawn from the quasi-technical and affective areas of the vocabulary. The first category includes *báinín* (anglice *bawneen*) "flannel", *bairín breac* (*barmbrack* or *barnbrack*) "currant cake", *bodhrán* (*bowraun*) "winnowing drum, tambourine", *bóithrín* (*boreen*) "by-road", *cis* (*kish*) "wicker basket", *currach* (*curragh*) "canvas-covered boat", *gríosach* (*greeshagh*) "embers", *lái* (*loy*) "spade", *poitín* (*poteen*) "illicit whiskey", *práiscín* (*prashkeen*) "bag apron" (i.e. an apron of sacking), *préataí-s* (*praties*) "potatoes", *ráth* (*rath*) "ringfort", *síbín* (*she(e)been*) "illicit public house,

speakeasy, dingy pub", *sleán* (*slane*) "turf spade", *súgán* (*soogawn*) "hay-rope" and *tuilleadh* (*tilly*) "extra measure". The second category includes *amadán* (*omadhaun*) "(male) fool", *balbhán* (*bollavaun*) "dummy", *bodach* (*buddogh*) "lout", *straoill* (*streel*) "slattern" and the like. The "modernization" and "standardization" of SIE has implications for the vocabulary. Nearly half a century ago Henry (1958a 167) noted that it was "changing considerably", with the Irish element in it "tending more and more to be shed or left unutilized".

A number of Ir. words have made their way into GE. Of these *bother* (ModIr. *bodhar* "deaf") belongs to an earlier stratum of borrowing, which includes OE *broc* and Shakespearean *brock* (Ir. *broc*) "badger", also *bard* "poet". *Smithereens* is generally thought to derive from Ir. *smidirín* "fragment" + E. plural morpheme *-s*, but Ó Muirithe (*Foinse*, 14 Sept. 2008) suggests dial. E. *smithers* + Ir. *-ín* (cf. par. 2.3.3). Ir. *smid* "tiny piece" and *smidín* id. turn up in AE as *smidge* and *smidgen*; they are now entering cisAtlantic E., as is *slew* "large number or quantity" (Ir. *slua* "crowd"). *Rapparee* (Ir. *rapaire* "robber, highwayman") and *tory* (Ir. *tóraí*) are suggestive of the historical ambience from which they derive. Webster's Third defines the first as "an Irish irregular soldier or freebooter esp. of the 17th century" and the second as "a dispossessed Irishman of the 17th century subsisting primarily by highway robbery". In its extended meanings *tory* is evocative of politics on both sides of the Atlantic, being applied to the emerging Conservative party in 17th century Britain (opponents of the Whigs) and to colonial loyalists (British supporters) during the struggle for American independence.[1] More recently international E (especially American) has accepted — indeed, virtually drafted — *brogue* "Irish accent" (Ir. *barróg* "accent, speech defect"), *leprechaun* "elf" (Ir. *leipreachán*), *shamrock* "trefoil" (Ir. *seamróg*) and *shillelagh* "cudgel". Less stereotypical are *colcannon* (Ir. *cál ceannann*) "mashed potatoes buttered and spiced", *carrigeen* "carrigeen moss" (Ir. *carraigín*), *dulse* (Ir. *duileasc*) "edible seaweed" and *sloke* (Ir. *sleabhac*) "edible marine algae", which are found in Webster's Third, as are Ir. words employed by geographers and archaeologists: *crannóg* "artificial (man-made) island in a lake", *drumlin* (Ir. *droimnín*) "rounded hillock formed by glacial deposits", *esker* (Ir. *eiscir*) gravel bed left by a subglacial river, and *turlough* (Ir. *turloch*) "a winter lake or mere, dry or marshy in summer" (Dinneen 1927 s.v.). Irish words and phrases known to most native speakers of E everywhere (but particularly in America) are *banshee* (Ir. *bean sí*) "fairy woman", the female spirit who wails before someone's death, *keen* (Ir. *caoineadh*) "lament for the dead", *shillelagh* (Ir. *sail éille* "thonged cudgel"), *sláinte* "health" (a toast), *Erin go bragh* (*Erin go bráth* "Ireland for ever", where *Erin* represents *Éirinn*, an oblique form of *Éire* "Ireland"), and *pogue ma hone* (Ir. *póg mo thón* "kiss my ass") — this last probably a translation of the E phrase, since the Ir. form is not heard among native speakers.





**2.2.1** Loan translations such as *devil's needle* "dragon fly" (Ir. *snáthaid an deabhail*), *the good people* "the fairies" (Ir. *na daoine maithe* — so called to placate them), *sky-goat* "snipe" (Ir. *mionnán aerach* "sky-kid"), *half-twin* "twin" (Ir. *leath-chúpla*), *cat-owl* "owl" (cf. Ir. *ceann cait* "owl", lit. "cat-head"), *brother's* (*sister's*) *son* "nephew" (Ir. *mac deartháir, mac deirféar*) and others "show the persistence of the Irish concept" and illustrate "the derived status and intermediate position of the A-I vocabulary" (Henry 1958a 166).

**2.2.2** Henry (Ibid.) suggests "English words and Irish meanings" as the key to the semantics of IE "viewed as the product of bilingualism". As Ir. terminology was discarded the E which replaced it often inherited its range of meaning. *Black* and *red*, for instance, frequently retain the metaphorical senses and intensifying force of the Ir. words (*dubh, dearg*) they translate. The first often has figurative meanings drawn from *dubh* "morose, severe, rigorous, violent, malevolent" (Dinneen 1927 s.v.). Thus Synge: *He put a black curse on me this morning* (SG). *Would you have me getting my death sitting out in the black wintry air with no coat...?* (WS) Similarly *black fast* a severe or rigorous fast (i.e. abstinence from food as part of religious observance), *black knot* one which is very difficult to open, *black Protestant* an extreme or bigoted one. According to Joyce (1910 215) *black* with respect to character or personality has the senses "surly, vindictive, implacable, irreconcilable"; hence the self-characterization by the Anglo-Irish but republican-patriotic Constance Markiewicz (née Gore-Booth) in 1922: "By that bad black drop of English blood in me I know the English ... it is because of that black drop in me that I know the English personally". These unmeritedly disparaging remarks had a political context, of course, as have those of Colm Ó Gaora on the Clare by-election of 1917, which was won by Éamon de Valera: "Bhí baile beag amháin go han-dubh" ("one small village was very black", i.e. intransigent in its opposition), and again: "an duine ba dhuibhe a bhí inár n-aghaidh" ("the person who was blackest against us"). As used by anglophone Irish and clued-in, well-disposed Anglo-Irish writers, *black* has the feel of *dubh*, e.g. *a black wind, a black* (complete) *stranger, a black party man* a committed member of a political party (John B. Keane), *black rotten* (Patrick Kavanagh), *black certain* (E.O. Somerville), *black ignorance, black disgrace* (Douglas Hyde of Mahaffy), *the black time of the penal laws* (Alice Stopford Greene), *I'm black out with you* (Joyce 1910 89), *black* (completely) *nude*.[2]

**2.2.3** *Red* is also an intensifier, though not as widely employed as *black*, possibly because unlike the latter it finds no support in E. This means that its usage is all

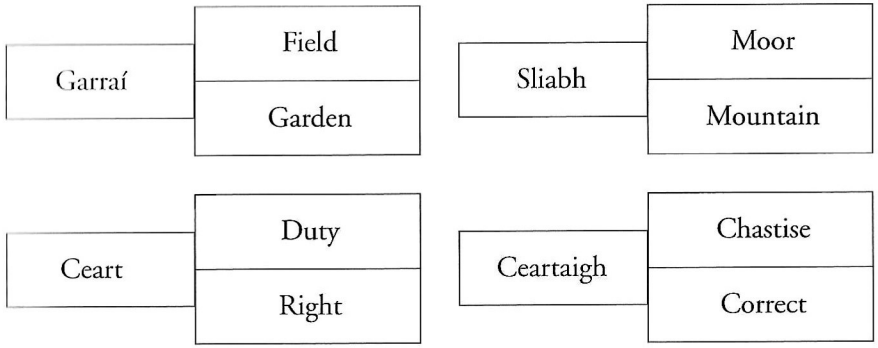
the more striking in IE, e.g. *red edge* "very keen edge" (*faobhar dearg*), *red rotten* "completely decayed" (*dearg-lofa*), *red war* "bloody conflict" (*cogadh dearg*), *red nonsense* "complete balderdash" (*dearg-sheafóid*), *red lies* (John B. Keane), *red rain, red summer* (Patrick Kavanagh), *red raw* (food inadequately cooked or the like), *a red roaring Fianna Fáil man* (an avid supporter). The last several exx have no immediate referents in Ir. and show the image operating independently of its parent structure while retaining its semantic identity and function.

**2.2.4** In her *Connemara Journal* (1947) Ethel Mannin, an English writer of Irish extraction, speaks of her puzzlement at the fact that her neighbours in west Galway, where she had a holiday home, "called any rough bit of a field with a few furze bushes in it a 'garden' — even when it was not attached to any house; just as they called any stretch of rock-strewn rising ground 'mountain'. 'Mountain' for me meant something at least three thousand feet high.... 'Garden' for me meant flower-beds and roses and herbaceous borders".[3]

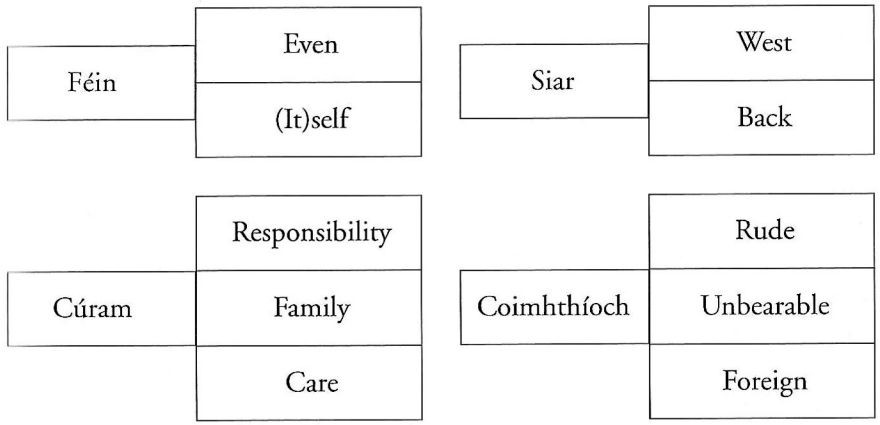
Ms. Mannin's difficulty here illustrates what Henry (1958a 166-7) calls "one particular dilemma of the early A-I speaker", namely a case where "one Ir. word required two or more E substitutes to cover its different denotations". In such cases the learner "often mistook and misapplied his foreign coinage", and his errors became established as semantic interference. In Mannin's exx the mistranslations in question were of *garraí* "garden, small field" and *sliabh* "mountain, moor".[4] Henry's image for this is "linguistic birthmarks" (op. cit. 167), while Hayden and Hartog (1909 944-5) call it "dyslexicology", defined as "the assumption that all words that are synonyms ... in the one language are necessarily synonyms in the other". A good example, universal in SIE, is Ir. *ceart*, which may be either a substantive meaning "right (entitlement), duty" or an adjective meaning "right (correct)". Where we might expect to find the adjective used predicatively we find instead the substantive, as in Synge's *You'd have a right to be leaving him alone, Molly* (WS). Here the ideas of right and duty are confused by misapplication of the E equivalents of *ceart*. Another instance is *féin*, which Dinneen (1927) defines as "emphatic and reflexive, ... 'self' (after pronouns); 'own' (after nouns preceded by poss. adj.); 'himself, herself, itself' (after nouns), regularly translated in E by adverbs 'even, truly'". Most SIE speakers conform to standard usage of *own*, e.g. *Is it your own?* (Ir. *an leat féin é?*), but not of *self*. First, they tend to use the reflexive pronouns alone to express emphasis rather than reflexivity, as in Synge's *It's herself only I'm seeking now* (PWW). Second, in positions where the context demands *even* or *truly* the neuter reflexive pronoun is found, as *The sun's getting warm this day if it's late autumn itself* (WS) or *Let you go along with her ... if it's raining itself* (SG). Other exx of these "remarkable ... solecisms", as Hayden and Hartog call them, are: *back* "westwards" (Ir. *siar* "westwards, back(wards)"); *bold* "naughty" (Ir. *dána*,



equated with E. *bold* in only one sense and used in all contexts); *break* as in *break a pound, break a cheque* (Ir. *bris* "break, change (money), cash (a cheque)"); *care* "children, dependents" (Ir. *cúram* "care" (responsibility), "family"); *ground* "land" as *good (bad) ground, an acre of ground* (Ir. *talamh* "ground, land"), *whisper!* "listen!" (Ir. *cogar* "whisper" (n.), "listen!" (exclamation)).[5] Such semantic confusions might be diagrammed as follows:




"She had a right to correct that child: he's very bold [naughty]."




"How are the wife and care?" "That smell is foreign!"[6]

**2.2.5** A different type of semantic movement is represented by a number of words which have acquired what Burke (1896 702) calls "local force and value". These include *crack* "fun, enjoyment" as in *the crack, great crack*; *homely* "friendly" (applied to persons); *message* "errand", hence *messenger boy, message shopping* "grocery shopping", *messages* "groceries" (the latter usages showing semantic specialization); *snug* "well-to-do"; *tasty* "tasteful" (also "particular about food"). *Yoke* "thingamajig, whatyoumaycallit" and *hames* in *to make a*

*hames of* something "to botch" are universal in colloquial SIE. Such "independent evolution" (Hayden and Hartog 1909 779) or "spontaneous development" (Bliss 1984 142) is to be distinguished from the difficulties attaching to the terms *ditch* and *dike* in EE (cf. OED s.vv.). Throughout the SIE-speaking area the first of these refers to the raised earthen bank (generally with a fence or windbreak of whitethorn) between fields, the second to the channel or "gripe" beside it (formed by removal of earth for the bank). In 1766 Arthur Young noted, without comment or apparent selfconciousness, that a landlord "made large ditches, planting them with quicks [young hawthorns]" (Young 1983 [1780] 13). Thirty years later Latocnaye (1984 [1798] 78) remarked that "they commonly call the fosse *dyke* ... and ... the wall *ditch*"; he attributed this usage, which reverses that of EE, to the fact that E was still imperfectly known, and influenced by Irish. With almost no exceptions that (mis)usage still prevails in the SIE-speaking area, and the phrase *hurler on the ditch*, the sporting equivalent of the armchair critic, is to be understood in that semantic context.

### 2.3.0 *Inflections*

**2.3.1** Clark (1917 22) is right in saying that "in Anglo-Irish accidence the English element is much larger than the ... Gaelic". The tendency of SIE to level the preterite and past participle under the same form (generally the preterite), for instance, can be attested in popular EE and other varieties of the language. Exx: *bringen* (pp.), also *brought* (pret. and pp.), *came*, *come* (smt. *comen* pp.), *done*, *drank*, *drew*, *drove*, *rode* (smt. *rid*), *rose* (smt. *riz*), *seen*, *shook*, *thrown*, *wore*, *wrote* (smt. *writ*). *Hot* (pret. of *hit*), *sqez* "squeezed", *crep* "crept", *kep* "kept", *slep* "slept" show a preference for the strong conjugation; *beginned* /bignd/, *drownded* and *hurted* (pret. and pp.) for the weak. The words *blamed*, *nailed* and *paid* often have a short vowel: /blemt/, /nelt/, /ped/; *came*, *gave* and *leap* are typically pronounced /kem/, /gev/, /lep/. The best exponents of Rural SIE generally have a present tense in final *-s* for all persons; "this corresponds to the practice of the Northern English and Scottish dialects" (Hogan 1934 99). Nicholson (2002 [1847] passim) noted *I never sees*, *they forgets*, *the dogs kills*, *they fights*, *we gets*, *I taiches*, *they gets*, *they wishes*, *they says*, *they bee's*, *I gits*, *the poor gets nolabour* [employment]. Moylan (1996 311) found this pattern prevalent among older Rural speakers.

**2.3.2 *Plurals.*** The most notable exception to the noun plural in *-s* is the form *childer* (plural of *child*), which is confined nowadays to the oldest and purest forms of SIE and to the economically and educationally deprived (two categories which often coincide); it carries a strong sociocultural taint. More acceptable at virtually every social level is the differentiation between *you* (sg.)



and *ye* (pl.); the variant pl. *yous* (phonetic forms ju:z, jəz) is, however, stigmatic. Clark (1917 23) thinks that the model for the *you-ye* distinction, "the most striking effect of Gaelic on Anglo-Irish accidence", is the distinction in Ir. between *tú* "you" (sg.) and *sibh* "you" (pl.). *Ye* is of course native to EE, but possessive *yeer(s)* seems to be a token of naturalization in IE.

**2.3.3 Hybrids.** "English words were transmuted in an Irish climate, often growing a rear appendage, Irish fashion, from pure exuberance" (Henry 1958). From the morphological point of view the best exx of the amalgamational character of SIE are the forms compounded from Ir. and E. The most common type are words in the suffix *-een* (Ir. *-ín*), which is diminutive-affectionate and diminutive-pejorative in Ir. and SIE alike. In its positive sense it is generally used (often hypocoristically) of something small and implies endearment, e.g. *Pegeen* "little Peg", *Tomeen* "little Tom", *boyeen*, *girleen*, *robineen*, *houseen* /hʊʊʃi:n/(with /ʃ/ for /s/ in the vicinity of a palatal vowel). In its negative sense *-een* becomes "a morphological device for the expression of disparagement" (Weinreich 1963 34). Burke (1896 698) suggests that "the delicate flavour of contempt conveyed by this suffix cannot be adequately represented in English", and indeed "precocious boy" only approximately renders *maneen* "little man" (with its distaste for a boy of premature appearance or manner). *Jackeen* "native of Dublin" implies the special combination of conceit and urban slickness peculiar to (or attributed to) "little" citizens of the capital. From a rural-historical context comes *squireen*, which Joyce (1910 333) defines as "an Irish gentleman in a small way who apes the manners ... of the large landed proprietors. Sometimes", he adds, "you can hardly distinguish a squireen from a *shoneen*", i.e. "a would-be gentleman who puts on superior airs" (Ibid. 321). However, *shoneen* (Ir. *Seoinín*, from E *John* + *-ín*) has the more general and inclusive implication of obsequiousness, toadying and lack of principle; in a political and cultural context it can mean a "West Briton", i.e. one who looks to Britain for norms and values.

In some dialects or idiolects of Ir. *-ín* seems to have run riot. "Seo sreangscéilín a tháinig le t'aghaidhín nóiméidín ó shinín.... Tá súilín agam nach aon drochscéilín atá agaitín", a woman in Ballycastle, Co. Mayo said to Colm Ó Gaora *c.*1910: "Here's a telegrameen that came for youeen a minuteen agoeen.... I have a hopeen that it's not bad newseen for youeen" (Ó Gaora 1943 90). The suffix is still popular in the west and seems to be especially favored by rural-based monoglot E speakers, e.g. "... a pumpeen ... a small wireen ... a three-cord flexeen /flekʃi:n/ ... make the chase [in the wall] a small biteen deeper ..." (a Galway electrician's instructions to his apprentice). The repeated use of the redundant *small* suggests that the *-een* termination has ceased to carry the sense of diminutiveness and that it is used so freely as to have become a verbal reflex

without semantic charge. This conclusion is reinforced by the following from the same speaker: "[He was] wearin' an oul capeen with a speckeen [Ir. *speic* 'peak' + *-ín*] an' it fallin' down over his faceen /fe:ʃi:n/." Further *-een* forms from him are *badgereen, birdeen, bullockeen, dogeen, fieldeen, fisheen, footeen, handeen, sandpiteen, shoe-een, whore-een.* Collectively, the exx above bring to mind Mary McCarthy's observation that diminutization of something "has the curious effect of at once deprecating and dignifying it". Among younger speakers of SIE the balance may tip towards the deprecatory, at least to judge by the response of a university student to a question about her drinking habits: "I can't imagine going to the pub to have a 7-up. It's cosy to have a pint. It doesn't mean you're going to have ten pints, throw up and be an Irish *gombeen.*" This last term, which in context seems to mean something like "a drunkeen fool", is from Ir. *gaimbín* "usury"; in SIE it is typically used in the compound *gombeen-man* "moneylender". The semantic residue of the word in the mind of the student is generalized and pejorative; her usage shows the semantic decay of Ir. words used affectively in SIE.

**2.3.4** The most popular E suffixes are *-er* and *-y*. Added to nouns and verbs *-er* produces new nouns (all-E or hybrid) of agency, e.g. *goer* "one who goes" (i.e. moves or works vigorously), *cuardaíocht-er* "one who goes on a *cuardaíocht*", that is, a visit to a neighbour's house at night for a chat or game of cards. The most fertile of the E formatives is *-y*, added to adjectives or (in the case of hybrids) to nouns and adjectives. Exx: *breac-y* "speckled" (Ir. *breac*), *dolly* "doll-like", *lách-y* "kind, generous" (Ir. *lách*), *maggoty* "infested with maggots", *raggedy* "ragged", *spavinedy* "spavined", *wrinkledy* "wrinkled".

**REFERENCES**

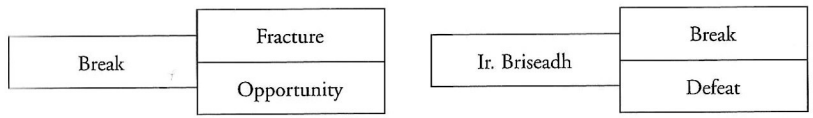
1. OED defines Tory as "one of the dispossessed Irish" of the 17th century "who became outlaws, subsisting by plundering and killing the English settlers and soldiers". It adds: "In some Irish dictionaries, the meaning is given as 'a pursued or persecuted person', hence an 'outlaw', which is not without historical suitability; but the best Irish etymologists agree that the form of the word is that of an agent-noun." However, Dineen (1927) and Ó Dónaill (1977) retain the notion of pursuer *and* pursued: the former gives "robber, highwayman, persecuted person", the latter "a pursuer, hunter; bandit, outlaw". The Irish lexicographers opt for balance, whereas OED puts the emphasis on the tories as agents or activists — plunderers and killers of hapless settlers and soldiers (who had, after all, stolen it fair and square).
2. *Black* is an intensive in E too, of course, e.g. *black lie* (George Steiner), *black pain* (Ed McBain), *black madness* (John Updike), *black mistake* (D.H. Lawrence), *black mutinous discontent* (Thomas Carlyle), *black Irish paranoia* (Robert Hughes of Pat Buchanan); so *black* and *dubh* reinforce each other in IE.
3. J.M. Coetzee shares Ms Mannin's puzzlement: "What on earth are sally gardens?" he asks in one of his autobiographical volumes (*Youth*, p. 33). Tim Robinson explains: "Osiers or 'sally-rods' ... are grown for basket-making in little sally-gardens in ... Aran and Connemara" (*Stones of Aran: Pilgrimage*, p. 201).
4. "... a waste moor, or 'mountain', as it is called in Ireland", wrote Arthur Young in 1766; in 1798 Bishop Stack of Killala used the term "mountaineer" to refer to people from "the wild districts of the Lagan and Erris" (Freyer 1982 107-8), i.e. northwest Mayo, which is for the most part bog and marginal land, as Colm Ó Gaora noted over a century later: "Talamh bocht fiata atá in lorras ... ó Mhaol Raithní go Béal



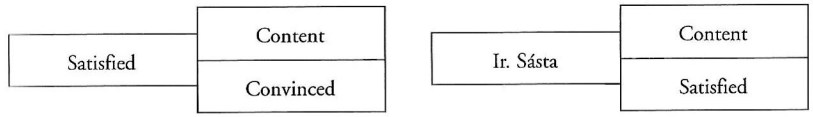
Derg nil i gcaitheamh an achair sin ach sliabh dubh a bhfuil corrchúlán anseo is ansiúd saothraithe de" ("The land in Erris is poor and unproductive ... from Mulranny to Belderrig there is nothing in that whole area but a black mountain of which an odd small piece here and there is cultivated") (Ó Gaora 1943 79). The semantic discontinuity between E *mountain* and Ir. *sliabh* reaches a term of sorts in Joe Steve's "tamhnach sléibhe san oll-logán ... idir dhá chnoc" ("a mountain meadow in the extensive depression between two hills") (Ó Neachtain 2005 24). This is of course to play *traduttore traditore*: an idiomatic translation would require "moor" for "mountain", but the latter is consistent with the semantics of SIE as illustrated above.

5. Another instance of cross-cultural confusion arising out of the semantic phenomenon under review here is the apparent Irish hyperbole noted by Fynes Moryson in 1617: "And theyr complaynts to magistrates are commonly strayned to the highest points of Calamity, sometymes in hyperbolicall tearmes, as many upon small violences offered them, have Petitioned the lord Deputy for Justice against men for murthering them while they stoode before him sounde and not so much as wounded". As Leerssen (1986 57) notes, the difficulty involved here is that Ir. *marbhú* "can mean anything from 'to kill' to 'to wound, upset deeply'"; IE "vests this entire spectrum of meanings in the English verbs 'to kill' and 'to murder'". Moryson's example, suggesting gross exaggeration if not outright mendacity, was intended to vilify the Irish, but in truth such dramatisations are probably rhetorical universals, and may be encountered in contemporary colloquial E. *In Gladly the Cross-Eyed Bear* Ed McBain's character Matthew Hope, a lawyer, says, "The day I stand in a courtroom and hear a judge ask, 'How do you plead?' and hear the accused answer, 'Guilty, Your Honor' is the day I will fall down dead in another coma." (Hope had been comatose after being shot.) For another ex. see Text 9, ll.109-10.

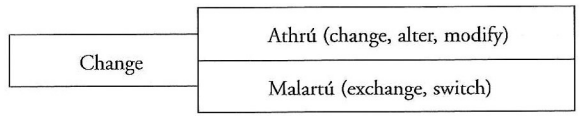
6. Nowadays the semantic influence is from E to Ir. but the mechanism is similar, i.e. the secondary sense of the E word is imposed on an Ir. equivalent without the same extended sense. Exx:




Hence Ir. *briseadh mór* = "big defeat", not "big break (opportunity)".




One hears, "Tá na gardaí sásta" ("the police are satisfied (convinced)")
[Ir. *cinnte, suite de*].




Hence Ir. *éadaigh a athrú* "to change clothes" for *éadaigh a mhalartú, intinn a athrú* "to change one's mind" for *intinn a mhalartú* (or *teacht ar malairt intinne*).

# Phonology and Orthography

**3.0 Introduction.** The phonology of SIE is a compromise between the sound systems of the two parent languages, English and Irish. At its formative stage the phonology of Ir. "acted as a ... selection grid for the realization of English phonemes" (Mhac an tSaoi 1969 47), that is, "Irish speakers learning English substituted for each English sound the Irish sound most closely resembling it" (Hogan 1927 70). This condition — one of maximum interference — has been subject to progressive modification, but in genuine Rural dialect (now rare) the assimilative and amalgamational aspects are still comprehensive. P.L. Henry's classic study of one such dialect found that in significant part the vowel scheme represented "a system of relations and concessions between two different phonological systems", while the whole vowel system had "a tendency to fronting", Irish-style (Henry 1957 35). Since the consonants arranged themselves in the main as a series of positional and intensified variants which simulated their Irish counterparts (Ibid. 42), Henry concluded that the consonantal system was "native [i.e. Irish] in origin and tendency. Some additions were made from English" during the dialect's formation, but "substitution or adaptation was the order of the day" (Ibid. 84). Wells (1982 ii 419) also concluded that the vowel configuration of SIE "corresponds very closely to the range of phonetic qualities associated with" that of Irish; "influence from the Irish substratum" was pervasive in the consonance as well. Ó Baoill (1997 74) likewise argues for an Irish substrate effective to the point where "English seems to have taken over the distribution patterns of the Irish dialects" (cf. Barry 1981 55) while being simultaneously "altered and strongly reinforced" by contact with Ir. (Ó Baoil 1990 150-2).[1] The following synopsis or overview begins with some features of EModE retained in SIE, namely: (i) raising of *e* to *i*; (ii) monophthongal *é*, *ó*; (iii) *é* in *ea*-words; (iv) unrounded sounds in *top*, *job*, *shock* etc.

**3.1 Raising of *e*, lowering of *i*.** The first of these (raising of *e* to *i*) occurs typically before *n*, but "[n]early every word ... with *en* has at some period been written also with *in*-", according to OED (s.v. EN- prefix[1]). "In the 17th century *in*- ... was generally preferred." "'Tis not an easy thing to be intirely happy", wrote the Restoration poet John Wilmot, and he would know.[2] The *in*- form continued to be favoured in the 18th century and into the 19th, not least in

AE. If Americans were not "completely free and happy", said Washington after independence, "the fault will be intirely their own". In 1805 Meriwether Lewis found "seens [scenes] of visionary inchantment" on the upper Missouri. This raising tendency in EModE was supported by a parallel development in Ir., e.g. *teine* → *tine*, *meinic* → *minic* (Ó Baoill 1997 86), so it is not too surprising to find orthographic evidence such as *thin*, *ingine*, *sinsible*, *timeritie*, *distined*, *ilse*, *virmine*, *phin* "when", *gitt* "get", etc. in early 17th century texts purporting to represent contemporary IE (Hogan 1927 65; Bliss 1979 203; Henry 1957 76, 1958a 111); cf. *Lynch* from *de Lenche* (the Galway "tribe"). The condition for this *e*-raising is generally a following nasal, e.g. *hin*, *jinnet*, *min*, *pin*, *pinsion*, *quinch*, *stim*, *whin*, *wrinch*; but cf. *divil*, *vit* (veterinarian), *Your Riverence* (former address to a priest), and Colonel O'Critical's strictures against *illegant*, *instid* and the like (Stoney 1885 15, 57). Victorian political satire got good mileage out of this feature of SIE, the rebellious Irishman being "agin the govermint" and his pig "the gintleman that pays the rint".

According to Hogan (1927 69) "many Irish speakers" of E lower *i*; older written exx include *vendication*, *emenent*, *sence*, *hem*, *tell* (Ibid.). Henry (1958a 111) cites *i*-lowering in stressed syllables before nasals, e.g. *tember*, *hender*; also *hether* and forms such as *cetezeyn* "citizen" in Irish ME. O'Critical disapproves of *led* for *lid*, *ben* for *bin* (Stoney 1885 19); Fennell (1987 158) tells of an incident in which (to his subsequent embarrassment) he "corrected" *winch* to *wench*. The anglicized forms of Irish place-names are frequently *i*-lowered, e.g. *Ennis* (Ir. *Inis*, [inəs] to the locals) and *Ennistymon* (*Inis Díomáin*) in Co. Clare or *Renmore* (*An Rinn Mhór*) and *Renvyle* (*An Rinn Mhaoil*) in Co. Galway.[3]

**3.2 /e:/ and /o:/ (as in *cake* and *coke*).** In SIE these sounds are "typically realized as monophthongs", their diphthongization (to /ei/ and /oʊ/) in the 18th century having "passed most Irish English by" (Wells 1982 i 210-11, ii 424-5, Henry 1958a 111). Colonist monophthongs were evidently supported by their Ir. equivalents and are substantially retained, though some speakers have an offglide: [gre:əʧ] *great*, [ro:əd] *road* (cf. Ó Baoill 1990 157, Wells 1982 i 210). It seems that 18th century EE diphthongs were adopted in Dublin, capital of Anglo-Ireland; today their typical metropolitan realizations are [ɛɪ] and [ɔʊ]. The first is well-nigh universal among young people everywhere in the SIE-speaking zone, but outside the capital they seem reluctant to adopt [ɔʊ], which is therefore still most typical of Dublinese. Collins (1997 153ff.) claims that her study of the Claddagh (an inner suburb of Galway city) "contradicts the notion that diphthongization does not [occur] outside of Dublin". The diphthong ("the prestige norm") is allegedly strongest in the middle generation, which has "moved away" from the "more vernacular" monophthong. It may be the case that there is a popular movement in the



direction suggested by Collins, but it seems unlikely that the preference of the middle generation will be decisive without the support of the younger; and whether or not that is forthcoming is as yet unclear.

**3.3 *ea*-words.** In traditionalist provincial SIE, as well as some popular, old-fashioned Dublinese, /e:/ can represent pre-18th century values in three word-groups: (i) Those derived from ME /ɛ:/, then written *ee*, now written *ea*: *beat*, *eat*, *please*, *sea*, *weak*, etc. This gives rise to homophones such as *beat-bait*, *eat-eight*, *flea-flay*, *grease-grace*, *lea-lay*, *leak-lake*, *meal-male-mail*, *mean-mane-main*, *peal-pale-pail*, *rear-rare*, *reap-rape*, *weak-wake*. (ii) Words chiefly of Fr. origin, including *breach*, *cream*, *decent*, *equal*, *fever*, *hero*, *idea*, *queer*, *secret* and many in original *ai*, e.g. *aise* → *ease*, *faisable* → *feasible*, *maigre* → *meagre*, *raison* → *reason*, *saison* → *season*; these also produce homophones, e.g. *reason-raisin*. (iii) Some few items in ME *eiley* (*key*, *either*, *neither*). The evolution over the last millennium or so of the sound now generally written *ea* is roughly as follows:

| | OE (1000 A.D.) | ME (1400) | EModE (1600) | ModE (1700→) |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Sp. | ǣ | *ee* | *ea* | *ea* |
| Pron. | [æ:] | [ɛ:] | [e:] | [i:] |
| Ex. | *dǣl* "portion" | *deel* | *deal* | *deal* |

In ModE there are a few remnant *ea* words with EModE pronunciation, principally *break*, *great*, *steak*; their failure to conform seems to have caused some controversy in the 18th century.[4] It seems that *ee* and *ea* had fallen together (become homophones) — in the prestige dialect anyway — by about 1700 (Wells 1982 i 140, 194ff., ii 418, 425); after about mid-century the /e:/-pronunciation came to be considered characteristic of the Irish variety of E (Bliss 1979 209, Lass 1990 144). Why was this feature so persistent in IE? Mhac an tSaoi (1969 47) explains that Irish learners "adapted the seventeenth English to their native sound systems.... Unfamiliar sounds were equated to native ones, but where ... English provided sounds which coincided with the Irish system these were adopted and tenaciously preserved. Hence, for example, the classic Anglo-Irish 'tay', 'say', 'lafe' [tea, sea, leaf]", where EModE *ea* coincides with Ir. /e:/ as in *Ó hÉanaí*, anglice *Heaney*.[5]

Among the Anglo-Irish, ever anxious not to be considered provincial, /e:/ became a shibboleth and subject to overcorrection. In his *Rhetorical Grammar* (1781) Thomas Sheridan noted this tendency on the part of "gentlemen of Ireland" who went to live in London and, "attempting to pronounce like the English", said *pree*, *convee*, *greet*, *beer*, *sweer* (pray, convey etc.). In Charles Macklin's *True-Born Irishman* (1743) Mrs Diggerty (born Dogherty) says *neem*, *teesty* (name, tasty) and the like. Maria Edgeworth's chronically anxious Lady

Clonbrony (*The Absentee*, 1812) says *peens teeks, teeste, teebles, cheers* (pains, takes etc.); she also has *h* trouble. Thackeray, who visited Ireland in 1841 to gather material for his *Irish Sketchbook*, repeatedly adverts to the class-consciousness and self-consciousness of the Anglo-Irish, and claims that in Dublin the Bay of Naples was apt to become the Bee of Neeples. Late in the century Colonel O'Critical was warning "Pat" against errors such as *breek, veen, veel* (break, vein, veil) (Stoney 1885 15).

Meanwhile, the colloquian Irishry continued /e:/-ing it, and this feature, added to their puzzling yen for self-government, supplied material for Victorian social and political satire such as simian Paddies clamoring for "Repale" of the union (the Anschluss of 1800). Polemic often overrode linguistic fact, which is why Joyce (1910 93) insists that "Irish people ... never say *praste* for priest, *belave* for believe, *indade* for indeed, or *kape* for keep, as some ignorant writers set down".[6] Almost a century after this cautionary remark, the Abbey Theatre made precisely the error Joyce warns against. In its 2002 production of Marina Carr's play *Ariel*, the search for authenticity, enthusiastic but uninformed, led to errors such as *bape, belave, betwain, faid, blade, nade, squaze* and *spaich* (beep, believe, between etc.) (*The Irish Times*, 16 Oct. 2002).[7]

Hogan (1927 65) announced the imminent demise of *ea* = /e:/ ("This archaism ... is rapidly dying out"); Wells (1982 i 195-6) found it "sharply recessive" and "restricted to conservative rural or working-class urban speech" though "even here it is inconsistently used and subject to sociolinguistic variation". In current SIE some /e:/ items, e.g. /e:t/ *eat*, /be:t/ *beat*, have continuing attraction for young men; they may feel that the /e:/ realizations retain a degree of earthiness lost in the standardized /i:/ forms.[8]

**3.4 /a/ ("short *a*" as in *cap, hat*).** Consider the following series: (i) *back, band, can, cap, gas, gather, hat, man, quack.* (ii) *answer, bath, chance, grass, heart, laugh, plant.* In SEE series (i) has /əe/; series (ii) has /ɑ:/. In SIE both series have /əe/, frequently realized as [a] and (before /r/) [əe(:)]. In AE both series have /əe/, generally with some lengthening of the stressed vowel and a preference for [ɛ(:)] before nasals and with [ɑ(:)] before /r/. SIE and AE are in substantial agreement, with SEE the exception. The explanation is that in southern forms of EE short *a* /a/ split into /ɑ:/ and /a/ as in *class, classic*. This movement, which did not affect AE or IE, is unfinished in EE and hence represents "the ossification of a half-completed sound change" (Wells 1982 i 232-3, cf. 204-5). In PDE /a/ is typically lengthened and retracted to a point about midway between cardinals 4 and 5 (cf. Bertz 1975 157).[9]

**3.5 /ɑ/ ("short *o*" as in *dot com*).** Consider the following: *bomb, boss, conference, cop, horse, involved, job, not, politics, problem, response, stock, options.*



In SEE they have /ɔ/ (phonetically [ɒ]), with [ɔ:] before /r/. In AE they have /ɑ/ (phonetically [a>]), with [ɔ:] before /r/. In SIE they have /ɑ/ (phonetically [ɑ] or [a>]). Here again we have a correlation between the Irish and American varieties, the typical realization in both occupying a position approximately halfway along the open axis (= [a>]), which contrasts markedly with the rounded sound of the British and recent colonial (Antipodean, South African) varieties. These facts invite another historical explanation, i.e. retention of the EModE value in the two older colonial varieties, with the change taking place at home; but some scholars argue that the unrounded sounds are cis- and trans-Atlantic innovations rather than transplanted Britishisms. Wells (1982 i 245), Barry (1982 103), Lass (1990 139) and others consider that unrounding happened independently in AE and SIE, and that in the second it may represent a substratal effect. It is worth noting that SIE speakers who opt (deliberately or not) for EE /ɔ:/ do not, by and large, make the transition to EE /ɔ/. In some forms of SIE "short *o*" may be advanced to a position close to [a]; this seems to be mimicked in *nat, daf, shart* (not, doff, short) and other such spellings in early IE supposedly representing contemporary pronunciation (Hogan 1927 67). Arthur Young heard *plat* "plot" in 1766, Asenath Nicholson *crass* "cross" and *drap* "drop" in 1845; these are still current, especially in western dialects, so Colonel O'Critical's admonition "Don't, Pat, say *sarry* for 'sorry'" (Stoney 1885 210) apparently fell on deaf ears. Lengthening and rounding of [ɑ] to [ɔ:] in *cross, frost, off, soft* and the like are heard from some middle-class Dubliners; Wells (1982 ii 281-2) assumes this is imitated, consciously or not, from some form of RP.

**3.6 /ɑ:/ (the *aw* sound in *law, talk* etc.).** Consider the series *all, ball, craw, dawn, law, Paul, small, talk, walk.* In EE they have /ɔ:/. In AE they have /ɑ:/, with [ɔ:] before /r/. In SIE they have /ɑ:/, but EE [ɔ:] is making headway, especially in middle-class Dublin speech. It is cultivated by some anxious or aspirant speakers (professionals, media types et al.) but is probably so well established among the urban bourgeoisie that it hardly qualifies as interference any more, and it seems to be percolating down through the ranks — a kind of security blanket (to change the metaphor) reached for in times of stress. Since it is such an obvious anglicism some find its echoic character objectionable, and irate letters to the newspapers complain of pronunciations such as *C*[ɔ:]*rk*, *G*[ɔ:]*lway*, *W*[ɔ:]*terford*, *g*[ɔ:]*rdaí* etc. heard on Irish radio and TV.[10]

**3.7 /ə/ (the neutral vowel, schwa).** The most remarkable aspects of schwa usage in SIE are absorbtion and epenthesis (the dropping or addition of a vowel). Examples of absorbtion are *cruel, dial, giant, poem, science* — all with one syllable. Rhymes and homophones might include *quite-quiet, owl-vowel, reel-real, mile-trial* ("these as in many parts of England", says Wells 1982 ii 434),

*silent-violent, fair-player, roar-slower, fine-Brian, scene-seen-seein', throne-thrown-throwin'*. Wells adds that "all of these levellings would tend to be avoided in more educated accents, at least in careful speech" (Ibid. 435), so they are probably moribund.

**3.7.1** Epenthetic [ə] between /l, r/ and a following /m/, apparently conditioned by Ir., is widespread in unselfconscious forms of SIE, e.g. *el*[ə]*m*, *fil*[ə]*m*, *ger*[ə]*m*, *ar*[ə]*m*, *char*[ə]*m*, *fir*[ə]*m*, *ter*[ə]*m*, *war*[ə]*m* (cf. Ó Baoill 1997 84). Wells (op. cit. 435) says such pronunciations are "restricted to popular speech"; but they are so *un*popular with some people that they reach for exaggerated antidotes such as [ɛɬm] *elm*, [fɪɬm] *film*, etc.[11]

**3.7.2** [ə] is the standard SIE vowel of final (unstressed) syllables in *horses, woman* (*women*), *cricket* etc., so agreeing with AE and contrasting with EE; it is operative at all social and educational levels. Schwa may also represent: (i) unstressed *ie* in *buried* [bɛrəd], cf. *carried, married*; (ii) final unstressed *ow* as in *arrow, fellow, furrow, hollow, meadow, shadow, widow, window, yellow*; these are heard "alongside the formal or middle-class /o:/. But verbs of this shape, such as *follow, swallow*, have popular variants with /i:/ not /ə/", perhaps to facilitate the formation and articulation of the vbl. nn. [fɑliən] *following* and [swɑliən] *swallowing* (Wells 1982 ii 428).

**3.8 /u:/ ("long *u*" as in *broom, loose, you*).** In old-fashioned SIE, as in local variants of NEE, /u:/ remains unshortened in several *-ook* words, principally *cook, crook, hook, nook, rook. Book, look, took, shook* have a short vowel, however, and all the *-ook* forms are probably shortened in current expressions of Common. While older people, Ruralers and Commoners alike, will probably understand [ku:k] as *cook*, young people are likely to interpret it as *kook*, AE slang for "crazy person". Other categories of /u:/-forms in traditional dialect are [bu:rd] *board*, [du:r] *door*, [flu:r] *floor*, [hu:r] *whore* — all probably obsolete except the last. Of a kind with them are residual forms with ME /u:/ + /r/, e.g. [ku:rs] *course,* [su:rs] *source*, and *court*, where [ku:rt] n.,v. "kiss and embrace" contrasts with [ko:rt] "legal forum". Other fossils are [gu:ld] *gold*, evidently popular in "standard" EE down to the 19th century (Henry 1957 77), [fu:rd] *ford,* [su:rd] *sword* etc. — all obsolete by now.

**3.8.1** What Wells (1982 i 206-7) calls "yod dropping" (loss of /j/ from historical /ju:/) and "yod coalescence" (/tj dj/ → /tʃ dʒ/) can be problematic for some people. Where the majority have /lu:/ in *allusion* etc., /su:/ in *assume, suit* etc. and /ʃu:/ in (*t*)*issue*, some selfconscious speakers (generally those in the public eye) tend to yod it with *all*[ju:]*sion*, *s*[ju:]*t*, (*t*)*iss*[ju:]*e* etc. (These sound foolish



and effete to reglar people, who are not too particlar about the small stuff.) Similarly, the affricates must be regarded as normative in *tune* [tʃu:n], *duke* [dʒu:k], *due, dew, Tuesday, endurance, produce* etc.; these are [tju:n], [dju:k] etc. in "refined" (= anglicized) speech. *Idiot* is pronounced [i:dʒəʈ] and sometimes written *eejit*, cf. *projuce* "produce". Wells (1982 ii 435) thinks that "*tremen*|dʒ|*ous* results ... from a morphological rather than a phonological process, like *grev*(*i*)*ous* and *mischiev*(*i*)*ous*". Colonel O'Critical condemns *jew, jewke, jewell* (dew, duke, duel), *ejucate, enjure, tremenjous, Chuesday* and *chuter* "tutor" (but *Toosday* and *tooter* are wrong too); *noozepaper, nooze, noo* are to be avoided, but the proper form of *sewer* is *sooer* (Stoney 1885 16-17, 25-6, 35).[12]

**3.9 /u/ (short *u* as in *butter, cup, pub* etc.)** The most common representative of this phoneme is [o̟] (P.L. Henry's preferred symbol), which is "strikingly different from what is heard in other accents" (Well 1982 ii 422). Wells gives it the phoneme designation /ʌ/ and the phonetic symbol [ɔ̈]; Ó Baoill (1997 84) also uses [ɔ̈] and notes that "it may be articulated within the range [ɔ] to [ʊ]". Nally (1971 34) makes a similar distinction, the higher quality typically preceding nasals (*month, money bungle*) and velars (*buck, duck, lug*), the lower typically preceding /r/ (*sir, bird*) and (labial +) /l/ (*Dublin, double, trouble, couple*). The more general rule stated by Lass (1990 141) that following bifurcation of historical /u/ rounding was retained mostly in labial environments (*bull, full, put*), lost in non-labial (*cut, dull, such*) seems to be broadly applicable to SIE; but since the difference between [ʊ] and [ɔ] "appears to be almost entirely allophonic" (Harris 1990 79) there are bound to be discrepancies. For instance, in the Mayo terminology quoted by Lass (op. cit. 142) most of the [u] forms have [o̟] in my south Leinster pronunciation.[13]

**3.10 *Oi (oy)* words.** Joyce (1910 102) says that "in many places" *oi* is pronounced *i*, e.g. *biling* (boiling), *bye* (boy). This indicates something other than /ɔi/, probably /əi/. Bliss (1984 135) offers the explanation that the variety of EE on which IE is based had the three diphthong phonemes /əi, əu, ɔi/ and that Ir. had equivalents of the first two but not the third. However, /ɔi/ was "very rare" and most *oi* (*oy*) words "were (or could be) pronounced with" /əi/; "corresponding pronunciations are still common" in SIE, e.g. /dʒəin/ *join*.

The phoneme spelled *oi* or *oy* entered ME from OFr., where its phonetic value was [ɔj] (Glanville Price 1971 32).[14] By the end of the OFr. period [ɔj] had become [wɛ], a pronunciation which came to be associated with the *ancien régime* and was replaced by Parisian [wa] at the time of the Revolution, though it still occurs in rural Normandy (Ibid. 17, 74; cf. McWhorter 2003 59). In ME it was probably pronounced as in OFr. but it seems that the first element came to have a principally unrounded value in EModE (Bliss et al., op. cit.). Mencken

(1963 [1919] 437-8) summarizes the diachronic development of *oi* words since EModE as follows: In the 17th and 18th centuries "the diphthong of *wine*" was "quite correct"; this is suggested by rhymes such as *jine-join* in Dryden, Pope, Swift and others. British colonists took this pronunciation to America, "and at the same time it lodged in Ireland, where it still persists". But in the late 18th century *oi* was rounded to the "original ... sound" /ɔi/ (cf. Hogan 1934 178, Wells 1982 i 209) — a spelling pronunciation imposed by "pedagogues". A 1721 publication on stylistics approves of *jist* for *joist* but a 1784 study of "orthoepy" (pronunciation) calls *hist* for *hoist* a "low vulgarism". The "new pronunciation soon extended to the polite speech of America", but the old one persisted locally, e.g. *jine* (join), *spile* (spoil) etc. However, "the schoolma'am has combatted the [unrounded] *oi* sound with such vigor that it has begun to disappear, and such forms as *pizen*, *bile* and *ile* are seldom heard", though a few persist, e.g. *hist* (hoist) and *rile* (roil).[15] Mencken (Ibid. 196) returns to this subject when discussing Irish influence on AE: "The Yankees [New Englanders of British origin] cling ... to such forms as *h'ist* for *hoist*, *bile* for *boil*, *jine* for *join*. Irish immigrants ... gave them support." By the time of the Civil War the unrounding of *oi* words may have been regarded as an Irishism because early in 1861 the New Orleans newspaper *Daily Delta* reported that foreign-born residents were eager soldiers, adding, "As for our Irish citizens — whew! — they are 'spiling' for a fight with Old Abe" (Gannon 1998 xii). The unrounded sound is apparently still a sporadic feature of Dixie speech: Raban (1985 453, 377) heard *pison* and *bilin'* in the South, and Cormac McCarthy's 1979 novel *Suttree*, which is set in Tennessee, has *pint* for *point* (p.120).

The foregoing is evidence for the claim that 17th colonist E introduced into Ireland and America had an unrounded primary element in *oi* (*oy*) — perhaps /əi/ as Bliss et al. suggest (supra), or /ʌ/ as Burgess (1993 219) proposes.[16] We may add that /ɔi/ is well established in the Common variety of SIE typical of younger people.

**3.11 *Vice* and *Voice*.** Consider the following series in SIE:

| **A** | **B** |
|---|---|
| bile | boil |
| by | boy |
| I'll | oil |
| kine | coin |
| lie | loy (spade) |
| pint | point |
| rye | Roy |
| tie | toy |
| vice | voice |



Joyce (1910 102) says that "[long] *i* is generally sounded *oi*", e.g. *foine* (fine), which suggests Ir. [ọɪ][17] in series A. This is indeed typical of traditionalist speech, perhaps more noticeably after labials: *bile*, *by*, *pint* (cf. Henry 1957 34); the others in series A are apt to have [ọɪ] also, as Joyce implies, otherwise [əi] or [ɛɪ] — the latter a feature of north midland speech, which has affinities with NIE. This means that there is considerable overlap (homophony) between the two series above; the phonetic qualities of the merged sound "vary considerably, both regionally and socially" (Wells 1982 ii 425). The "informal popular speech" to which the neutralisation is restricted in Dublin, for instance, may have [ɑɪ], e.g. [bɑɪ] *buy*, *boy* (Ibid. 426); Nally (1971 35, 37) found examples of "[ʌɪ]" (in all probability to be identified with [ọɪ]) in both series, e.g. *aisle-oil*, *bile-boil*, *giant-joint*, *pint-point*, *tile-toil*, *vice-voice*; in "open final" and prevocalic positions *oy* was realized as /ɑ:j/, e.g. *boy*, *joy*, *decoy*, *annoy*, *royal*. Some conservative dialects and idiolects seem to have centripetal and centrifugal tendencies, namely to merge both categories under [əi] or [ọɪ], or to differentiate them using [əi] or [ọɪ] in series A, [ʌɪ] or [ɑɪ] in series B. Will the second option, which seems to be strongest at the lower middle class and working class level, survive and perpetuate itself? Wells (1982 ii 426) concludes that the absence of the *vice – voice* contrast "is now mainly a rural or southern characteristic, recessive in the face of an opposition made as in the standard accents". In view of the progress of /ɔi/ in Common, one is forced to agree with this assessment, though the older arrangement may have more stamina than we might expect.

**3.12 /əʊ/ (in *bough*, *down* etc.).** This diphthong "exhibits a fair range of phonetic variation" (Wells 1982 ii 427). The allophone [ɛʊ], preferred in the south-east and south midlands, gives way to the distinctive realization of west Munster, in which the first element approaches [ɔ]; [ọʊ] is preferred in most of Connacht, [əʊ] in mid-Leinster, while further north [ɛʊ̈] shows the characteristic fronting of NIE. Wells (op. cit. 292) mentions a variant of RP /aʊ/ (the diphthong in SEE *mouth* etc.) in which the second element is unrounded and fronted (= [ɨ]); it seems to be associated with the British aristocracy, hence "comedians' claims that the upper classes are 'ite and abite dine tine' [out and about down town]". Such a pronunciation became popular with some young Irish people (most noticeably those in the broadcast media) in the last decade or so; in 1998 and '99 the papers carried letters complaining of "vowel-squeezing" and "castration" or "strangulation" of *ou* and *ow*. Nearly all correspondents cited *sythebind* and *rindabite* (southbound and roundabout) from the "Roadwatch girls" (young women who report on rush-hour traffic); others cited *Kinety Dine* (County Down), *Kinety Lithe* (County Louth), *ite* (out), *pined* (pound) and so on. One reader noted that this "way of speaking

has appeared relatively recently and seems to affect females almost exclusively" (*The Irish Times*, 21 Aug. 1999); another (*The Irish Times*, 24 Jan. 1998) identified it with the "DORT" accent (par. 3.19.6). The allure of this feature seems to have faded somewhat, but it can still be heard.

**3.13 Consonants.** A generalized conditioning agency in SIE is the functional opposition in Irish of palatal and velar consonance, e.g. / b′o:/ *beo* "alive", /bo:/ *bó* "cow"; /l′o̤m/ *liom* "with me", /ɬo̤m/ *lom* "bare"; /kɑ:l′/ *cáil* "reputation", /kɑ:ɬ/ *call* "necessity"; /ʃo:/ *seó* "show", /so:/ *só* "comfort, ease". Other exx are /l′aʊr/ *leabhar* "book", /l′aʊr′/ *leabhair* "books" and /ɬo̤ʊr/ *lobhar* "leper", /ɬo̤ʊr′/ *lobhair* "lepers" (the last homonymous with /ɬo̤ʊr′/ *labhair* "speak"). In SIE the reflex of this opposition has been extensive but unsystematic. Henry's 1957 study found that practically all the consonant phonemes had palatal forms, but these were merely variants without semantic function. The same author found that "Irish consonant quality" was "a thoroughgoing feature" of rural speech, resulting in "the ... transformation of English words on an Irish pattern" (Henry 1958a 112). To the extent that this generalization is still valid, it obviously applies to a much reduced constituency, the standardizing process having advanced very considerably in the meantime. Not surprisingly, the west (Connacht) and south-west (Munster) — the areas most recently in contact with Irish — show the greatest concentration of both types of articulation. Of the two the palatal is the more tenacious, hence the paucity in modern SIE of velarized forms such as [bɑgʷɪ] *boggy*, [brimʷɪŋ] *brimming*, [kʷɪlt] *quilt*, [dɑŋkʷɪ] *donkey*, [tʷɪŋ] *thing*, [kumʷɪŋ] *coming* except in the speech of the oldest and best speakers of Rural dialect. The persistence of palatal consonant quality after velarization has ceased to operate (cf. Henry 1958a 112ff.) suggests the residual force of the fronting proclivity inherited by SIE from Ir. A characteristic expression of this is a palatalized consonant in the neighbourhood of (especially after) a palatal vowel: [bag′] *bag*, [hak′] *hack*, [mil′k′] *milk*, [pig′] *pig*, [pik′] *pick*, [wi:k′] *week*. The Ir. fricatives, especially the voiceless, may replace the E stops: [baɤ′], [haç], [mil′ç], [piɤ′], [piç], [wi:ç]. In the case of velar vowels the following stop may become [x] as in [he:kɑx] *haycock*, [dɑxTər] *doctor*. Munster often prefers neutral consonant quality, that being the reflex in SIE of non-velarization rather than palatalization in local Ir. This amounts to /j/-dropping, e.g. [aru:] *are you?* [wilu:] *will you?*, *champion* (homonymous with *champin'*), *dak*[ə]*ment*, *dep*[ə]*ty*, *form*[ə]*la*, *Comm*[ə]*nism*, [ju:nən] *union*, [milən] *million*, *ruffian* (homonymous with *roughen*), *spek*[ə]*late*, [stalən] *stallion* (cf. Ó Baoill 1991 585-6). Bliss (1979 242) cites written forms such as *Willam* and *fayler* "failure" as evidence of neutral consonance in earlier IE.[18]



**3.14 The Group /f,v, hw,w/.** In classic SIE the allophones of /f, v/ are the Ir. bilabials /ɸ/ and /β/, e.g. /ɸɑr/ *for*, /lo:ɸ/ *loaf*, /βo:t/ *vote*, /mu:β/ *move*. The further substitution of /ɸ/ for /hw/, attested from an early stage of IE (Hogan 1927 74), can give rise in some Rural varieties to homophones such as /ɸen/ *fen-when*, /ɸi:l/ *feel-wheel*, /ɸɔit/ *fight-white*, /ɸɔil/ *file-while* (cf. Henry 1957 60). The equivalence between /ɸ/ and /f, hw/ has been reciprocal, generating anglicizations such as *Whelan* from *Faoláin* and gaelicizations such as *faoitín*, *fuip* from *whiting*, *whip* (Bliss 1979 229, Ó Baoill 1997 77, Wells 1982 ii 434). In addition to [ɸ] for /f, hw/, early IE also evidently equated /β/ with E /v, hw/ (Hogan 1927 73-4, cf. Henry 1975 36); the orthographic reflex of this (in texts of English provenance) is the substitution of *f* or *ph* for *wh* and the transposition of *v* and *w*, e.g. *fat* "what", *fare* "where", *fen* "when", *phoit* "white", *phair* "where", *vater*, *vash*, *dewout*, *woysh* "voice" (Bliss 1979 229ff., Sullivan 1976 75ff., Ó Baoill 1997 160). Hogan (1927 32) cites *foo* "who" from a 1438 entry in the Records of the Dublin Guilds and calls the modification implied by that spelling "one of the most important modifications of the English consonant system" in IE. In present-day SIE the bilabials persist only in the phonology of Rural speakers in the oldest age-groups; many of these would also be Ir. speakers. Henry (1957 59) found /ɸ,β/ to be a criterion of "good dialect usage" but recessive in the speech of the young, who used the labiodentals /f, v/. The realizations of the phonemes /f,v, hw,w/ at different synchronic stages of SIE appear, therefore, to be as follows: /ɸ/ and /β/ in the formative period, with residual effects in old-fashioned Rural dialect; /f,v,w/ in the present younger (under 40) age-group, which tends to ignore the phonemic distinction between pairs such as *whether-weather*, *which-witch*, *whale-wail*, *whine-wine* and level the two sounds under /w/.[19] Thus, the historical development of this group in SIE has been from maximum deviation (from an EModE standard) to conformity with the prevailing current international norm.

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**3.15 The group *n*, *ng* (/n, ŋ/).** Salient points of SIE usage are (i) Reduction of the unstressed ending *–ing* to [ən] or (after /t, d/) to syllabic [n̩]: [gɪvən] *giving*, [havən] *having*, [hɪtn̩] *hitting*, [putn̩] *putting*, [gadn̩] *gadding*. (An important exception to this general rule is the south-western preference for [ɪŋ]). (ii) Reduction of *–ngth* (/ŋθ/) to /nT/ in *length*, *strength* (cf. Bliss 1979 243). The foregoing applies to normal, unstudied speech, of course; the more selfconscious are likely to go for [ɪŋ] in (i) and possibly [ŋθ] in (ii).

**3.16 The group /s, z, ʃ, ʒ/.** The palatal-velar distinction in Ir. consonance impacts variously on SIE. What Wells (1982 ii 433) calls "perhaps its most striking ... effect" is the preference in some (mostly western) dialects for [ʃ, ʒ] to [s, z], generally in preconsonantal position, e.g. [ʃ]*tick*, [ʃ]*tone*, *be*[ʃ]*t*, *la*[ʃ]*t*,

*hor*[ʃ]*e*, [daʒəl] *dazzle*, [Driʒəl] *drizzle*, *tinker*[ʒ]. Spellings (from early modern sources, chiefly English) such as *iss* "is", *wass* "was", *hass* "has", *dussin* "dozen", *cossen* "cousin" suggest the substitution of /s/ for /z/ (Hogan 1927 76). This is not surprising, since /z/ is absent from the Ir. phoneme inventory; the same substitution is typical of present-day SIE speakers whose first language is Ir., e.g. [ɪs] *is*, [wɑs] *was*, [bɪsɪ] *busy*, [dɪsɪ] *dizzy*, [leːsɪ] *lazy*.

**3.17 The group /t d T D/.** Significant differences exist between SIE and other varieties of E in the formation and functioning of this group, the analysis of which is presented here in the following order: /T D/ for /ɵ ð/ (par. 3.17.1); generalization of /t d/, /T D/ (par. 3.17.2); [T], [D] as fortis variants of /t d/ (par. 3.17.3); lenition or stop-opening (parr. 3.17.4-3.17.5)

**3.17.1** /ɵ/ and /ð/ do not exist in ModIr. and were replaced in emergent SIE by their nearest Ir. equivalents, the blade-alveolar stops /T/ and /D/ (= IPA / t̪ /, / d̪ /), cf. Traugott and Pratt 1980 327). These are formed by "pressing the blade of the teeth firmly against the teeth-ridge [while] the front rim of the tongue is in contact with the top teeth and the tongue is pressed on the underside by the bottom teeth" (Henry 1957 55). Exx: [Taŋk] *thank*, [Dɛn] *then*, [fæːDər] *father*, [boːT] *both*, [dɛT] *death*. This substitution is altogether characteristic of SIE, /ɵ/ and /ð/ in such words being "restricted to the speech of sophisticates or of those making a conscious effort at elegance ... many middle-class southern Irish ... fluctuate between plosive and fricative" (Wells 1982 ii 429). A very widespread modification (probably universal in unstudied speech) of the foregoing rule is the preference for alveolar [t] before /l, s/, e.g. [ruːT] *Ruth* but [ruːtləs] *ruthless*, [wo̪r T] *worth* but [wo̪rtləs] *worthless*, *a*[t]*lete*, homophones *deaths-debts*, *maths-mats*, *oaths-oats* etc.

**3.17.2 Merging: /t d/ → /T D/, /T D/ → /t d/.** /T D/ are conventionally distinguished from /t d/ in pairs such as /Taŋk/ *thank*, /taŋk/ *tank*; /Den/ *then*, /den/ *den*; /boːT/ *both*, /boːt/ *boat*. Some dialects or idiolects tend to generalize one or other pair, however. The preference for /T D/ is most marked in the north-west (parts of Sligo and Donegal) and in some forms of Dublinese, giving fusions such as /paT/ *path-Pat*, /Den/ *then-den*, /boːT/ *both-boat*. The other set is much more widespread. Ó hÚrdail (1997 133ff.) found "merging of dental plosive consonants in alveolar ones", i.e. "substitution of alveolars for dentals", in "many dialects" of SIE, e.g. /den/ *den-then*, /hart/ *heart-hearth*, /tent/ *tent-tenth*. He confirms Henry's finding that this feature is "strongest in the south and midlands" (Henry 1958a 123), and elaborates on it. "Most 'ordinary' Dublin speakers" exhibit the trait; west Munster, where dentality used to be favoured, is drifting towards alveolarity, which is spreading among



the younger generation; the same is true of Connacht. Preference for the alveolars is very marked in central and east Leinster, with "an extremely high incidence" in Drogheda; Ó hÚrdail thinks the distribution may be related to colonial settlement patterns and the phenomenon itself to tendencies in ME and EModE; Ó Baoill (1991 584), however, thinks it is substratal. The alveolar option is long established in popular urban speech everywhere, especially that of Dublin and Cork (cf. Leahy 1915 ch. vii p.5).[20]

**3.17.3 /t d/ in the environment /-(ə)r/.** In Rural [T] and [D] occur as allophones of /t d/ followed by /-(ə)r/, e.g. [TrɪIk] *trick*, [bɛTər] *better*, [DrɪŋK] *drink*, [laDər] *ladder*, [stanDərd] *standard*. Wells (1982 ii 429) says that this "is found all over Ireland"; Ó hÚrdail (1997 138, 146-7) agrees that it is "a feature of almost all dialects" and suggests "a two-fold influence" on its formation: "one from varieties of settler and planter English (the *fader-father* development)", the other from Ir. "in extensive areas of continued language contact". Unlike /T D/ for /ɵ ð/, an equivalence that is usually accepted without question (possibly because it is not immediately obvious), [T] and [D] as variants of /t, d/ tend to be shibbolethic, "suppressed in the careful and more formal speech of many speakers" (Ó hÚrdail 1997 144); they are losing ground to the [t], [d] and [ţ] of Common: [trɪk], [drɪŋk], [bɛţər]. The Rural vs Common preferences can imply differences of domicile (rural vs urban), class or class attitudes, education, and even gender (women being more selfconscious about linguistic etiquette than men); and also, of course, linguistic preference as a statement of cultural solidarity. Pronunciation of words such as *better* with [t] is confined to the extremes of the linguistic spectrum. At one end it suggests EE influence (cf. Wells 1982 ii 430); at the other it indicates a speech base in Ir., speakers of which (in Conamara anyway) typically employ the "clipped" sound when speaking E, e.g. [piːtər] *Peter*, [wɑːtər] *water*. (This same preference is also noteworthy in west Munster SIE.) Young people have yet another possibility (indeed a preference in many cases), namely voicing between vowels, e.g. [pɪːdər] *Peter*, [wɑːdər] *water*; cf. *better*, *butter*, *city* etc. Since voicing of intervocalic /t/ is "one of the most striking characteristics of American pronunciation" and "the first distinctively American phonetic innovation likely to spread in time to all accents of English" (Wells 1982 i 250), its appearance in SIE is attributable to transAtlantic influence (though NIE is probably on auxiliary — or at least a proximate — source).

**3.17.4 Lenition of /t/.** A widespread modification of /t/ is its opening, i.e. the slackening of its plosive force. Most commonly this results in the allophone [ţ], called by Wells (1982 ii 429) a "slit fricative" and described as "one of the most conspicuous features of Irish English, ... common at all social levels". It is

formed by holding the point of the tongue just short of contact with the teeth-ridge and emitting the air through the space between to produce an *s*-like continuant (though it is distinguished from *s* in being an apico-alveolar rather than a blade-alveolar). The rule that "open" [ţ] replaces "closed" [t] except initially and after a consonant ([biţ] *bit*, [beţɪ] *Betty*, [hwɑţ] *what*, [paţ] *Pat* but [tɑ:l] *tall*, [tɛnt] *tent*, [tɑm] *Tom*, [sɑft] *soft*, [liftəd] *lifted*) covers most instances. The use of [ţ] must be looked upon as standard, but an important exception is the south-west, which (like the bilingual and EE-oriented fringes) prefers [t] in all positions. Lenition may result in the suppression of intervocalic /t/ and its replacement by [h], e.g. [ɑhər] *otter*, [bɑhəm] *bottom*, [dʒu:hɪ] *duty*, [kọ̈hən] *cutting*, [hi:hər] *heater*, [ahətʃu:d] *attitude*, [wɑ:hər] *water*, [hwɑh] *what*; this development is typical of the midlands and (to a lesser extent) the south-east. In colloquial Dublinese lenition of intervocalic /t/ may result in [r]: [bju:rɪful] *beautiful*, [dəlʊɪrə əbɛʊrə] *delighted about it*, [wɪl ər ɛvər gɛr ɑf] *will it ever get off*, [ʃʊr ʊp] *shut up*. T-glottalling is a rarified British import "found only in the casual speech of younger working-class Dubliners" (Wells 1982 ii 430).

**3.17.5.** The combination /T D/ for /θ ð/ and [T], [D] as variants of /t d/ creates homonymic clashes of the type /Tril/ *thrill-trill*, /Tred/ *thread-tred*, /blaDər/ *blather-bladder*, / o̤Dər/ *other-udder*, /Tro̤st/ *thrust-trust*. A morphological boundary may inhibit the interchange, e.g. [hɑţər] *hotter*, [təiţər] *tighter*, cf. [mɪsTər] *mister* but [mist ər] *missed her*, [no̤ɪTre:ţ] *nitrate* but [no̤ɪţ re:ţ] *night rate*; or it may not: Ó hÚrdail (1997 144) cites *louder*, *redder*, *fatter*, *writer*, *reader*, *binder* and others with dental plosives in "many southern dialects". It seems that comparative adjective morphemes or agent suffixes are more permeable than word boundaries.

**3.18 The *l*-phoneme.** Wells (1982 ii 431) found that in SIE /l/ was "in general strikingly clear in all environments". Why this preference, considering the variety of *l*-sounds in Ir. and the prominence of velars in ModE? Wells (op. cit. 370-1) noted that NEE "often lacks the sharp clear/dark allophony" of SEE, and that "the far north [of England] tends to have a rather clear variety of /l/ in all environments". Ó Baoill (1991 585) considers it "plausible" that 17th century colonist E did not have [ɬ] finally and preconsonantally, and if this were the case it could have encouraged the identification of Ir. /l′/ with EModE /l/, thus supporting the emergence of [l] as the preferred option. Wells (op. cit. 431) reported "a certain amount of clear vs dark alternation" in Dublin, with "the 'dark' allophone only moderately velarized". That velarizing tendency is now much stronger and seems to be spreading fast, [ɬ] increasingly familiar especially from radio and TV announcers. To judge by their usage the SEE /l/



configuration is preferred, i.e. "clear" [l] initially and before vowels, "dark" [ɬ] finally and before consonants. The exaggerated velarity of some speakers draws attention to the adoptive quality of the articulation, suggesting the enthusiasm of the learner if not the zeal of the converted.

**3.18.1.** A "characteristically Irish oddity of lexical incidence" (Wells 1982 ii 427), now confined to old-fashioned Rural SIE, is *o* + *l* = *ou* (*ow*) = /əʊ/ as in *bould*, *boult*, *cowld*, *fould*, *hould*, *Houlden* (family name), *mould*, *rowl*, *sowl*, *sowl(d)*, *shoulder*, *toul(d)*, if the earth suddenly stopped spinning *there'd be a hell of a joult*. In the case of *oul(d)* "old" usage may be "jocular or non-literal, as in *the oul' fella*' (Ibid.). Like *queer* and *quare*, *old* and *oul(d)* have become semantically differentiated and are effectively different words — the first StE, the second playful and vaguely depreciative "but otherwise virtually meaningless" (Ibid.).

**3.19 The *r*-phoneme.** SIE retains the *r* sound in all positions and is therefore said to be rhotic.[21] Its principal articulations are as follows: "Before a stressed vowel, /r/ is usually realized as a post-alveolar approximant ... with fricative variants after /t, d/; in other environments, a retroflex approximant is general" and "the degree of retroflexion seems to vary regionally, socially and stylistically" (Wells 1982 ii 432). For Ó Baoill (1997 84) "the main differentiation is between an alveolar flap", [ɾ], and "a more approximant realization", [ɹ], the former being typical rural, the latter urban (cf. Barry 1982 107).

**3.19.1 The orthographic group *ir*, *er*, *ur*.** SIE separated from EE before these three started to fall together in EE, and generally distinguishes between *er* and *ur* while *ir* agrees with one or other:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| birth | [ɛ] | surd | [o̤] | sir | [o̤] |
| cert | [ɛ] | burden | [o̤] | birth | [ɛ] |
| Fergus | [ɛ] | fur | [o̤] | fir | [o̤] |
| term | [ɛ] | cur | [o̤] | shirt | [o̤] |
| perm | [ɛ] | purr | [o̤] | skirt | [ɛ] |

These contrasts are maintained by "conservative speakers, along with most working-class and provincial Irish accents" but in "more sophisticated" Dublin speech can be neutralized to /ɜr/ (Wells 1982 ii 421).[22]

**3.19.2 Lengthening of /e/ before /r/.** This seems to have been fairly widespread in the past but is now restricted to colloquial Dublinese. Nicholson (2002 [1847] passim) cites *airly* "early", *airth* "earth", *convairsable* "conversable",

*haird* "heard", *sairved* "served"; the oldest Rural speakers still have a few, e.g. [fe:rn] *fern*, [kwe:rn] *quern* (cf. Moylan 1996 295).[23]

**3.19.3 Lowering of *er*.** In ME *er* often developed into *ar*, e.g. *derk* → *dark*, *clerk* → *clark*, *fer* → *far*, *Henry* → *Harry*, *person* → *parson*, *sterve* → *starve*, *vermin* → *varmin(t)*, *(uni)versity* → *varsity*. Many *ar* spellings appear in 19th century Anglo-Irish writing, especially in the dialogue of Irish characters, e.g. *dar*, *larn*, *sarch*, *tarrier*, *vardict;* also *virtue*, where the standard spelling *i* indicates [ɛ], making it a candidate for *vartue*. Joyce (1910 93) cites *marchant, sartin* (certain), *sarvice*, and the overcorrection *derning*. General Richard Taylor, commander of the 6th Louisiana regiment of the Confederate army, quoted one of his Irish soldiers after a nocturnal skirmish with the enemy: "It was a fine night intirely for a divarsion" (Gannon 1998 41). *Tarrier* is probably the only one of these non-GE *ar* forms still on the lips of SIE speakers, but is facing a heavy challenge from *terrier* (with spelling pronunciation).

**3.19.4 *Or* words in [ɑ], [ɑ:].** In SIE *born*, *Cork*, *for*, *corn*, *horse*, *normal*, *north*, *short* and the like are [bɑ:rn], [kɑrk], [kɑ:rn], [hɑrs], [nɑ:rməl] etc. In EE they have /ɔ:/, in AE /ɔ:r/, which means that the vowel oppositions of *for-four*, *born-borne*, *horse-hoarse* etc. are lost. This is also the case "in educated or progressive Dublin speech", whereas "in more popular or conservative Dublin accents" as well as "in provincial ones, the contrast remains firm" (Wells 1982 ii 421). It is a quarter century since these observations were made, and nowadays people in the provinces are probably as susceptible to TV-borne viruses as their counterparts in the city; modernized young SIE speakers seem to be opting en masse for the transAtlantic norm, retroflex [ɽ] and all. In this and other instances the American norm has demotic appeal to the young.

**3.19.5 *Ar* in "Dartspeak".** Occurring in words such as *bargain*, *car*, *market*, *part*, *tar* etc., orthographic *ar* is normally realized with [æ(:)]. However, it (allegedly, anyway) has a notably different value in so-called Dartspeak, the patois of young people from Dublin's southern suburbs served by DART (Dublin Area Rapid Transit). In this kind of talk the speaker goes two or more bridges too far — from the standard SIE pronunciation of *ar*-words (above) to [ɔ:] or [o:]. Exx (given in imitative spelling) include *Orts* (what you study at "uni" if you're no good at science), *bor* (where you get a drink), *borf* (what you might do if you drank too much, in which case you might get kicked in the *orse* onto the *hord* pavement), *cor* (a four-wheeled vehicle *storted* by turning the ignition key and *porked* when not in use); similarily *cigors* (what you might smoke), *corve* (what you do to the turkey), *cords* (a kind of trousers), *gords* (guards, police). Insofar as they exist, such pronunciations are perhaps a kind



of social code, but tend to attract such derision that they are unlikely to achieve widespread acceptance (except on the DORT, of course).

**3.19.6 Uvular *r* [ʁ].** This variety — the /r/ of standard Fr. and Ger. — occurs sporadically or idiolectally (as it does in Scotland, Wells 1982 ii 411), but Waterford and its hinterland is the area of greatest concentration. It is sometimes ascribed to Norman influence but linguistic historian Diarmaid Ó Muirithe rejects this flatly (*The Irish Times*, 30 Oct. 1993), so its provenance is something of a mystery.

**3.19.7 Word Stress.** "One general tendency of [SIE] stressing" noted by Henry (1958a 137) was a preference for a more retracted accent than in SEE (cf. Wells 1982 ii 436). Exx are: *a*rea, aris*to*crat, car*pen*ter, certi*fi*cate, con*tra*ry, constitu*en*cy, com*mer*ce, con*tact*, de*vas*tate, disci*p*line, druid*ism*, regi*s*ter, re*tic*ent, rowdy*ism*, vandal*ism*. The opposite tendency — nonstandard initial stress — is also fairly common, e.g. *ad*vance, [bɪgnən] *beginning*, *sem*ent, *phon*etics, *po*lis, *re*ligion. All these are most typical of the south-west, but some may be heard from Rural speakers everywhere, especially the old. It is probably fair to say that young people nowadays have standardized stress patterns as in GE.

**3.21 *Sounds and Spellings.*** SIE never developed a separate orthography and generally conforms to standard usage, but this is sometimes modified (especially in literary texts) in the interests of realism, comedy, local color or whatever. From the early 19th century Irish and Anglo-Irish writers devised a rough and ready system of phonetic spelling for the commonplaces of popular SIE pronunciation; thus old-fashioned /e:/-forms such as *ease*, *defeat*, *heathen*, *leave*, *stream*, *dream* and the like appear as *aise*, *defate*, *haythen*, *lave*, *sthrame*, *dhrame* (par. 3.3). In the last two examples *th* and *dh*, designating the blade-alveolar stops [T] and [D] (par. 3.17 et seqq.), illustrate another staple of improvised orthography, which often has the merit of greater accuracy than standardized spelling and is based on linguistic reality, so that many typical exx may be referred to the foregoing review of phonology, e.g. *min* "men", *iligant* "elegant", *sperrit* "spirit" (par. 3.1), *larnin'* "learning", *sarvant* "servant" (par. 3.19.3), *coorse* "course", *soort* "sort", *flure* "floor", *goold* "gold" (par. 3.8), *ould* "old", *foulded* "folded" (par. 3.18.1), *Chuesday* "Tuesday" (par 3.8.1), etc. On the other hand, "artificial mock forms" (Weinreich's phrase) such as *shure* "sure", *sez* "says", *ov* "of", *quollity* "quality", *oppozit* "opposite", *cubbert* "cupboard", *inthricket* "intricate" and so forth are largely otiose; they reflect the writer's determination to produce oddity at any cost. The imitative or "phonetic" spelling convention is, indeed, a device of socio-economic and socio-cultural stereotyping (the educated and prosperous speak in standard spelling), and like any heavily-worked convention

tends to become tiresome. As Somerville and Ross (1906 279) put it, "A laborious system of spelling exasperates the reader, jades the eye, and fails to convince the ear". The ad hoc strategy is most inadequate in the case of the Irish element in the vocabulary of SIE. It may be conceded that made-up spellings can give orthographic recognition to change or reduction in form (and sometimes in function) undergone by Ir. words adopted into IE, e.g. *cot* (Ir. *coite*) "small boat", *natch* (Ir. *cnaiste*) "bed rail", but all too often they result in forms such as *eye-fiddle* (Ir. *aghaidh-fidil*) "mask", *baithershin* (Ir. *b'fhéidir sin*) "perhaps, maybe so" or *nabocklesh* (Ir. *ná bac leis*) "never mind (ignore) it" in which the etymological base is obscured and the word itself defaced.

**3.22** ***Names and Places.*** Anglicization of Irish surnames and place-names yields similar dividends. According to McLysaght (1972 25) "the mutilation and corruption of Irish surnames took place in the seventeenth and ... eighteenth centuries"; impromptu Englishing and pseudo-translation produced the modern spellings. The commonest of these, Murphy, is in McLysaght's view "not aesthetically objectionable" but is nevertheless "a good example of decadence" since it is so far removed from the original Ó Murchú or MacMurcha (Ibid. 24). Other anglicized name-forms he finds "very far fetched, even ridiculous, as for example the grotesque transformation of Mac Giolla Eoin into Monday from a fancied resemblance of the last part of that name to the Irish word Luan". Similarily Mac Giolla Íosa ("son of the servant of Jesus") becomes MacAleese or even MacLice. Additional exx of "most unpleasing" or "cacophonous" anglicizations include Mucklebreed [or Marlborough] for Mac Giolla Bríde, Gerty for Mac Oireachtaigh, Hog for O'Hagan, Ratty for Hanratty, Dolly for Dathlaioch, and Shally or Shallow for Ó Sealbhaigh (Ibid. 22-24).[24] Mac an Iomaire may become Ridge (*iomaire* = a ridge in a field) or the fanciful Montgomery; Heraldic Artists (1968 20) add another mutant sired by popular etymology: Mac Eoin, anglicized McKeon, is further modified to Muckian and then by pseudotranslation to Piggott from a fancied connection with Ir. *muc* "pig". Lastly but not leastly Patrick: our apostle, his name virtually synonymous with Irishness and reflecting in its semantic trajectory the national experience during centuries of occupation and immiseration: Patricius (noble, aristocratic, patrician), Patrick, Pat, Paddy, paddywagon, "as Irish as Paddy's pig".

A like procedure was (and is) applied to place-names. Rough phonetic approximations supersede the originals, obscure their derivation and often mangle them beyond recognition; hence it is that John Montague speaks of the countryside as "a manuscript we have lost the skill to read". Sometimes the reconstituted form may do relatively little violence to the original, as when Gleann Darach "oak valley" becomes Glendara or Baile an Tobair "place of the (spring) well" Ballintubber; others are more opaque but still translucent enough



for the base form to be discerned, e.g. Termonfeckin, Co. Louth, i.e. Tearmann Fheichín "Sanctuary of (St) Feichín". In general, however, the anglicization process results in ignorant and ugly distortions, as when Glaise Thuairín Fhada "stream of the long little paddock" and Muiceanach Idir Dhá Sháile "pig enclosure between two sea inlets" are bludgeoned into Glashatooreenady and Muckenaghedergauhalia — worthy counterparts of Edgeworth's Allyballycarricko'shaughlin, Crookaghnawaturagh and Gruneaghoolaghan, Lover's Ballyloughguttery, and Joyce's Ballyaughcleeabally (a playful form of Dublin's Irish name, Baile Átha Cliath "town of the ford of the hurdles"). Irish maps and road signs show imitative spellings at their most fanciful and impressionistic; by and large these merit Douglas Hyde's characterization "meaningless, barbarous ... caricatures" (Daly 1974 79). As exx one could instance Racoon, Co. Donegal, from Ráth Chuinghe "hillfort of Cuinghe"; Rathass or Ratass, Co. Kerry, from Ráth Easa "hillfort of a waterfall"; Eastersnow, Co. Roscommon, from Díseart Nuadha "hermitage of Nuadh"; Valentia, Co. Kerry, from Béal Inse "mouth (inlet) of an island"; Mantua, Co. Roscommon, from Móinteach "bog, peatland"; Drumsnot, Co. Monaghan, from Drom Sneachta "snow-covered ridge"; Feakle (homonymous with *fecal*), Co. Clare, from Fiacail "tooth" (lost by St. Patrick); Ovens, Co. Cork, from Uamhanna "caves"; Skull, Co. Cork, from Scoil "school"; The Scalp, a defile in the Wicklow hills, from Scailp "cleft, fissure"; Kill, Co. Kildare, from Cill "cell, church"; the Curlew hills, Co. Sligo, from Corrshliabh "angular mountain". All these "English" forms involve a diminution and a retreat into obscurity; the movement is from sense to nonsense, language to gibberish.[25]

**REFERENCES**

1. Lass (1990 138-9, 148) is prepared to concede "only marginal contact effects" to SIE, the salient features of which are largely "residues of ... the input English of the settlement period"; moreover, "all the features" of the IE vowel system are "retention[s]" of "mainland" ones, or organic developments of them. Harris (1990 73ff) is also a retentionist, but is less absolutist than Lass.
2. Wilmot, 2nd earl of Rochester (1647-1680), was a libertine who "packed more transgressions into one of his lazier evenings than most of us rack up in a decade", according to *The New Yorker* film critic (28 Nov. 2005); he was dead of debauchery at thirty-two.
3. Lengthening of /i/ seems to have been fairly common in traditionalist IE. Colonel O'Critical cites (and condemns) *speerit, feesh, fameeliar, fasteedious, heedeous* etc. (Stoney 1885 18-19). Moylan (1996 294) gives further exx current among older speakers.
4. In 1772 Boswell recorded Johnson's puzzlement when "two men of the highest rank", a peer and a parliamentarian, contradicted each other about the pronunciation of *great*, the first arguing for the vowel of *state*, the second for that of *seat*, adding that only an Irishman would pronounce it *grait* (Mencken 1963 [1919] 430, Wells 1982 i 196). Joyce (1910 92) has the milord opting for *greet* and making the Irish jibe, with *grate* supported by "Single-speech Hamilton" and other "Irish" orators. The earliest evidence of *ea* = /e:/ as an Irishism is *spake* "speak" in Shadwell's *The Amorous Bigotte*, 1690 (Hogan 1927 66).

5. "Are you Haney?" Patrick Kavanagh asked his fellow Ulster poet when they first met. Kavanagh's autobiography, *The Green Fool*, has many exx of *ea* and other words in /e:/, given in imitative spelling, e.g. *aise, aisy, ate, bate, dale, taste, kay, mate, sate, lave, faver, tay, ayther, haythen*. Students of modern Irish literature in English will be familiar with the same orthographic reflex in Seán O'Casey's *Juno and the Paycock* and Brendan Behan's *The Quare Fellow*; the older pronunciation also persists in some names, e.g. *Yeats, O'Shea* (the latter supported by its Ir. form Ó Sé); cf. Reagan in AE. The two phonetic forms of *queer*, [kwe:r] and [kwɪ:r], have diverged semantically, the first having the local (SIE) senses "strange, peculiar, funny" and the second the standard senses.
6. Joyce (Ibid. 7, 92-3) gives genuine exx of /e:/-forms such as *aisy, desaive, laif, sphaire, persaive, sevare* and so on. Nicholson (2002 [1847] passim) has *praist* (priest), *say* (see) and one or two others; it may be that these are analogical forms used sporadically, or it may be that she misheard or extrapolated from the many legitimate /e:/ words she reproduces phonetically, e.g. *ate, aisy, bate, blaich, chape, clane, dacent, dale, draim, hait, hapes, hail, haythens, mate, male, mane, nate, laivin, praichin, raired, quair, repale, sate, say, trate, tay, taich, waik, wairy*. All these were current among older speakers at the end of the 20th century (Moylan 1996 294).
7. The Abbey's mistake was to confuse two different word-categories — that descended from early OE *éa* (now generally *ea*) and that descended from *éo* (now generally *ee*).
8. It is somewhat surprising that colonist *ea* = /e:/ is not retained in American dialects. It is encountered occasionally, e.g. "These [cottonwood trees] were quite reviving after the drairy [dreary] country through which we had been passing" (Journals of Lewis and Clark, 1805). Cormac McCarthy has *rared* (reared) in *No Country For Old Men* (2005).
9. Because [ɑ:] in series (ii) is particularly English it could be shibbolethic in an Irish context. Seán Ó Faoláin (1970 194-5) speaks of 19th century "cawstle Cawtholics" — "so called in mockery of their affected half-English accents". The "cawstle" in question was Dublin Castle, the centre of colonial administration, so Ó Faoláin's phrase means "imitators", "sympathisers", or "collaborators". Ferriter (2004 77) quotes C.S. Andrews re class divisions in Dublin *c.*1900: "Castle" Catholics comprised the medical, legal and business class; "their accents were indistinguishable from those of the Dublin Protestants who held the flattering belief that they spoke the best English in the world".
10. Such articulations may not be a recent phenomenon, at least in the capital. In Joyce's *Dubliners* (1914) a social climber, Mrs Kearney, disapproves of "the very flat final syllable" with which someone she considers her social inferior pronounces the word *ball*, and gives him "a quick stare of contempt". Presumably the "flat" sound is an unrounded one, whereas Mrs Kearney probably favoured the more upmarket [ɔ:]. (Dublin was still occupied, and the target cultural norm for snobs would have been Anglo-Irish.)
11. "At that time (1909) many citizens called the town ell-um-dale [Elmdale, Kansas], and even still I hear older residents say it that way, but when the twentieth century closes that fossil pronunciation (which I think derives from Cornish immigrants to America) will be gone" (William Least Heat-Moon, *Prairyearth*, 1991). "Fillum" is given by Mencken (1963 [1919] 447) as an ex. of "the intercalation of redundant vowels" in AE.
12. In American author Peter de Vries's comic novel *The Mackerel Plaza*, yod coalescence in preference to yod dropping is a (tongue in cheek) index of exclusivity: "She had been educated in the best schools and as a result said 'Chewsday' for Tuesday and 'jew' for due."
13. Lass (1990 141-2) derives SIE [ɔ̈] superstratally from the "incomplete split" of ME /u/ into the /ʊ/ - /ʌ/ contrast of ModE, e.g. *put-putt*. Words representing shortened ME /o:/ became attached to this development, e.g. *good, foot* (with /ʊ/), *blood, flood* (with /ʌ/). Lass points to an "obscure" (17th century) value of morphing /u/ in EE which "would seem to match the chacteristically rounded half-open centralized … [ɔ̈]" of SIE; he cites a Mayo wordlist with [ɔ̈] and "unshifted [u]", and concludes that SIE caught "the lexical diffusion in midstream, and never completed [it]". Harris (1990 73ff.) advances a similarly retentionist thesis but is less uncompromising than Lass in that he allows for substratal input. In his opinion [ɔ̈], the "mid-back round realization of the CUT nucleus", derives from an EModE stage of lowered /u/, though "in a particular contact variety" that realization might be "a replacement of the subtrate vowel … phonetically nearest to it". Nevertheless, "the main source [is] the



superstrate language itself". As against these hypotheses the contention of Bliss (1972 65) and others that Ir. /o/, phonetic [o]/[ʊ], substituted for the CUT vowel in formational SIE has much to recommend it. In all probability we have here another example of convergence, with native and newcomer supporting each other. Flann Ó Riain (*The Irish Times*, 28 July 2003) complained of "the 'refined' sounds increasingly heard on [Irish] national radio and television stations", where *Dublin, hug* and *rug* become *Doblin, hog* and *rog*. It seems likely that Ó Riain's imitative spelling is intended to indicate [ʌ], which is heard constantly from American and British sources and which is probably entering the subconscious of the young.
14. Wells (1982 i 150-51, 209) has *oi* deriving from ME /ɔi/ and /ui/ in Fr. loanwords, with /ui/ then breaking into [əi] and [ʌi].
15. According to OED, *rile* is "a later form" of *roil*, phonetically [rəil]. Wells (1982 i 151, 209) notes that a few words in ME /i:/ got drawn into the *voice* category, e.g. *groin, hoist, joist*, and *employ* which is "etymologically identical" to *imply*.
16. Wells (1982 ii 293) cites "an old-fashioned variant" in RP "with an unrounded central starting-point, [ʌɪ]".
17. The symbol [o̜ɪ] is Henry's usage (1957 etc.). Wells' equivalent (1982 ii 426) is [ɔ̈ɪ], which he describes as having "a rounded centralized back first element"; it is "common in provincial Irish English, and … is responsible for the stereotype of 'noice toime'". Other imitative spellings are *foin* "fine", *moy* "my" and *Oirish* "Irish", which are intended to reflect and sometimes stigmatize this characteristic sound. "Don't, Pat," advises Colonel O'Critical, "pronounce *i* in some words as if it were *oi*.... I myself have been laughed at for calling 'pride' *proide*" (Stoney 1885 20).
18. A story based on this phonetic fact concerns a tourist in Cork who overhears two local men greeting each other and reports that the exchange sounded like Hawaiian or Swahili. "The first fellow said 'How are oo O'Hara?' and the other one said something like 'Uhuru, how are oo?'" (You whore you, how are you? — a piece of friendly invective).
19. Q. What did the grape do when it was stepped on?
A. It let out a little w(h)ine.
Swift (1669-1745) reproved Stella for the spelling *wiggs*: "But who are those *wiggs* that think I am turned Tory? Do you mean *Whigs*? Which *wiggs*, and *wat* do you mean?" (Hogan 1927 54)
20. Hence the story about the Corkman who defended his choice of a rich bride with the explanation "Dough dere was dough dere, dere was love dere too dough" (Though there was dough (= money) there … though). The late playwright Hugh Leonard claimed that when he asked in a restaurant whether the soup was tinned (= canned), he received the reply "No, it's t'ickened".
21. There are a couple of exceptions to rhoticity. One is what Hogan (1934 8) calls "more refined speech" — "refined" generally being a code-word for "anglicized", hence having a tendency (probably induced) to drop post-vocalic /r/. This fringe constituency is diminishing but at the other end of the socioeconomic scale ahroticity may be increasing. Wells (1982 ii 432) quotes Bertz (1975 152) to the effect that Dublin working-class children may lose /r/ in some environments — "presumably an innovation imported from England"; but this would probably not qualify as "more refined speech". Hickey (1999 265ff.) explains "one remarkable feature" of middle-class Dublinese, its rhoticity, in sociolinguistic terms, i.e. as a reaction to widespread suppression of /r/ in the working-class speech of the capital. "In this respect Dublin is similar to New York. In both cities rhotacism is prestigious as lower-class speech tends to lack syllable-final /r/." Older speakers of Rural SIE retain lexical items exemplifying a late ME *r*-loss (Wells 1982 i 222), e.g. *bu'st* "burst", *fi'st*, [fa:tnət] *fortnight, ha'sh, ma'sh, sca'f* etc. (cf. Moylan 1996 303). Speakers old and new have [səprəiz] *surprise*, where /r/ is dropped after /ə/ in a pretonic syllable — a tendency Wells (1982 ii 432) indentifies with "popular Dublin speech".
22. Joyce (1910 103-4) says that in *er* and *ir* the obscure sound, [ə], "is hardly known in Ireland, at least among the general run of the people". His exx:

    *her* is pronounced *herr* and *hur*
    *sir* is pronounced *serr* and *surr*
    *fir* is pronounced *ferr* and *fur*

Joyce also tells us that "*miracle* is pronounced *merricle*" (Ibid. 104); other *r*-conditioned [ɛ] words in old-fashioned speech include *b*[ɛ]*rch* (the tree), *sp*[ɛ]*rit*, and st[ɛ]rrup. Ó Baoill (1990 155) gives [ɪ] for *mirth*, *girth*, and *firm*, whereas I always heard [ɛ] in all three. Incidentally, the *sor* "sir" to which we are accustomed in 18th and 19th century Anglo-Irish writing is encountered as early as the mid-16th century: "Syr, can you speke Iryshe? Sor, woll galow oket?" (Hogan 1927 69, cf. Ó Baoill 1990 155). It also turns up in transAtlantic texts, e.g. when General Richard Taylor, commander of the 6th Louisiana in the Civil War, told his largely Irish regiment that they would soon see action against union troops (also largely Irish) under General Shields, but that they would be a match for the Northerners, an Irishman shouted, "You may bet your life on that, sor!" (Gannon 1998 42)

23. Such lengthening is stigmatized in "smart" Dublin and replaced with something like /ə:r/, which is then hypercorrectly applied across the board. The result is the following table, adapted from Wells (1982 ii 421) drawing on Bertz (1975).

| | Typical Provincial | Typical Dublin | Smart Dublin |
|---|---|---|---|
| *care, pair* | e:r | e:r | ə:r |
| *Kerr, per* | er | e:r | ə:r |
| *cur, purr* | ọr/ʊr | ọr/ʊr | ə:r |

The "smart Dublin" merger "is perceived as elegant by (at least some) Dubliners" and "has ... won increasing prestige", says Wells, adding that the "development is still in progress" (Ibid.).

24. De Fréine (1990 237) quotes further distortions found by Mac Lysaght in the 17th-19th century records: Bogus, Brothel (Broughal), Dudd, Farty (O'Faherty), Heresy, Hoore, Horror, Jealous, Judas, Junk, Marriage, Mingy, Queery, Rape, Rotten, Sex, Shivers, Slush, Spirrits, Thrownaway, Twaddle.

25. "Name", wrote Francis Bacon in 1625, "though it seem but a superficial and outward matter, yet it carrieth much impression and enchantment". This is true enough, and people can be ingenious in their efforts to impress and enchant. The motorist entering Galway on the N6 will notice a signpost for one of the eastern suburbs: "Radharc na Mara – Merview". This is loan translation plus folk etymology in the interest of chic: Merview interpreted as Mer Vue = Vue de Mer = Radharc na Mara. Gallic beats Gaelic, of course, but unfortunately Merview is only an anglicization of Ir. Muirbheach "flat land by the sea". Tant pis. Other placenames in and around the city exemplify the traditional procedure ("phonetic" anglicizing or renaming) and its more modern counterpart. Thus, An Bóthar Mór "the big road" becomes Bohermore, An Bóthar Beag "the small road" College Road, An Bóthar Árd "the high road" Taylor's Hill, Bóthar na Trá "the beach road" Salthill (? by popular etymology from Sáile Tuile "sea of flood(s)"), An Cladach "the rocky foreshore" The Claddagh, Oiléan na gCaorach "island of the sheep" Mutton Island, Loch an tSáile "lake of the seawater" Lough Atalia, An Rinn Mhór "the big promontory" Renmore, Móinín na gCiseach "little bog of the pathways" Moneenageisha, Tír Oileán "land of islands" Tirellen or (by popular etymology) Terryland, Mionloch "little lake" Menlo. Worse, however, are the saccharine forms invented by property developers for new housing developments: Avondale Road, Oakley Crescent, Beechmont Drive and the like — cloned, like the buildings themselves, from British models. The battle for respectability (and profit) is fought on many fronts; in some it is an assault on language and landscape. Thankfully, there is some improvement in recent times because a concerned citizens group nominates simple and attractive Irish names for new housing developments and an enlightened local authority accepts them. This is a small victory for cultural ecology. Elsewhere, the "developers" continue to dub their jerry-built estates Hampton Court, Torquay Woods, Westminster Lawns, The Wellington, The Cotswolds and the like — names cynically chosen for snob appeal or to play on the anxieties of a recently-formed middle class, and do so in the interest of profit. Such names, writes Maolsheachlainn Ó Caollaí, are "trademarks of philistinism and servitude"; they amount to "the pollution of our symbolic environment" (*The Irish Times*, 11 May 1981). There is a special irony in this sleasy nomenclature considering the historic importance of toponymics in Ireland. Early Irish history had "an intensified sense of place", writes historian Liam de Paor (1986 47). "The landscape itself was steeped in story and peopled with earth-goddesses [and] watersprites.... It was also the scene of ancestral deeds tenaciously remembered. A whole class of literature was devoted to this 'story telling of place'" (Ibid.).



> There was an assumption on the part of the writers that the audience [would] have a detailed knowledge of Irish places and place-names.... "Dindshenchus", the lore of places, was part of the common culture. Almost every place which found a niche in the literature had a story or an attribute attached to it. This is interesting because it survives so vigorously in Ireland today, where popular ballads may consist of little more than strings of placenames, where the question "Where are you from?" is one of the first to be asked, and where there is elaborate and minute lore about the particular characteristics attributable to various places or to the people who come from them (de Paor 1985 38-9).

"It remains one of the most endearing and encouraging aspects of life on this island", said the report of the Irish Episcopal Conference in 1992, "that people have a deep attachment to place". Obviously this applies less in urban than in rural settings, and it is doubly difficult to imagine a continuation of the toponymic tradition in Westminster Lawns. Let Patrick Kavanagh (1975 8) have the last word on onomastic misnomers and their attendant anxieties:

> "The name of my birthplace was Mucker; some of the natives wanted to change it to Summerhill.... All who could do so without risking the loss of their scant mail cut 'Mucker' out of their postal address altogether. The natives of the place were known far and near as Muckers, which ... was rhymed obscenely by corner-boys. The word was a corrupted gaelic word signifying a place where pigs were bred in abundance ... [and] there was much aesthetic heart-aching among the folk who had to put up with, and up in, such a pig-named townland. In spite of all this the townland stuck to its title and it was in Mucker I was born."

Up Mucker!

CHAPTER IV

# Syntax and Idiom

**4.0 Introduction.** "Das in Irland gesprochene englisch steht einerseits noch auf einer ältern stufe als das in England gesprochene," observes Krieger (1916 119). "Anderseits aber haben die irischen bauern, die auch beim gebrauch der englischen sprache noch irisch denken, ihre irische syntax auf die englische sprache übertragen." The first of these considerations — conservatism or archaism — accounts for echoes of EmodE such as the following "hibernicisms" from Shakespeare: "Faith, and I'll send him packing" (*1 Henry IV* II iv 328); "it was a great pity, so it was" (*Ibid.* I iii 59); "Faith, we may put up our pipes.... Aye, by my troth" (*Rom. and Jul.* IV v 96-101); "Sure, we thank you" (*Henry V* I ii 8); "Sure, ... it is two o'clock" (*Com. Err.* II i 3); "myself, he and my sister" (*Ibid.* V i 207); "I have ne'er a tongue in my head" (*Mer. of Ven.* II ii 166). The second of Krieger's propositions implies that during the formation of IE, Irish acted as a structural exemplar. How extensive was its influence? Bliss (1984 150) considers that "in grammar, syntax and idiom the peculiarities of southern Hiberno-English depend exclusively on the Irish language"; but Wells (1982 ii 418) plumps for EModE as determinant: "Present-day Irish English owes its characteristics overwhelmingly to the English spoken by ... colonists in the seventeenth century" — a surprising conclusion in view of his phonological analysis of IE. Mhac an tSaoi (1969 55) is less extreme than Bliss but also ascribes a preponderant influence to indigenous Gaelic "in the field of syntax in particular" where "the debt of Anglo-Irish to native Irish is most pronounced". A greater degree of linguistic compromise and parallelism is suggested by Hogan (1934 149), who traces "Anglo-Irish grammar" to the confluence of English and Irish in the 17th century, when "in very many cases the two coincided: the earlier English had more in common with Irish than present English has". Harris (1990 77) likewise considers that "certain obsolescent features of Early Modern English may have been selectively preserved in the emerging contact vernacular for the very reason that forms with identical functions existed in the Irish substrate". Odlin (1992 174ff.) also rejects "unicausal claims" such as those of Bliss (above), and Lass (1990, cited by Odlin) who "has consistently maintained that substrate influences played only a marginal role in the formation of" IE. Like Hogan and Harris, Odlin favors a compromise which recognizes significant superstratal as well as substratal input.

**4.1 Mood.** The moods of Ir. are the indicative (*modh táscach*), imperative (*modh ordaitheach*), and subjunctive (*modh foshuiteach*). These correspond more or less to their E counterparts, but there are two points of difference worth noting. First, there is in Ir. a quasi-conditional mood (usually translated by *would*) which is counted a tense of the indicative even though it can express condition (Ó Cadhlaigh 1949 23, cf. Hogan 1934 105). This fact accounts for SIE constructions such as *he's like a fellow would be after losing something* "he gives the impression of having lost something", or Synge's *if it's only a bit of wet flour we do have to eat, or a bit of fish that would be stinking (RS).** Second, there are imperative forms for all persons, usually translated by *let you* (*him* etc.); this is so strong in classic SIE that it often displaces the regular second person forms, as in Synge's *Let you not be afeared (WS), Let you sit down and take your ease (DS)*, Gregory's *Let you be quiet! (SN)*, and Yeats's *Whisht, let ye. Here is the priest coming (US)*. Imperatives also typically employ a progressive form, with or without *let*:

*Be working! Be working, let ye!* (Ir. *Bí ag obair! Bígí ag obair!*)
*Be eating! Let ye be eating!* (Ir. *Bí ag ithe! Bígí ag ithe!*)

In all these exx the hortative element is as strongly felt as the imperative: the subject is urged or encouraged rather than commanded; the rhetorical balance is fine. It may be such considerations that led Bliss (1984 145) to conclude that some of "the most striking features of southern Hiberno-English are to be found in the imperative", and Krieger (1916 114) to call the *let* structure "ein charakteristisches merkmal des irischen dialekts".

**4.2 Tense.** In Ir. the tenses of the indicative are: present, present habitual, preterite (past definite) and past habitual; of the subjunctive a present and a past. Here we note a major difference between E and Ir.: the latter has no perfect tenses, and an Irishman speaking that form of E modeled on it has no *call* (need, occasion) to use them. In their place he has several options, deriving from Ir. and earlier E. These are: an expanded present or "extended time now" (Harris 1984 308), a preterite, a statal perfect or "resultative aspect", and structures with *after*.

**4.3 Expanded Present.** "Where StE. employs an expanded perfect as *I've been working for three years*, A-I has an expanded present, often with retrospective nuance in an adverial phrase: *I'm workin' these (last) three years*" (Henry 1957 173). Past action still continuing is the point of this construction, as in Ir.

* A number of illustrations are drawn from the dramas of J.M. Synge, Augusta Gregory and W.B. Yeats. Abbreviations are as follows: *AB = Aristotle's Bellows*; *J = The Jackdaw*; *PWW = The Playboy of the Western World*; *RS = Riders to the Sea*; *SG = In the Shadow of the Glen*; *SN = Spreading the News*; *SW = The Shadowy Waters*; *TW = The Tinker's Wedding*; *US = The Unicorn from the Stars*; *WS = The Well of the Saints*; *WW = The Workhouse Ward*.



*He's in America with years.* (Ir. *tá sé i Meiriceá le blianta.*)
*She's gone this long time.* (Ir. *tá sí imithe le fada.*)

*The Taoiseach has known about this for two weeks* (Opposition T.D. in Dáil Éireann, 1999) might be called an "induced perfect" since in a forum heavily rural in representation most speakers (middle-aged and older ones anyway) would naturally have the expanded present in the sentence above (*The Taoiseach knows...*), but one gets the impression of Ruralists turning themselves into Commonists or Internationalists under the pressure of their situation. Thomas Sheridan's play *The Brave Irishman* (1743) has *He's dead and buried these ten years*, indicating that the expanded present was established in IE at a relatively early stage of its development.

**4.4 Preterite.** According to Hogan (1934 142) the perfect "was not quite fixed when English came to Ireland, and Irish ... gave it no support". For Chaucer's *this dreem, that ye han met tonight* "... that you have dreamed last night" (*Nun's Priest's Tale*) standardized ModE would require the preterite (but cf. Trudgill 1984 42); for Shakespeare's *I can tell you strange news that you not yet dreamed of* (*Much Ado* I ii 4) the perfect would be expected. This preference for the preterite in EModE coincided with Ir. usage, so it is not surprising that the tense became rooted in emergent SIE as an equivalent of the perfect. These facts account for the following paradigm of ModStE "I haven't seen him since":

| | |
|---|---|
| Ir. | *Ní fhaca mé ó shin é.* |
| SIE | *I didn't see him since.* |
| Shakesp. | *I did not see him since* (*A. and C.* I iii 1).[1] |

**4.5 Statal Perfect.** Another example of apparent "collusion" between Ir. and EModE is the retention in SIE of what Hogan (1934 143) calls "the primitive form of the perfect", i.e. the OE structure *I have it done*, which developed into *I have done it*. "In Mod. A-I dialect ... the original type, supported by a parallel Ir. construction, has enjoyed an extensive development while the secondary type has not taken root at all" (Henry 1958a 63-4). Hogan (1934 143) reminds us that "For this [original perfective structure] there was still example in Shakespearean English", e.g. *fate and metaphysical aid doth seem to have thee crowned* (*Macb.* I v 27), "and again Irish idiom gave support". Thus SIE:

*Have you the tea made?*
*He have the wife done* ( = impregnated).
*You have your shoes destroyed.*
*That fellow have me drove mad.*
*She haven't it even looked at, never mind read.*
*The child is cranky: he haven't enough slep.*

Henry (1957 178) notes that this structure "is well established in StE", e.g. *The storms have thousands left homeless* (NBC News, 17 Jan. 2007).

**4.6 Perfect in *after* ("hot news perfect").** Whereas the concern of the statal perfect (par. 4.5) is "the completion of an action, not ... its place on a time scale" (Greene 1966 49), the structure *to be after* + *ing* (*after* + gerund) denotes action recently completed (or completed before some other action commenced): it involves the time as well as the fact of completion (cf. Henry 1957 177). Its structural affinity with Ir. will be obvious from the following:

| | |
|---|---|
| Ir. | *Táim taréis é a dhéanamh* ("I'm after doing it"). |
| SIE | *I'm after doing it.* |
| GE | *I've (just) done it.* |

Since this *after* structure is probably the syntactic feature of SIE most commonly misused and travestied, it may be useful to quote the remarks of Mhac an tSaoi (1969 56-7):

> It is a difficult construction for a non-dialect-speaker to handle. Its statal or aspective character is absolute. It may be compounded with most tenses of the verb "to be", but it must always communicate a state ensuing on the completion of an action. This rules out the imperative mood. In the writer's experience *Be after getting along with you* is only possible as a parody of stage Irish. Similarly the construction is never the equivalent of a simple future.... *I'll be after going* for "I will go" is a common error in Anglo-Irish pastiche, but the sentence has no such meaning in genuine dialect. It corresponds quite simply to the English future perfect and is of its nature of relatively limited occurrence.... *A fortiori*, the construction can have no volitional significance. *What will you be after having*? in the sense "What will you have to drink?" has become current in Common Anglo-Irish as a take-off of the visiting foreigner, but the elements of choice and the non-finite implications of the action envisaged nullify the concept of a definite state subsequent to a completed action, and that concept is the essence of the construction.[2]

The following are GE sentences and their SIE equivalents in *after*, with preterite and present as required:

| GE | SIE |
|---|---|
| 1 *I've (just) eaten.* | *I'm (just) after eating.* |
| 2 *Have you noticed how long the evenings have got?* | *Did you notice how long the evenings are after getting?* |
| 3 *Where have you been?* | *Where are you after being?* or *Where were you?* |
| 4 *What has she been doing?* | *What's she after being doing?* |
| 5 *Hasn't she suffered enough?* | *Isn't she after suffering enough?* |
| 6 *How long have you been going out with my sister?* | *How long are you going out with my sister?* |
| 7 *My girlfriend has broken my heart. We've been together for eighteen months and she has dumped me for someone else.* (*The Star*, a tabloid newspaper, 15 Sept. 2000) | *My girlfriend is after breaking my heart. We were together for eighteen months and she's after dumping me....* |

To a traditionalist *The Star* correspondent sounds selfconscious and bookish but the perfect is native to his age-group.[3]

**4.7 Pluperfect.** As the perfect so largely the pluperfect, "which the people cannot manage" and will do "[a]nything to avoid" (Joyce 1910 86). The equivalences are: (1) A construction in which the verb *to be* is used with verbs of motion, e.g. *The train was [= had] gone by the time I got to the station.* (2) The preterite, e.g. *It was the woman I saw the day before* (GE ... *the woman I had seen* ..., Ir. ... *an bhean a chonaic mé* ... ). Hogan (1934 142) quotes Swift's *I discovered one of the inhabitants advancing towards the stile, of the same size with him I saw in the seat pursuing the boat* and suggests that *saw* for *had seen* "was probably not an Irishism so early in the eighteenth century". However, it would have been supported by the Ir. equivalent, as in the ex. above. (3) *After* structures, e.g. *He was (just) after telling me* "he had just told me". *What were you after being doing?* "What had you been doing?" *My mouth had gone numb* says one of Roddy Doyle's characters, a working-class Dubliner who might have been expected to opt for an *after* construction, which is typical of PDE. (4) A pluperfect employing the petrified OE prefix *ge-* (eroded to [ə] and usually spelled *a*): *If you hadn't agone (awent) I'd have gone (went).* This is also typical of PDE, provincial equivalents being *if you hadn't to go* "if you hadn't gone", *if he had to see* "if he had seen" (cf. Hogan 1934 143).

**4.8 Present Habitual.** The existence in Ir. of a distinct form of the verb *to be* expressing repeated or habitual action in the present gives rise to one of the novelties of SIE. This form is *bím* "I (habitually) am", to be distinguished from *táim* "I am" (referring to action just occurring). When Irish speakers were adopting English they felt the need to retain the idea of a state of being accustomed to an action, and so carried over *bím* in the translation *I do(es) be*, hence Synge: *I do be thinking it's well for the blind (WS). Herself does be saying*

*prayers half through the night (RS).* When the principal verb is *to do* the construction is at its most idiosyncratic (to the ears of the GE speaker, anyway): *He do be always doing it, and I do do it myself an odd time.* That this very typical feature of Rural SIE was already a shibboleth of the educational establishment in the late 19th century is made clear by the following passage from the reminiscences of An tAthair Peadar (O'Leary 1969 98):

> ... the people who were in middle age that time ... were speaking English and I don't suppose that there ever was a more horrible language spoken from the mouths of the people than that same English. Note well the labour that this caused both teachers and children: that horrible English was normally spoken to the children at home, while the teachers were trying to teach some kind of more presentable English to them in the school. And then the inspector would come and he'd trample on everything: reviling the teachers ... when they failed to get correct English into the children's mouths, and reviling the children when one of them would say "I do be" or "I does be". I was listening once to an inspector. He put a question to a child about what had kept him at home the day before, or something of that sort.
> "I does be thinning turnops, sir", said the child.
> "And what does your brother be doing?" the inspector said.
> "He do be minding the cows, sir", said the child.
> "'I does be', 'He do be'. That is nice teaching!" he said to the teacher.
> "Well, Mr. Do Be," he said to the child, "how are you today, Mr. Do Be? And how is old Mr. Do Be? And how is Mrs. Do Be? And how are all the other little Do Be's and Does Be's?"
> Here he was referring to the child's father and mother and the rest of the family at home. Note that for an insult to the household! A public insult, before the entire school!

The persistence of the *do be* structure in spite of such opposition is probably an index of the need felt for the aspectual distinction it makes; nowadays, however, it seems to be terminally recessive.

**4.9 Progressives.** Bliss (1984 144) points out that "in general, the progressive tenses are more widely used in southern Hiberno-English than in StE", the progressive form of *think* in particular "express[ing] nuances of meaning which cannot be readily expressed in StE" (cf. Greene 1966 47). The Ir. for "I think" is *ceapaim*, but the preferred forms for opining or speculating are the conditional *cheapfainn* / çaphiŋ / "I would think" or the progressive *táim ag ceapadh* "I'm thinking". The most favoured SIE rendering of the first is the



periphrastic *I'm (I'd be) inclined to think*, a formula which gives due recognition to the inferential and uncertain, while at the same time implying studied consideration. *I'm thinking* likewise suggests reflection and considered judgment, as *I'm thinkin' 'twill rain*; it implies a hunch about something. *I was thinking* similarly conveys the idea "I had a hunch" or "I thought as much"; it moves towards exculpation and "I told you so!" *I thought*, on the other hand, implies misapprehension and misjudgment. These usages are illustrated in the following exchange about a certain bachelor:

> *I'm thinkin' he'll never get married.*

However, he confounds this opinion by marrying, and the commentator has to admit to being mistaken:

> *I thought he'd never bother with a woman.*

This is the cue for:

> *Faith, I was thinkin' he'd get tired sleepin' on his own!*

**4.10 Narrative Infinitive.** In Ir. a verbal noun phrase may be used instead of a dependent clause. "Tell him I'm here", for instance, may be translated *Inis dó mé bheith anseo* (tell him I to be here). "He knew I was here" can be rendered *Baithin dó mé bheith anseo* (was known to him I to be here), and so on. The agent and the object of the action can be expressed likewise: "I'm surprised she chose that dress" becomes *Is ionadh liom í do thoghadh an ghúna sin* (is wonder with me she to choose ...). It is not surprising that people accustomed to such a typical and flexible construction in their native tongue should try to make the new language accomodate itself to the old pattern:

> *'Tis a pity the like of him to get her!*

(The speaker feels that the man in question doesn't deserve the girl.) Some older exx:

> *It's on ourselves the vengeance of the red soldiers will fall, they to find us sitting here the same as hares on a tuft. (US)*
> *It's a pity the banshee not to be crying for yourself. (WW)*
> *It's a hard thing age to be coming on me and I not to get a chance. (SW)*

Occasionally the structure accommodates a main clause:

*How did the mare get that hurt? Oh, Tom Cody to leap her over the garden wall yesterday, and she to fall on her knees on the stones* (Joyce 1910 45-6).

In the following exx an implied main clause is omitted:

*I to bring the fork here and to find that news before me. (SN)*
*You to be going beside me a great while ... and then to be setting off with your talk of getting married. (TW)*

Hogan (1934 144) points out the structural similarities of such exx with Chaucer's *No wonder is a lewed man to rust (General Prologue)* and Shakespeare's *It is the lesser blot, modesty finds/Women to change their shape than men their minds (Two Gent.* V iv 108); he concludes: "The Infinitive is more used in A-I than in StE because it was more used in early seventeenth-century English, and because the older English idioms agreed closely with the Irish use of the verbal noun".

**4.11 Emphasis.** Greene (1966 42) points out that "Irish expresses emphasis by grammatical means rather than by intonation, and any stressed word can be brought to the head if the sentence, with *is* before it, and a relative clause following". This strategy is transferred to SIE, with *it is* (*it's*) in initial position and the element to be emphasized coming immediately after it, as in the sentence (adapted from Gregory's *Spreading the News*) *It is to America he was bringing her* (where *America* occupies the position of emphasis). Different shades of meaning could be conveyed by rearranging the elements as follows:

*It is he was bringing her to America.*
*It is her he was bringing to America.*
*It is bringing her to America he was.*

Exx abound in the dramas of Synge and Yeats as well as those of Gregory, e.g.

*It's many a lone woman would be afraid. (SG)*
*It's herself only I'm seeking now. (PWW)*
*It's destroyed we are from this day. (RS)*

In the following example the subject is a substantive phrase preceding the verb and repeated in the pronoun following *is*:

*A one that would take a drop of drink, it is he would have the courage to face the hosts of trouble. (US)*



This type of sentence has by its structure a kind of natural rhythm. There is a rising inflection up to the emphasized word or words, and a falling inflection on the remaining less important elements of the sentence, as in Synge's

*Is it getting the curse on me you'ld be, woman of the house? (SG)*

The foregoing may be summed up in two observations: (1) What voice stress alone tries to achieve in GE, voice and position effect in Ir. and SIE. (2) Syntactic strategies of emphasis have implications for intonation, rhythm and style.[4]

**4.12 Prolepsis.** When it is considered necessary to emphasize a phrase or clause that is by position towards the end of the sentence, Ir. makes use of a grammatical device called prolepsis, i.e. a temporary pro-predicate after the copula to anticipate a phrase or clause, e.g. *Is é dúirt siad lena chéile báisteach a bheith air* "it is what they said to each other rain to be on it" (= that it was going to rain). Since prolepsis is "very common" in Ir. (Ó Coigligh 1924 241), it is not surprising to find its reflex in SIE, and again there is a rhetorical implication. When the proleptic particle anticipates a phrase or clause there is a balance established in the sentence whereby the second part (the term) becomes at once the logical and rhythmical counterpart of the first part, e.g.

*And its what you'd call sport, is it, to be abroad in the darkness with yourself alone? (PWW)*
*Is it what I am thinking, my old generations used to be talking about a bellows. (AB)*
*... it is what I would advise them, to stick to the net. (J)*

**4.13 Definite Article.** Retention of the definite article, Irish-style, is widespread in SIE (cf. Sullivan 1976 113, Bliss 1984 149). Exx: *the dinner, the rain, the Christmas, the health, the hunger, the drop* "drink", *the bit and the sup* "food and drink". The article as the equivalent of a possessive is heard in *the wife* "my (your, his) wife", *the husband* "her husband", *the mother* "your (his, her, their) mother" etc. Hogan (1934 139) connects this with EE dialect usage, and there is at least a superficial likeness between possessive *the* in SIE and Shakespeare's *The King is angry: see, he bites the lip (Rich. III* IV ii 27); Braidwood (1964 88), however, considers that "the A-I usage is in general Irish, and the resemblance to Elizabethan English merely fortuitous". Mencken (1963 [1919] 196) thinks that this speech habit of Irish emigrants "fell upon fertile soil in America", giving AE *the measles* etc. Prevocalic contractions typical of the article in SIE connect it with EModE: *th'uncle, th'aunt, th'abbey, th'other, th'evenin'* etc.

**4.14 Prepositions.** The preference in SIE for "substantival forms ... in the expression of various kinds of relation" (Henry 1957 132) is undoubtedly a structural trait inherited from Irish. That the latter lacks the verb *to have* is "a conspiring fact of the first magnitude" in that "possession, as well as a host of other relations, are expressed by *bheith* 'to be' + prepositional group.... An astonishing amount of this prepositional idiom is reproduced ... in A-I" (Ibid.). We give representative examples based on the usage of *on, in, with.*

**4.14.1 *On.*** "The sphere of reference of the Ir. preposition *ar* is astonishingly wide" (Henry 1957 147); it may express "duties, obligations, rights, responsibilities, feelings, emotions, appetites, afflictions, etc". (Ó Dónaill 1977 s.v.).[5] "[S]ome of its most typical functions are fulfilled by the A-I preposition *on* which concentrates on the detrimental relation" (Henry 1957 147), i.e. trouble, expense, disadvantage, frustration.[6] Exx:

*That'll be money on you* (= will cost you money).
*The car broke down on him* (i.e. to his annoyance etc).
*They told on her, so they did!* (The second clause is for emphasis.)
*'Tis on yeerself ye're doin' it!* "It's yourselves who will suffer because of what you're doing".

This is little doubt about the substratal character of such sentences since there is no basis for them in E (cf. OED s.v. *on*) but Ir. and IE are full of them, e.g.

*Maraíodh fear óg nuair a chuaigh a ghluaisrothar ó smacht air* "A young man was killed when his motorbike went out of control on him".
*My mouth had gone numb on me.... My legs went rubbery on me* (Roddy Doyle, *The Woman Who Walked Into Doors*).

**4.14.2 *In.*** This preposition derives its functions in SIE largely from Ir. *i, ann* expressing (i) presence (in a place, there) or existence (cf. Ó Dón. 1977 *ann* adv.); (ii) inherent quality or property, esp. a trait or characteristic considered to be inherited (cf. Ó Dón. *i* prep. 2); (iii) state or condition, physical and mental (cf. Ó Dón. *i* prep. 1k); (iv) Profession or membership, e.g. *in the guards* (police), *in the nuns*, etc.

**Sense (i): Presence or Existence**

Q. *Were there many in it?*
A. *There was a great crowd in it.*



Cf. Synge: *There's nobody in it (PWW). Will I be in it as soon as himself? (RS) It's a hard thing they'll be saying below if the body is washed up and there's no man in it to make a coffin (RS).*

Context: How does the food taste?

*Great — what's in it of it* (i.e. what little there is of it).

Context: A baby is expected soon.

*Is the child in it yet?* "Has the baby been born yet?"

A couple of contrasting sentences:

*There's a lot of 'er in it!* "She's big".
*She's hardly in it, the creatur'.* "She's so small she hardly exists, poor thing".

A prediction:

*I won't be long in it!* "I won't live much longer".

A reflection:

*I wonder if there's e'er a God in it?* "... if God exists?"

Of a sick man in a good hospital:

*Only for the place he's in, he wouldn't be in it* (= still in existence, i.e. alive).

Alleged exchange between anthropologist and old country woman:

*Q. Do you believe in the fairies?*
A. *No, but they're in it!*

A comment on the Republican primary elections in the U.S.:

*Romney isn't in it in South Carolina.* (Pat Buchanan, Jan. 2008)

**Sense (ii): Inherent Quality**

*The badness is in 'em!* i.e. inherited from their forebears.
Cf. Ir. *tá an drochbhraon iontu* = SIE *the bad drop is in 'em.*

*There's a bit o' feelin' in 'er* "She's sensitive (kind, compassionate) by nature".
*Don't you see, 'tis in 'im* (i.e. in his genes).
*'Tis some kind of kink is in 'em* "... some inborn quirk of personality".[7]

**Sense (iii): State or Condition**

*He was goin' around in an invalid* (following an accident).
*I was in a lúbán* [bent double] *with the pain.*
*She was in her skin* (= naked).
*He's gone in the head* (= mad); cf. Ó Dón. *i* prep. 1c, Henry 1957 147.

*In* + reflexive:

*He's very peevish in himself* (= unsettled, bad-humoured etc.).
*She's not so good in herself* (not feeling well).
*They're very dull in theirself*, i.e. listless.

**4.14.3 *With.*** Besides accompaniment (as in GE) it may indicate possession (as in Ir.), agency or instrumentality (as in Ir. and EModE), and other relationships.

(i) As a **possessive** (cf. Ó Dón. *ag* prep. 2) it may share a structure with the comitative, as in:

*I saw him with her* "... in her company".
*I saw it with her* "... in her possession".
*There's a man with her* "... in her company".
*There's no fear of her and a man with her* "... since she has a man (a husband, hence is secure)".
*Why wouldn't he get a woman and a good job with him?* "Why should he have any trouble finding a wife since he has a good job?"

X drives a very bad car. It's not meanness on his part, however, because *if he had the money you'd soon see him with a new one.*

*I'd rather see her with it than nobody with it* "I'd prefer her to have it than that nobody should have it". Cf. Ó Dón. (s.v. *ag* prep.) *Is agat is fearr é [is with you is better it] "it is better in your possession".*

(ii) **Agency** (*with* = by): cf. Ó Dón. *ag* prep. 5, OED *with* prep. III, Shakesp. *He did arrest me with an officer* (*Com. Err.* V i 230), *torn to pieces with a bear* (*Wint. Tale* V ii 68). Exx from SIE:



*He was made an idiot with the mother* (through cosseting etc.).
*We were taught with a woman teacher.*
*He wouldn't be let outside the door with the wife.*
*Instead of shootin' the landlord he was shot* with *the landlord!*

(iii) What Henry (1957 141) calls "impersonal constructions" ("possessive" and "subjective") are illustrated in the following, derivable from Ir. *le, ag* (Ó Dón. s.vv.), but cf. Arthur Young (1766) "... fish is a great article with the poor" (= a favourite food), and similar structures in colloquial ModE.

*The heart is bad with him* "his heart is bad".
*Time is short with you when you gets old* "the time remaining to an old person is short".
*'Twas the greatest fear with the parents....*
*Everything was Irish with him* "he was interested in all things Irish".
*... an old word with the people*, i.e used by people, common among them.
*'Tis me me me with her* "she's very self-centered".
*'Twas nearly fledged and flown with them in a month* "they (children) seem to have grown up practically overnight".

(iv) **Causality** (*with* = because of, on account of): cf. Ó Dón. *le* prep., OED *with* prep. III.

*You couldn't hear your ears with them* "they were making so much noise you couldn't hear a thing".
*She didn't get e'er a rest with them* (i.e. they caused such trouble, confusion etc.).
*I haven't a bit of peace with ye!*
*He haven't the livin' of a dog with her* "she gives him a terrible time".
*The sun is gone with the fog* (= obscured by...).

(v) **Comparison.** *I never saw a woman (who) went to hell with her* "... who deteriorated in health, appearance, etc. as fast as she" (ex. from Henry 1958 142, cf. Ó Dón. *le* prep. 7 and 0 ex. *Níl aon reathaí sa tír leis* "there isn't a runner in the country to match him" [lit. "with him"]). *There're none of 'em in it with Olly!* (= none comparable to O. in skill, ability etc.).

**4.15 Conclusion.** It will be apparent from this review, brief and selective as it is, that SIE (especially in its Rural expression) is referable to the substratum theory, according to which a language supplanted by another may reproduce itself idiomatically and structurally in its successor; at the same time it points to continuities with colonist E. The formational process was to a certain extent

a matter of confluence, not confrontation; at some points Ir. and EModE converged and supported each other. Irish was the predominant influence; its effects include a general loosening of sentence structure consequent on the perfect tenses in *after* (parr. 4.6, 4.7), the auxiliary in the consuetudinal tense (par. 4.8), and the use of the infinitive for subordinate clauses (par. 4.10). Rhythm and intonation are closely related to sentence patterns, especially where structural emphasis as in Ir. replaces accentual emphasis as in E (par. 4.11); the prepositional system reproduces some of the principal syntactic and semantic features of its Ir. counterpart (par. 4.14). In addition to its Irishness, the grammar and syntax of SIE give an overwhelming impression of improvisation, extemporaneousness, and freedom from restraint. They are the products of a demotic, participatory enterprise, largely uninhibited by educational or class prejudice, whose primary concern was to communicate; the attempt to do so was made, naturally, within the referential frame provided by the mother tongue. The result was often alien to standard norms, and given the implications of "abnormality" in a class-conscious modern society, SIE surrogate structures have been subject to the same process of erosion as its phonology. To most young (and some not-so-young) speakers the categories analyzed above are obsolete or obsolescent, having been (or in the process of being) superseded by more standardized norms learned at school or from the ubiquitous "media". Tenses such as the perfect, which are artificial forms occasioning selfconsciousness and discomfort to traditionalist speakers, are used naturally and unselfconsciously by the young, for whom the Irish-based structures generally are increasingly remote and even rebarbative.

**REFERENCES**


1. One still hears and reads exx of the "not quite fixed" perfect, e.g. "Not very long ago I have looked into that same cupboard" (Kavanagh 1975 13). "It has been commonly believed ... at the close of the 16th century ..." (Croghan 1990 20). "I hope you will support what I have advocated last night" (President Clinton to Congress, 20 Jan. 1999). "Such conversations are not new. I have heard them myself more than two decades ago" (Michael D. Higgins, *The Irish Times*, 11 Aug. 2005). "I have been interested in Ireland long before I came here" (American tourist). In Dublin, Thackeray (1985 [1843] 18) saw a row of houses "that has been Elizabethan once".
2. Mhac an tSaoi adds: "Another marked feature of this construction — certainly in Common Anglo-Irish though not perhaps to the same degree in rural dialects — is the element of subjective qualification it very often implies", e.g. "reproach, disbelief, disapproval". It can also suggest "the notion of an irreperable consequence, viz. *What are you after doing? Look what he's after doing! He's not after going, surely!*" *After* constructions are freely used and abused by Irish characters in plays of English origin, e.g. *Ireland Preserved* by John Michelburne (1705) whose Teigue, Dermot and O'Sulivan say things such as *he has been after wearing, I'll be after telling, I [w]ill be after doing well, I [wi]ll be after keeping, I can be after maaking [making]* — all ungrammatical, as Mhac an tSaoi's analysis shows. So is George Farquhar's *Do you be after putting the count in the closet?* (*The Beaux' Stratagem*, 1707). Todd (1999 95) seems to suggest that these may have been deliberate errors intended to heighten the stage Irish effect, but in any event the frequency with which the *after* structure occurs in these and other texts suggests that it was well





established in early IE. Apparently it went to America at a fairly early stage, as part of the Irish stereotype. In 1800, when Noah Webster proposed an American dictionary incorporating terminology particular to the U.S., he was attacked from all sides. Joseph Dennie, editor of the *Gazette of the United States*, suggested Webster would be better employed "rooting out" such lexical "weeds" rather than "mingling them with the flowers". Dennie printed letters (of his own composition) purporting to come from readers of the *Gazette*; these were intended to illustrate "the debasing influence of immigrants on American English" (Lepore 2006 79). "Sur", wrote "Pat O'Dogerty", "I find you are after making a nue Merrykin Dikshunary; your rite, Sur; for after lookin all over the anglish Books, you wont find a bit of Shillaly big enuf to beat a dog wid". The Confederate general Richard Taylor commanded the 6th Louisiana Regiment, which was heavily Irish (cf. par. 3.19.4). At one point it became evident that the Irish-born Union general Shields, also leading Irish troops, would engage the 6th. "Shields' boys will be after fighting", one of the Irishmen said (according to Taylor) (Gannon 1998 41). Colonel O'Critical calls the *after* structure a "glaring Irishism" which "provoked ... jeers" at his expense from English listeners (Stoney 1885 59-61).

3. Arguably the passage from *The Star* is overperfected, hence ungrammatical, because in view of the temporalities of the situation *We were together* for *We've been together* is as appropriate in the GE as in the SIE version.
4. Some exx of SIE-type emphasis in GE: "*It's the dirty hut in which your father was born and raised you're remembering, isn't it?*" (Eugene O'Neill, *A Touch of the Poet*) Nymphet to uniformed policeman: "Goodness! I didn't know that — I thought it was just *drinking* while on duty you weren't supposed to do".
5. Ir. *ar* "is always used of any kind of emotion felt by a person, both bodily and mental. So it is said that sorrow and joy, fear and courage, thirst, hunger, need and sickness are *on* a person" (Van Hamel 1912 281). Hayden and Hartog (1909 939) dub it "a preposition-of-all-work ... like its equivalent in Gaelic"; Krieger (1916 113) calls it "eine der haupteigenheiten des anglo-irischen dialekts".
6. "Detrimental" *on* is probably the single most widely used feature of IE to be naturalized in transAtlantic E. Why is it so popular? *Multum in breve* is a possible answer, i.e. it is a transistorized semantic device, at once pithy and expressive, which appeals to speakers' sense of linguisic economy and immediacy. A selection of exx follows. Literature: "I phoned Madeleine but she hung up on me" (Saul Bellow, *Herzog*). "Don't go Irish on me" (John Updike, *Your Lover Just Called*). "The engine seized right up on us" (Updike, *Rabbit Redux*). "I just drank the man's beer on him" (G.V. Higgins, *Cogan's Trade*). "'He dropped dead on me', she says" (G.V.H., *The Sins of the Fathers*). "He found out you were running around on him" (G.V.H., *Defending Billy Whelan*). "Don't go weird on me" (Raymond Carver, *Elephant*). "I hope you're not getting sick on me". "She's gotten fat on me" (Carver, *Collected Stories*). "You'll start to get boring on me" (Richard Ford, *Independence Day*). "Is your mother ... stepping out on me?" (Ford, *Wildlife*). "Three wives had already died on him" (Charles Frazier, *Cold Mountain*). "Leona went off and got married on me" (Cormac McCarthy, *The Crossing*). "You fixin to get religion on us?" (McCarthy, *All the Pretty Horses*). "Did your boyfriend run away on you?" (Alice Munro, *Hateship ... Marriage*). Film: "The car died on me" (Kevin Kline in *Grand Canyon*). "Don't get negative on me" (Dustin Hoffman in *Outbreak*). "Why can't I have a boyfriend who doesn't go nuts on me?" (Helen Hunt in *As Good As It Gets*). "Don't go all 'Wounded Knee' on me, Chief" (character in *ConAir*). "You're not gonna fall asleep on me again, are you?" (Ray Liotta in *Heartbreakers*). Such *on*-usages, ubiquitous in colloquial IE and AE, are now increasingly seen and heard in other varieties, no doubt imported from America. Another point of interest is that in AE *on* may divagate from its core detrimental sense. In the film *Affliction*, for instance, divorced parent Nick Nolte says to his daughter, "I thought we'd sneak a Big Mac on Mom", i.e. "unknown to Mom", which is hardly to her detriment. Similarly "It's a great film but I have to go to bed on it" (an AE speaker of a late-night movie on TV): it's not the film that is at a loss but the speaker. In G.V. Higgins's novel *A Change of Gravity* we read, "If her talk starts to distract, he just buys her another drink. And if one pop doesn't quite do the job, another one after it will. Sooner or later she'll pass out on him, and then he can go to sleep". Since her passing out is advantageous to him, it must be said that in this instance the *on* implies the reverse of negative. In one of Russell Banks' stories a woman speaks of her ex-husband Buck in a manner which indicates dislike. "'Maybe Buck'll up and die on me ...,' she said with a grimace." It is clear from the context that she thinks of his demise as desirable, so *on* connotes the opposite of detriment. In these usages the preposition has broken loose from its semantic moorings and become a kind of verbal reflex — a syntactic response to a semantic stimulus.

7. *(Not) to be in one* or *(not) to have (got) it in one* is also common in North American E in senses close or identical to (ii), i.e. indicating a genetically-based capacity or incapacity; and it may occur in EE or other variety. Some exx: (i) "... it was never in her to be true, to him or to another" (Lawrence Block, *The Collected Mystery Stories*). (ii) "Her motives are of the best: how could she turn away her friend? How could she condemn Zenia to a life of sexual bondage? It isn't in her" (Margaret Atwood, *The Robber Bride*). (iii) "You figure the boy's got it in him [to kill the man responsible for the death of his father]?" (James Lee Burke, *To the Bright and Shining Sun*). (iv) "Now, look at that. That's something I could never do. I just didn't have it in me" (G.V. Higgins, *A Change of Gravity*). (v) "[The book] offers solid ground for believing that the author has it in him to provide real competition..." (*The Sunday Times* [London]). (vi) "He's a jerk, but I'd be surprised if he had murder in him" (*NYPD Blue* [U.S. TV drama]). (vii) "It's in you. It's in your blood" (Al Pacino in film *Recruit*). (viii) "She said, 'I ought to feed you, but I haven't got it in me to ... cook a meal'" (Charles Frazier, *Cold Mountain*). (ix) "She went right to the brandy and poured herself a dollop ... 'I have it in me to sing', she said" (D. Woodrell, *Woe To Live On*). (x) "Many Westerners were alone so much that loneliness was just in them" (Larry McMurtry, *Walter Benjamin at the Dairy Queen*). (xi) "He no longer had it in him to produce poetry" (J.M Coetzee, *Youth*). (xii) "There's no dance in you anymore" (*The Practice* [U.S. TV drama]). One could argue that (i)-(vi) conform to SIE usage, whereas (viii)-(xii) do not because in these exx *in* suggests temporary or accidental condition, circumstantial rather than organic.



# CHAPTER V

# Texts

Selections are preceded by an introduction and followed by analysis and comment; their general order is chronological, but nos 2 and 13 are out of historical sequence — the first for the reason given in the prefatory remarks, the second because of its synthetic character and its origin as Irish-American comic satire. Text 5 is sequential in respect of its attributed (18th century) source, but in respect of its language might have been placed at virtually any subsequent stage.

**Text 1: The "Rhyme-Beginning Fragment" from the Kildare Poems (14th century)**

The literary zenith of first-wave immigrant culture is reached in the Kildare Poems, a group of sixteen Middle English texts preserved in Brit. Mus. Harley 913, a MS of Irish origin. From the literary point of view some of these poems "are the first and finest specimens of their kind in the whole range of medieval English letters" (Henry 1968 118); from the linguistic point of view they illustrate early colonist speech at the time of its greatest extension, the first quarter of the 14th century. The so-called "Satire on the People of Kildare", says Henry, "reinforces the impression of a specific Irish manner developing in English poetry at this time" (Ibid.); but most interesting from our standpoint is the "Rhyme-Beginning Fragment", named for its unique metrical arrangement by which formal symmetry is achieved through concatenation, i.e. the linking of each line to the following by word repetition. The fairly literal modernization opted for here shows the restrictive effect of the prosodic harness on the poem's movement and freedom of expression; even more significantly it highlights important structural features.

1 [L]ove hauith me broght in lithir thoght
*Love has me brought into evil thought*
Thoght ich hab to blinne
*Thought I have to cease*
Blinne to thench it is for noght
*Cease: to think of it is for nought*
Noght is loue of sinne
*Nought is love of sin*

5 [S]inne me hauith in care ibroght
*Sin has me into care brought*
Broght in mochil unwinne
*Brought into much unhappiness*
Winne to weld ich had ithoght
*Happiness to possess I had thought*
Thoght is that ich am inne
*Thought (= perplexity) is what I am in*

9 [I]n me is care how i saal fare
*In me is care how I shall fare*
Fare ich wol and funde
*Fare [= go] I will and depart*
Funde ich with outen are
*Depart without honour*
Ar i be broght to grunde
*Ere I be brought to ground [= die]*

Heuser's remark "Das Gedicht enthält keine fremden Elemente in Schreibung und Reim" seems unexceptionable, but his further contention "Weder äussere noch innere Gründe schliessen somit Irland als die Heimat des Gedichts aus" (Heuser 1965 166) is open to question. Hogan (1927 18) considers that the Fragment is "in pure Anglo-Irish"; Alspach (1959 19) also speaks of the "dialectal peculiarities" which identify the poem's Irish provenance. Henry's analysis finds in the syntax the twin tendencies which typify IE at all times, namely, conservatism and assimilation to the patterns of Irish. Line 1, for instance, "illustrates a characteristic diversion of A-I from StE usage", namely, the retention of the original perfective type *hauith me broght* (instead of the later — now standard — type "has brought me"). Furthermore, lines 1, 5-6 and 8-9 "express a psychical relation by means of a prepositional mould with the verb *to be* (or its systematic supplement *hauith ibroght*)". This usage has parallels in OIr., and "is a commonplace of Mod Ir. and A-I" (Henry 1958a 63).

**Irish Middle English.** The incursion of 1169 was supplemented by immigration of a non-military type — feudal tenants, burgesses, cottiers, farmers and others. It was these rather than the mainly French-speaking military leaders who in the first phase of expansion spread English through Leinster, east Ulster, Munster, and west to the banks of the Shannon. Its prospects in rural areas were poor, however, because the Anglo-Norman aristocracy who ruled the great lordships of Kildare, Desmond, Ormond, Connacht and elsewhere were themselves largely ignorant of it. Furthermore, their "oppressions and exactions" forced much of



their English-speaking tenantry to migrate to the Pale (a kind of protectorate around Dublin) or to emigrate. Meanwhile, they themselves were becoming hibernicized, accepting Irish tenants and turning from French to Irish. From early in the 14th century English began to retreat, though it persisted in Fingall (north of Dublin), south Wexford, and the "uplandish" towns.

What was colonist Middle English like? In origin it was closely related to the language of south-west England (Hogan 1927 19-20). In some respects it was conservative, preserving *hit* (the older form of *it*), for example, and an infinitive in *-y* (*avordy* "afford") longer than English (EME). In others it was more dynamic than the parent dialects, which preserved final *-e* into the late 14th century. Texts such as the Kildare poems, however, show that it was gone from Irish ME (IME) many decades before. (It is written at random, indicating that it had no grammatical function.) A.J. Bliss concluded that IME was "quite distinct" from EME, and that it would have sounded old-fashioned to a speaker of northern ME, "clipped and ungrammatical" to a speaker of southern ME. Its character was of course conditioned by its linguistic environment, which in medieval Ireland was a *Sprachbund*. Languages spoken in the same area by the same speakers influence each other and grow more alike, developing a single set of sounds and many common constructions. Some such mixing is suggested by the confusion of *t* and *th* in IME, e.g. *thyme* "time" and *tis* "this", also *w* for *v* as in *gewe* "give", *ewill* "evil". The influence of Gallic stressing is seen in Irish and English, both of which borrowed freely from French. In Munster Irish, loans such as *coróin*, *dinnéar*, *giúistís*, *nádúr*, *onóir*, *suipéar* retain French stress, and native terminology falls into the same pattern, e.g. *bréagán* (toy), *cailín* (girl), *ógánach* (youth), *spealadóir* (scythesman). Richard Stanyhurst reports as follows from Wexford in the 1570s:

> And most commonly in wordes of two sillables, they give the last the accent. As they say, Markeate, Baskeate, Gossoupe, Pussoate, Robart, Niclase, &C. which doubtlesse doth disbeautifie their Englishe aboue measure. And if they could be weaned from that corrupt custom, there is none that could dislyke of their English (Miller & Power 1979 15).

Stanyhurst also notes the conservatism of their vocabulary:

> Howbeit to this day, the dregs of the olde auncient Chaucer English are kept as well there as in Fingall. As they terme a spider, an attercop; a wispe, a wad; a lumpe of bread, a pocket or pucket; a sillibuck, a copprouse; a faggot, a blease, or a blaze, for the short burning of it, as I judge; a Phisition, a leache; a gappe, a sharde; a

> base court or quadrangle, a bawen, or rather, as I suppose, a barton; the household or folkes, meany; sharppe, keene; estraunge, vncouth; easie, eeth or eefe; a dunghill, a mizen; as for the worde bater, that in English purporteth a lane, bearing to an high way, I take it for a meere Irishe worde, that crepte vnawares into the English, thorough the daily entercourse of the English and Irish inhabitants. And where as commonly in all countreys, the women speake most neately and pertely ... notwithstandyng in Ireland it falleth out contrary. For the women haue in theyr English tongue an harrish and broade kynd of pronunciation, with vtteryng their wordes so peeuishly and faintly, as though they were halfe sicke, and ready to call for a possette (Ibid.).

The earliest creative literature of Anglo-Norman Ireland was written in French. "The Song of Dermot and the Earl" (an editorial title) is a verse chronicle written *c.*1210. The beginning is missing, and the action starts with the abduction in 1152 of Dearbhfhorgaill, wife of Tighearnán Ó Ruairc, by Diarmuid Mac Murchadha; it ends abruptly at l.3459 with the arrival of Raymond le Gros at Limerick in 1175. The author says he got his information from "Morice Regan", Mac Murchadha's *latimer* (interpreter). Apart from this text the most important piece in French is "The Entrenchment of New Ross", a description of the walling of William Marshal's commercial capital in 1265. The first colonist literature in English was written in the 14th century. The main corpus consists of texts called the Kildare Poems because a certain Friar Michael of Kildare wrote one of them; the MS is Fransciscan but originated in Waterford (Benskin 1990 164). These poems have a variety of themes and a tendency towards anticlerical or antiestablishment satire. They derive "from a milieu open to English, Irish and French cultural and linguistic influence" (Henry 1958 64), and reflect the diversity of the civilization that produced them. They are indeed the products of its ethnic, political and religious antagonisms.

**The Land of Cokaygne.** The best known and most entertaining of the Kildare Poems is "The Land of Cokaygne", a Rabelaisian parody in which insular and continental elements combine, showing the pluralist character of 14th century Ireland. In the western sea lies Cokaygne, the land of belly's desire. Heaven is dull by comparison with this earthly paradise, where all is fun and festivity. The monastic community in question is evidently Cistercian, and the order's ideals of labour, celibacy, frugality and architectural austerity are lampooned in the poem's mocking inversion: the abbey is built of *pasteiis* and other delicacies, while the sybarites who inhabit it are dedicated to gluttony, lechery and sloth. The comic sensuality of the piece is exemplified in the abbot's method of



recalling his monks (who, like Superman, can fly), i.e. by drumming on a girl's *toute* — an act which prepares us for the encounter with the sisters from the nearby nunnery. In hot weather the young nuns swim naked; the monks grab them and carry them off to the abbey, where they teach them to pray "with gambe leue [jambe levée] up and down". He who excels at this kind of *oreisun* (prayer) can have twelve "wives" a year, while prowess at another type of bedroom activity — sleeping — proves a man has the talent to be abbot.

This goliardic burlesque of monastic life and discipline has been called "the wittiest and cleverest piece of satire in the whole range of Early English ... poetry" (Heuser 1965 145, quoting Furnivall 1858). Heuser himself sees in it "ein echt anglo-irisches ... Denkmal ... bezeichnend für das Milieu in dem der Verfasser lebte und wirkte" (Ibid. 143-4). He and others have suggested that the poem refers to Gray Abbey, Co. Down or the Franciscan friary in Kildare, but P.L. Henry argued that the *white* and *grei* of l.52 ("Ther is a wel fair abbei Of white monkes and of grei") refer to the habits worn by the monks and "clearly suggest the Cistercian [order]" (Henry 1972 135). In his view "a poem in the English tongue and the French manner ... is almost certain to aim at an Irish rather than an Anglo-Norman Cistercian house" (Ibid. 139); he concludes that the target was the abbey of Inislounaght (Inis Leamhnachta "holm of new milk"; in the poem the nunnery is situated "Vp a riuer of swet milk"). Inislounaght was an Irish Cistercian foundation on the Suir near Clonmel (Cluain Meala "meadow of honey", cf. Cokaygne ll.45-6 "ther beth riuers gret and fine Of oile, melk, honi and wine"). Clonmel is near Áth na Bláthaí ("ford of the buttermilk"), Co. Waterford, so it seems likely that the poet's imagination was stimulated by local toponymics and perhaps also by the Cistercian predilection for attractive nomenclature such as Mellifont (Mellis Fons "fountain of honey"). Henry (op. cit.) also points to the parallels between "Cokaygne" and "The Vision of Mac Conglinne", a 12th century Irish satire about "a country of Guzzledom" (Kathleen Hoaglands's phrase); this suggests that the poet was familiar with the indigenous literary tradition. The influence of an Irish linguistic environment is seen in the word *russin*, from Ir. *ruisín* "snack" (but cf. de Bhaldraithe in *Eriu* xxxi (1980) 169-71).

Looked at in historical perspective, "Cokaygne" can be seen as a byproduct of the antipathy between co-religionists of Irish and Franco-British background which characterized late medieval Ireland and which was part of the larger political and cultural struggle between Gael and Gall. During the 13th and 14th centuries a "confrontation of two societies, two ideologies and two ways of life" (Dolley 1972 54) took place on the religious front as well as on the secular. National animosities and ethnic rivalries could lead to bloody conflict even in houses of the same order, as when "many were killed and wounded" in a fight between Irish and "English" Franciscans in Cork in 1291 (Watt 1972 78-9).

The Cistercians were no less divided than the Franciscans. From the beginning their houses, especially those of the Mellifont filiation, resounded to the "clash of two temperaments, the Irish and the European" (Dolley 1972 127). Houses of "English" foundation were often violently hostile to the Irish: the Remonstrance of 1317 (a document listing Irish grievances which was sent to the Pope) alleged that the "Cistercian monks of Granard (Abbeylara) and Inch [Co. Down] openly declared it no sin to kill an Irishman, and would even celebrate mass after doing so" (Nicholls 1972 106). "The Cistercian houses of Gaelic foundation, headed by Mellifont, soon developed many peculiarly Irish features of discipline and life irreconcilable with normal Cistercian practice. After 1216 an attempt by the authorities to bring them into line with the general practice, exacerbated by racial feeling — for the visitors who sought to impose the reform were Englishmen and were supported by the monasteries of English affiliation founded by the Anglo-Norman invaders — led to a struggle in which the Gaelic houses, who resisted in some cases by force of arms, were in 1228 forced to submit" (Ibid.). A measure of autonomy was recovered in 1274, and there was a "complete reorientation" in the 14th century. Mellifont, which had resisted "English" postulants until about 1320, became imPaled and "purely English". Conversely, Granard went Irish and the abbacy became the prerogative of the O'Farrells.

*Laudabiliter*, the papal bull of 1155, had authorized Henry II to "root out the weeds of vice" in the Irish church. A general secularizing tendency had led to lay abbacies and priorships, hereditary succession to ecclesiastical office, clerical marriage and cohabitation, and divorce. The campaign to Romanise the *ecclesia inter Hibernos* had considerable success (and had begun well before the Anglo-Normans arrived anyway), but when the colonial enterprise slackened in the 14th and 15th centuries some Irish monastic communities evidently reverted to habits which predated the 12th century reform. In 1466 the abbey of Loch Cé (a Premonstratensian foundation at Lough "Key" in Co. Roscommon) "was accidentally burned by a canon's wife carrying a lighted candle" (Nicholls 1972 108). Cormac MacDavid, who became abbot of Boyle Abbey in 1414, was his predecessor's son, and Dermot O'Heffernan, abbot of Holy Cross (Co. Tipperary) in the mid-15th century, was son of the previous abbot and father of Maurice O'Heffernan, abbot of Inislounaght (Ibid.). According to Dolley (1972 7) "clerical concubinage [was] a problem in Ireland right up until the seventeenth century". In this perspective "Cokaygne" begins to look like a satire not on "the fish and watercress austerity of Irish monastic life" (Montague 1978 24), but on its *luxuria*, expressed as comic self-indulgence in sex and creature comforts.

**The Birmingham Ballad**. If "Cokaygne" gives the opposition between native and newcomer (the ecclesiastical dimension anyway) a comic expression, the



Birmingham text (also preserved in the Kildare MS) shows the contest at its most brutal. It commemorates an exploit of "Sire Pers the [de] Brimingham", who died in 1308. The remains of his castle may be seen at Carraig Fheorais, Birmingham's Rock, on Carrick Hill near Éadan Doire (Edenderry, Co. Offaly). After a banquet there on Trinity Sunday 1305 Muircheartach Ó Conchubhair, chief of Ua Fáilghe, and thirty-one members of the dynasty were murdered by Piers and his men.

The background to this terrible event was the struggle for control of the Barrow valley and adjacent parts of east Leinster. In 1288 John Fitz Thomas, "Lord of Offaly", and his liege-man de Birmingham were commissioned to guard the "marches" (borderlands) between "Totomoye" (Tuath Dá Máighe "Territory of Two Plains") and Rathangan. This put them into confrontation with the O'Connors and their subordinates, whose stronghold was Rathangan and points west, an area of forest and fenland (the "wildernis" of the text). The ballad describes the massacre as a kind of sting operation on the O'Connors, who allegedly planned to assassinate Sir Piers and several other prominent Anglo-Normans (called "englis men" in the text, which is undoubtedly what they considered themselves to be). We can only speculate as to the veracity of this explanation and the events anterior to it, but certainly the Irish had a *casus belli* if the ballad is to be believed: "To yrismen he [Piers] was fo.... Euer he rode aboute With streinth to hunt ham [them] vte As hunter doth the hare". *As the hunter hunts the hare*: the image is instructive, and is reinforced in the following lines:

| | |
|---|---|
| For when hi wend best | they thought |
| In wildernis hab rest | to have |
| That no man ssold ham see | could see them |
| Than he wold driue a quest | would mount an expedition |
| Anon to har nest | their |
| In stid ther hi wold be. | place they would |
| Of slep he wold ham wake | would them |
| For ferdnis hi wold quake | terror they would |
| And fond to sculk awai | try |

— but Piers "tok har heuid" (took their head), "and so he taght ham plai" (taught them play). Not surprisingly "thos yrismen of the land" decided to get even, allegedly in the manner described above; but unfortunately for them "this compasment com vte" (the plot became known), and Piers hatches a counterplot. He invites "O Konwir" to a feast and the latter accepts, but "his ketherin he gan bring" (he brought his *kern* [foot-soldiers][1] along), also their captain "Gilboie" (Giolla Buí), his kinsman "Mac Mal More" (Mac Maol Mórdha), "and other fale" (many others). "Sir Pers lokid vte" (looked out) and "seei such a rute"

(saw such a crowd) that "him thoght, hit nas no game" (it seemed to him that it wasn't no joke). However, "he receiuid al and som, noght on inwernd was" (he welcomed them all, not one was them was warned) and all goes according to plan. Presumably when the food, wine (spiked, perhaps) and general bonhomie take effect Piers gives the signal and his men fall on the guests. The climax has ballad-like compression and laconism, with witty play on the word *grace* (mercy): "Noght on nas forsake Bot al he did ham grace": none was overlooked; he gave them all the *coup de grâce*.

The incident is cited in the Remonstrance of 1317, where it is described as a typical act of treachery on the part of "the English inhabiting our land" who "from of old ... have had this wicked, unnatural custom", namely, "when they invite noblemen of our nation to a banquet, during the very feast or in the time of sleep they mercilessly shed the blood of their unsuspecting guests ... cut off the heads of the slain and [sell] them ... to their enemies, as did the baron Peter [Birmingham], a recognized and regular betrayer..." (Curtis and McDowell 1968 [1943] 42). "Head money" paid by the Dublin administration encouraged such tactics; Piers received £100. Reproached for the massacre, he reportedly said that as far as he knew every foreigner in Ireland had promised to kill his Irish neighbour (Lydon 1987 267). Who could doubt that Piers and his like were "more Irish than the Irish themselves"?

**The Statutes of Kilkenny.** A feature of the 12th century invasion was its cosmopolitan character: accompanying the Anglo-Norman leaders were English, Welsh and Flemish soldiers, servants and tenants. It seems probable that English was the language of the largest group, Welsh- and Flemish-speakers being a minority. French, the speech of the aristocracy, was the language of power and prestige; with Latin, it was the medium of legal documents. One such document, dated 18 February 1366, contains the laws or statutes drawn up by a parliament convened at Kilkenny by Lionel, Duke of Clarence, son of Edward III; it gives us an insight into the state of the colony on the eve of its bicentennial. The original text (from Berry 1907 430ff. with minor spelling adjustments) is given because it is fairly straightforward and translates (or, rather, transfers) practically word for word into ModE, hence is an exemplary text for the gallicization of ME. It starts off with a then vs now statement about the "English" (a political as much as an ethnic term), and may be considered an early delineation of the familiar anthropological concept of acculturation, i.e. the assimilation of a minority to the majority culture.

> Come a la conquest de la terre dirland et long temps apres les Engleis de la dit terre userent la lang, monture et vesture Engleis et furent governez et reulez ... par la lei Engleis, ... et ore plusors



> Engleis de la dit terre, gueppissant la lang, gis, monture, leys et usages Engleis vyvent et se governent as maners, guize et lang des Irrois enemies et auxiant ont fait divers mariages and aliaunces enter eux et les Irroies enemyes avauntditz, dont la dit terre et le lieg people de icelle, la langue Engloies, ligeance a nostre seignor le Roy due, et lez leis Engleis ... sont mis en subjection et les enemyes Irroies enhanser et relevez encontre reson....

The colony is clearly being Gaelicized; the Statutes prescribe a course of action designed to arrest the process of assimilation:

> ... ordine est et estabile que chescun Engleys use la lang Engleis et soit nome par nome Engleys, enterlessant oulterment la manere ... use par Irroies; et que chescun Engleys use la manere, guize, monture at appareill Engleis solonc son estat; et si nul Engleys, ou Irroies conversant entre Engleys, use la lang Irroies entre eux-mesmes encontre ceste ordinance, et de ceo soit atteint, soint ses terres et tenements ... seisiz ... tanque quil ... trove sufficient seurtee de prendre et user la lang Engleis ...

Antipathy between native and colonial clergy formed an important part of the larger political and cultural struggle; thus, the Statutes order that

> les beneficers de seint Eglise, conversants entre Engleis, use la lang Engleis ... et que nul Irroies del nacions de Irroies soit admis en nul esglise Cathedrall ne Colligeall ... [et] que nul maison de Religion qu'est assiz entre Engleis ... resceve nul home Irroies a lor profession, mes rescevient gentes Engleis saunz avoir consideracion les queux ilz soient neez en Engleterre ou en Irland....

The "middle nation" is emerging; the fact of ill-feeling between newcomers from England and Irish-born colonists, suggested above, is made explicit in the decree

> que nul diversitie de ligeance desormes soit fait entre les Engleis nees in Ireland et les Engleis nees en Engleterre appellantz "Englishobbe" ou "Irishdogg" ....

It would probably be unfair to say that the intent of the Statutes was racial, but their primary purpose — the maintenance of a strong, loyal (and therefore of necessity undiluted) "English" presence in Ireland — made it necessary, given the relative numerical strength of the sides, to resort to a policy of *apartheid*.

The South African laws against intermarriage are recalled by the statute which "ordains and establishes" that

> nul alliance par mariadge, compaternitee, nurtur de enfantz, concubinaunce ou de caif [Ir. *caoimhe* "gentleness, mildness, loveliness" (Ó Dón.); Berry translates "amour"], ne de altre manere desormes soit fait entre Engloyes et Irroies....

What is reflected in these prohibitions is, however, not a race-war but a *Kulturkampf*; part of the strategy of such a conflict must be to impose a unified structure of law (tailored to one's own advantage, of course), and to call the opposing legal system into disrepute:

> ... par ceo que diversitie de governaunce et deverse leis en une terre fait diversitie de ligeance et debate entre le people, accorde est et establi que nul Engleis ... soit reule en diffinition de lor debate par lei de Marche ne de Breon que par reason ne doit estre nome lei eins malveis custume....

Proscription of Irish poets, musicians et al. is justified on the basis that they constitute a kind of fifth column attempting to "spy out the secrets, customs and policies of the English" (Berry 1907 447):

> Item, que les minstrels Irroies, venantz entre Engleis, espient lez privetz, maners et Comyn des Englises, dont graunz males sovent ad este venz, accorde est et defende que nulles minstrels Irroies, cestacavoir tympanors, fferdanes, skelaghes, bablers, rymors, clarsaghours ne nullez autres minstrels Irrois veignent entre les Engleis, et que nul Engleis les resceive....

In pursuance of all the foregoing, provision is made for improvements in the vital area of defence. (This article contains the well-known reference to *horlinge*, which allegedly causes "great harms and injuries", hence is detrimental to the colony's defensive capability. The "commons" who play it should instead practice archery and other martial sports so as to more effectively check the Irish enemies.)

> Item, par ceo que terre qest in guerre bussoigne que chescun sa face able pour soy defende, ordeigne est et establie que les communes de la dit terre dirland, qest en divers marches de guerre, ne usent desormes les Jues que home appelle horlinge, oue graundz bastons a pillot sur la terre, dont graundes males et maymes sont avenuz en



> enfeblement de la defense de la dit terre, ... einz se afforcent et adressent de useer et tirer les arke et gettyr les launces, et altres gentiles Juyes que appertinent as armes, dont les Irroies enemyes ... puissent le meoltz estre arrestus.

**Text 2: "A Yola Song" (*c.*1700)**

This partial text follows the first in anachronistic but linguistic sequence. It was committed to writing only about 1800, and probably composed less than a century earlier (Ó Muirithe 1977 38), but illustrates a form of speech which Heuser (1965 [1904] 60) calls "die direkte Fortsetzung des Dialekts der Kildare-Gedichte". It is an example of the antiquated dialect called Yola ("Old") which survived until about the mid-19th century in south Wexford. According to Stanihurst (1577) this area was "so quite estranged from Irishry" that "to this day the dregs of the old auncient Chaucer English" were conserved there; he adds however that "in our dayes ... the Weisefordians ... haue so acquainted themselues with the Irishe, as they haue made a mingle mangle or gallamaufrey of both the languages" (Miller and Power 1979 14). Henry (1958a 75-6) characterizes Yolan as a "mosaic" which "resumes from the beginning the life-span of one type of English in Ireland and ... illustrates ... the influence ... exercised on conservative English dialect here by its host". The selection given below is taken (with minor emendations) from Poole (1867 84ff.), and describes an incident in a hurling match in which a player attempts to score the winning goal. Hurling is a game resembling field-hockey in which the players use a curved, broad-bladed ash hurley (Irish *camán*, the *commane* of line 6) to lift and strike a ridged leather ball. Evidently it was as popular in medieval as it is in modern times; the Kilkenny Statutes describe it as "the games which men call hurlings" played with "great sticks at ball on the ground" (Berry 1907 438). The speaker, asked why he looks so *lournagh* (melancholy) and *hachee* (ill-tempered), explains that "Yerstey w'had a baree gist ing oor hoane" (yesterday we had a goal Just in our hand), and goes on to describe the misfortune of the would-be scorer, his son *Tommeen* (Tommy).

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | Up caame ee ball, | Up came the ball |
| | an a dap or a kewe | and a tap or a shove |
| | Wode zar; mot, all arkagh | Would serve; but all eager |
| 4 | var ee barnaugh-blowe, | for the barnagh stroke, |
| | W'vengem too hard | With venom too hard |
| | he zunk ee commane, | he sunk the hurley, |
| | An broughet ee stell | And broke the handle |
| 8 | ing a emothee knaghane. | in a pismire hill. |
| | Th'ball want a cowlee, | The ball went (by) the goal, |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| | the gazb maate all rize; | the dust rose all about; |
| | Licke a mope an a mile | Like a fool in a mill |
| 12 | he gazt ing a mize, | he looked in amazement, |
| | Than stalket an gandelt | Then stalked and wondered |
| | with o! an gridane. | With oh! and with grief. |
| | Oore joys all ee-smort | Our joys are all smothered |
| 16 | ing a emothee knaghane. | In a pismire hill. |

A striking feature of Yolan is its preference for final stress in disyllabic words, noted by Stanihurst (above) and indicated by spellings such as *cornee*, *baree*, *Tommeen*, *cowlee* etc. O'Rahilly (1932 95ff.) attributes this stress pattern, which is also typical of Southern (Munster) Irish, to the influence of (Norman) French in the medieval colony. Other points of morphology, phonology and vocabulary include: (i) the form *ee* to represent either the past participle (OE *ge-*) as in *ee-smort* (15) or the definite article (l, 4, 7), which also has the form *a* (9). (ii) The initial mutation /f/ to /h/ (in *hachee*, from OFr. *fasché*), "a sporadic Irish and A-I feature" (Henry 1958a 79). (iii) Voicing of initial /f/ and /s/ to /v/ and /z/, e.g. *zar* (3), *var* (4), *zunk* (6). This is characteristic of the southern and south-western dialects of ME, and makes the connection between Yolan (as well as medieval A-I generally) and its British prototype. (iv) Loan-words from Irish are *arkagh* (3) from *airceach* "greedy"; *barnaugh* in *barnaugh-blowe* (4), lit. "limpet blow" which Henry (op. cit. 89) interprets as "a blow calculated to dislodge a limpet" (*báirneach*), hence "a decisive blow"; *commane* (6), *knaghane* (8,16) from *cnocán* "hillock"; *cowlee* (9) from *cúl*. Henry (Ibid. 89-90) emends *vengem* (5) to Ir. *fuinneamh* "force, energy" and suggests Ir. *greadán* "torture, burning" as an etymology for *gridane* (14).

**Text 3: Ben Jonson, *The Irish Masque* (1613)**

From about 1600 on texts in hibernicized English begin to reappear, virtually the first since the thirteen hundreds. Up to about mid-century they occur almost exclusively in plays by English authors, whose attempt to reproduce contemporary Irish pronunciation in writing must have been conditioned by their general level of Sprachgefühl (especially their "ear"), the limited ability of the ordinary alphabet to express observed phonetic distinctions, and their own purposes and prejudices. Since their Irish characters are almost invariably rogues and buffoons the expectation of caricature in language as well as in personae is not unreasonable, but Bliss (1979 174) argues in favor of the authenticity and reliability of texts such as the *Masque*; in his view "the majority ... seem to represent original observation and ingenious notation". In the scene reproduced here four supposedly Irish footmen ("Dennish", "Donnell", "Dermock" and Patrick) who have accompanied some Irish (or Anglo-Irish) noblemen on a



visit to London press for an audience with King "Yamish" (James I) in spite of the attentions of a courtier who apparently attempts to restrain them "with the white stick" (a staff used by the official who controlled access to the king). One of them claims he is a costermonger (fruitseller, a common occupation of Irish emigrants to England at the time), a second that they are ambassadors; all four engage in animated conversation which turns into a wrangle about which one would make the best spokesman, the comedy being principally the fact that all of them speak so volubly but imperfectly.[2]

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | Den. | For Chreeshes sayk, phair ish te king? Phich ish hee, an't be? Show me te shweet faish, quickly. By got, o' my conshence, tish ish he! Ant tou bee king Yamish, me name is Dennish, I sherue ti mayesties owne cashter-monger, bee |
| 5 | | mee trote: and cry peep'sh, and pomwater'sh i' ty mayesties sheruice, tis fiue yeere now. Ant tou vilt not trush me now, cal vp ti clarke o' ti kitchin, be ant be, shall giue hish wort, vpon hish booke, ish true. |
| | Don. | Ish it te fashion, to beate te Imbasheters, here? ant knoke |
| 10 | | 'hem o' te heads, phit te phoit stick? |
| | Der. | Ant make ter meshage runne out at ter mouthsh, before tey shpeake vit the king? |
| | Den. | Peash Dermock, here ish te king. |
| | Der. | Phair ish te king? |
| 15 | Don. | Phich ish te king? |
| | Den. | Tat ish te king. |
| | Der. | Ish tat te king? Got blesh him. |
| | Den. | Peash, ant take heet, vat tou shaysht, man. |
| | Der. | Creesh blesh him I shay. Phat reason I tayk heet, for tat? |
| 20 | Don. | Cresh blesh ti shweet faish, king Yamish; and my mistresh faish too: Pre tee, heare ne now. I am come a great vay of miles to shee tee now, by my fayt and trote, and graish o' got. |
| | Den. | Phat ish ti meaning o' tish, Donnell? Didsh tou not shay a |
| 25 | | gotsh name, I should tell ti tayle for tee? Ant entrayt me com to te court, ant leaue me vare at shixe, and seuen? By Got, ish true now. |
| | Don. | Yesh. But I tanke got I can tell my tayle my shelfe, now I be here, I varrant tee: Pre dee heare me king Yamish. |
| 30 | Den. | Pre dee heare me king Yamish. I can tell tee better ten he. |
| | Pat. | Pre dee heare neder noder on 'hem: Here'sh Dermock vill shpeake better ten eder oder on 'hem. |

Der. No fayt shweet hart tow lyesht. Phatrick here ish te besht man of hish tongue, of all de foure; pre tee now hear him.

Pat. By chreesh shaue me tow lyesht. I haue te vorsht tongue in te company at thy sheruish. Vill shome body shpeake?

Don. By my fayt I vill not.

Der. By my goships hand I vill not.

Pat. Speake Dennish ten.

Den. If I speake, te diuell tayke me, I vill giue tee leaue to cram my mout phit shamrokes and butter, and vayter creshes in stead of pearsh and peepsh.

Pat. If no body vill shpeake, I vill shpeake. Pleash ty shweet faish wee come from Ireland.

Der. Wee be Irish men and't pleash tee.

Don. Ty good shubshects of Ireland, and pleash ty mayesty.

Den. Of Connough, Leynster, Vlster, Munster. I mine one shelfe vash borne in te English payle and pleash ty mayesty.

The non-standard spelling *sh* generally represents standard /s/, e.g. *Chreeshes* "Christ's" (1), *shweet faish* "sweet face" (2, 43-4), *tish* "this" (3), *Dennish* "Dennis", *sherue* "serve" (4), *cashtermonger* "costermonger" (4), *peep'sh* "pips" = apples, *pomwater'sh* "pomewaters" = large juicy apples (5, cf. 42), *Imbasheters* "ambassadors" (9), etc. It also appears to substitute for /z/ in *ish* "is" (l, 3 etc.), *hish* "his" (7-8), *mouthsh* "mouths" (11), *gotsh* "God's" (25), *pearsh* "pears" (42); and for /st/ in *trush* "trust" (6) and /dʒ/ in the second syllable of *shubshects* "subjects" (46). These heavily-worked features are largely explicable in terms of Irish phonology and its irregular reflex in IE (parr. 3.13, 3.16). The generalized use of *t* for standard *th* is probably meant to indicate /T/ and /D/ for /θ/ and /ð/ (par. 3.17.1), e.g. *te, ti* "the" (passim), *tou* "thou" (3), *trote* "throat" (5), *ty* "thy" (5), *ter* "their", *tey* "they" (11), *vit* "with" (12), *tat* "that" (19); but since this substitution is "mechanical" (Bliss 1979 246), it is difficult to assess. A related difficulty is the author's inconsistency: cf. *ty ... sheruice* (5-6) and *thy sheruish* (36). In the cases of *got* "God" (2, 23), *wort* "word" (8), *heet* "heed" (18-19) and *ant* "and" (25) it seems likely that final *t* is intended to indicate devoiced /d/. The spelling *ph* to represent standard orthographic *wh* in *phair* "where" (1, 14), *phich* "which" (1, 15), *phoit* "white" (10), *phat* "what" (19, 24) implies the substitution of (ɸ) for /hw/; [β] for /w/ is inferable from *vayter* "water" (41), *vay* "way" (21), *vare* "ware(s)" (26), *varrant* "warrant" (29), *vorsht* "worst" (35), *vill* "will" (36ff.); *phit* "with" (10), indicating (ɸ) for /w/, is exceptional (par. 3.14). *Phatrick* (33) is probably meant to indicate a strongly aspirated initial /p/. Altogether, Jonson's spelling suggests a tantalizing blend of linguistic fact about contemporary IE and misrepresentation (deliberate or otherwise) subserving the writer's comic purpose.



Two near-contemporary texts may usefully be compared to the *Masque*, namely the utterances of Captain Macmorris in Shakespeare's *Henry V* (1599) and the "Irish Love Song" (1646). *Henry V*, which Anthony Burgess called "the most swingeingly patriotic" of Shakespeare's plays, is a kind of fantasy in which the peoples of Britain and Ireland serve under English leadership in a military expedition against France. Burgess (1980 80) thinks that in reality the play is about "the impending conquest of Ireland", part of a grand design the ultimate objective of which was to "unite into one harmonious national group" the nations of "greater Britain" (Campbell 1958 465). Hence the inclusion of representative Welsh, Scottish, and Irish soldiers, captains Fluellen, Jamy and Macmorris respectively. These are introduced "partly to produce laughs", but "their most important office is political" (Ibid. 467):

> Each speaks a stage dialect in the best Elizabethan convention and each exhibits amusing racial peculiarities. The Welshman is slow and pedantic.... Macmorris is quarrelsome, taking offence at the most innocent remarks.... Jamy loves ... a good argument if it can be conducted according to the approved rules of disputation.... These three, like Bates the Englishman, represent the good yeomen of the host....

**Macmorris.** In France, at the siege of the Harfleur (*HV* III ii 91ff.), "the English had not dug their mines deep enough", hence "were in danger of being blown up [by French countermining] and so had to stop digging" (Campbell 1958 487). Gower: "How now, Captain Macmorris! Have you quit the mines? Have the pioners [sappers] given o'er?" The response is:

> By Chrish, la! tish ill done: the work is give over, the trompet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour: O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand tish ill done!

Fluellen then suggests "a few disputations ... concerning the disciplines of the war" by "way of argument and friendly communication"; but Macmorris rejects this as a waste of time: action, not talk, is needed. His anger and impatience make him practically incoherent:

> It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet calls us to the

breach; and we talk, and, be Chrish, do nothing: 'tis shame for us all: so God sa' me, tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la!

When Fluellen begins an apparently innocuous remark with the words "I think … there is not many of your nation — " Macmorris interrupts with the much quoted

> Of my nation! What ish my nation? Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal. What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Fluellen, ever reasonable, urges him not to "take the matter otherwise than is meant", and politely informs him that he (Fluellen) is "as good a man as yourself"; but Macmorris dismisses this claim:

> I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

At this point the conversation is interrupted, and Macmorris does not again hold centre stage.

The "nation" outburst is ostensibly a crass denigration of his country but is perhaps something more oblique. By "nation" he probably means his own national or ethnic group, the Old English, who continued to assert their anglicity and loyalty, and resisted assimilation to the Irish even though they intermarried with them and became partly gaelicized. They held themselves aloof from the so-called Nine Years' War — the Irish resistance, led by the Ulster chieftains O'Neill and O'Donnnell, to Elizabeth's campaign of conquest in the 1590s. That conflict had a major religious dimension to it since the Irish identified their cause with Catholicism while Protestantism was now central to English self-definition. The Old English were also resisting the Reformation but could not bring themselves to make common cause with their Irish co-religionists. Torn between conflicting claims of faith and fidelity, they occupied no man's land, and their position eventually became untenable. Macmorris's very name is emblematic of this contradictory status. It was originally Norman-French *FitzMaurice* (a branch of the Fitzgeralds) but the *Fitz* had been Irished to *Mac* and *Maurice* Englished to *Morris*. He is a walking paradox, and the vehemence with which he reacts to mention of his "nation", as well as the terminology he employs, suggest the tensions and turbulence of his character, and point to a crisis of identity. As *dramatis persona* he has several functions: funny foreigner, brave Brit, Irish psychopath. In the latter capacity he is the embodiment of the stereotype which emerged from the Anglo-Irish struggle of the late 16th century: garrulous but



inarticulate; boastful, belligerent and, above all, bloodthirsty. *I would have blowed up the town … in an hour. There is throats to be cut.*[3] *I will cut off your head.* The stereotype is, of course, a projection onto its victims of Tudor aggression and brutality. The (relatively) conciliatory policy of Essex was rejected by Gloriana and its author executed. *She cut off his head.*

"Conquest, nationality and mixed origins — the obsessive concerns of Elizabethan Irish policy — run deep through *Henry the Fifth*", according to Shapiro (2005 112). Ireland "seeps" into the text, as when the Queen of France greets Henry as "brother Ireland" (V ii 12), a slip of the pen which "modern editors silently correct" to "brother England" (Ibid. 100). Shapiro thinks the error is significant because "anxiety over pure and hybrid national identity runs through the play" (Ibid.). "For much of [it] allusions to the current crisis in Ireland are fleeting.... Only in the … final act does Essex's Irish campaign … break the surface.... Temporarily abandoning the make-believe world of the theatre, Shakespeare invites his fellow Londoners to think not about Henry V but about the near future … when they will pour into the streets … to welcome home ['their conquering Caesar' (V Prologue 28)] Essex" (Ibid. 100-01). Ní mar síltear bítear. The Irish campaign was a damp squib, and Essex returned to disgrace and oblivion. Shakespeare was as bad at forecasting as anyone else, but his projection of current events onto *Henry V* is "an extraordinary moment" — "the only time in his plays that [he] breaks theatrical illusion and directs playgoers' attention away from the make-believe world of his play to the real world outside the theatre" (Shapiro 101).

Macmorris's English (below) gives linguistic expression to one of the drama's cultural and political concerns; a bit of broken Irish is also featured. Pistol's *calmie o custure me* (IV iv 4) is a "mangled" version of *Calen O costure me*, itelf a "corrupt rendering" of "a popular Irish ditty" (Shapiro 111). "The Irish language, like its land and people, is inexorably anglicized, corrupted and appropriated" (Ibid.). Also misunderstood and mistranslated. Shapiro (Ibid.) gives the original as "*Cailin og a' stor* Young maiden, my treasure"; Campbell (op. cit. 504) has "Calen, o custure me" (maiden, my treasure) the Irish refrain of an Elizabethan song. Gerard Murphy (*Éigse* I (1953) 125ff.) identified the sequence as *Cailín ó Chois tSiúire Mé* "I am a girl from beside the [river] Suir", the title of an Irish song (apparently not extant) and the "interfaced refrain" of a late 16th century English song unrelated to the lost Irish one whose tune it borrowed.

**Irish Love Song.** This text was published in England in 1646; in the version given here the third or fourth line is missing.

> For Creeshes sake come pity me.
> O Hone, ish tis ty love and be?

Phair ish ti primish and ti vow?
But all ish goe, and tou unkind
Dosh print ti trote and fett in wind.
Fee, Donnell, fee, i time repent;
Now by ti hant, O hone, I'me spent.
Not tat I dye mine hart ish sore,
But being deat can love ni more.

*O Hone* represents Ir. *ochón* "alas"; *by ti hant* (cf. Macmorris *by my hand*) looks like a loan-translation of Ir. *dar do (mo) laímh.*[4] There is repeated substitution of *t* or *tt* (implying [t] or [T]) for *th*: *tis* "this", *ti* "thy" *tou* "thou", *trote* "troth", *fett* "faith", *tat* "that" (cf. par. 3.17 et seqq.). The substitution of *t* for *d* in *hant* and *deat* (though not in *and*) implies voicing of final voiced consonants (still common in SIE); *ph* for *wh* occurs in *phair* (par. 3.14). Most of Macmorris's errors are fairly simple matters of morphology and concordance, presumably intended to point up the speaker's imperfect grasp of English: *the trompet sound, there is throats, works* "work", pp. *give* (cf. ILS *goe*), and *blowed. Beseeched* for *besieged* is probably good for a laugh; *la* "is a variant of the English interjection *la, lo*" (Bliss 1979 259). The only obvious Irishism in Macmorris is *sh* for *s*, though apart from *Chrish* "Christ" this substitution is inconsistent: cf. *tish* and *tis*, *ish* and *is*. ILS has *Creeshes* "Christ's", *ish* "is", *primish* "promise", and *dosh* "dost". These echo similar forms in *Masque,* suggesting /s/ → /ʃ/ as a constant in emergent IE; and the frequency with which it occurs in "Irish" texts of the period 1600-1750 (writings of Jonson, Shadwell, Farquhar, Sheridan and others) is fairly persuasive. As Sullivan (1976 81) puts it, "the substitution appears to have been quite rampant in early HE and to have gradually moved toward a more standard English norm". What gave rise to the phenomenon was in all probability the attempts of Irish learners of E to apply the palatal-velar distinction to the new language (par. 3.13), but "the breakdown of the functional utility of this opposition ... seems to have generated a rather confused and disorderly substitution of /ʃ/ for /s/" (Ibid.) as in the following exx from a 70-year-old Roscommonman (a monoglot E speaker): Dreʃt *dressed*, ɛkʃtinʃən *extension*, fæ:ʃt *fast*, fikʃ *fix*, fo̤rʃt *first*, ɪnsiʃtəd *insisted*, li:ʃt *least* (where we might have expected le:ʃt), mo:ʃt *most*, mo:ʃlɪ *mostly*, o̤nDərʃtan *understand*, piʃD DrʊŋkD *pissed drunk*, pri:ʃt *priest*, rəziʃt *resist*, sɪkʃti:n *sixteen*, ʃkimpɪ *skimpy*, ʃlip *slip*, ʃtanDərd *standard*, ʃtanən *standing*, ʃte: *stay*, ʃto:nme:ʃən *stonemason*, ʃtɑp *stop*, ʃtɑ:rəm *storm*, ʃtʊf *stuff*, vekʃt *vexed*, we:ʃtən *wasting*, juŋɪʃt *youngest*. From the same speaker came the following exx which illustrate the substitution of /ʒ/ for /z/: biʒnəz *business*, kʊʒənz *cousins*, re:ʒər *razor*, rɛkənǫɪʒd *recognized*, ri:ʒən *reason* (where re:ʒən might have been expected), sərpro̤ɪʒd *surprised*, tʃiʒəl *chisel.*[5]



**Text 4: Jonathan Swift, *Dialogue in Hibernian Stile* (c.1735)**

Opinion is divided about how early modern Colonist English was learned by the Irish. Bliss (1979 19) suggests that in rural areas the "great houses" of the settlers "formed centres where the English language was spoken", and the "tenants and servants alike had to learn some ... to communicate with their masters" (cf. Bliss 1977 50, 55). Todd (1999 30) agrees, since in her view "it has normally been the role of the socially or economically weak to learn the language of the powerful". Hogan (1927 54), however, thinks that "the gap between planter and native was too wide for the language of the former to spread among the latter. The gentry seem to have learned a little Irish, rather than the peasants English" (cf. De Fréine 1977 76-7). Swift's testimony that he had "heard many gentlemen ... talk much of the great convenience to those who live in the country, that they should speak Irish" (Bliss 1977 50) tends to corroborate this view. The deleterious effects of Irish in English might be verified, says he, by listening to "people of the better sort who live in Galway and the western parts",[6] and indeed "in most counties of Ireland.... What we call the Irish *brogue* is no sooner discovered, than it makes the [speaker], in the last degree, ridiculous and despised; and from such a mouth, an Englishman expects nothing but bulls, blunders and follies" (Todd 1999 54).

In the *Dialogue*, a kind of companion piece of his *Polite Conversation* (a satire on the stilted language of the court), Swift ridicules the hibernicisms of such "brogadeers", represented by speakers A and B, who engage in a stiff, contrived conversation with a heavy concentration of Irish loan-words and idioms. Speaker A is the "straight man": he is somewhat obtuse, unfamiliar with the life of the rural planter, and asks appropriately leading questions. Speaker B uses all the Irish words, but A is allotted several non-standard idioms, viz. *a good warrant you have* (4), *warrant* having the sense "authority" of Ir. *barántas* (itself the gaelicized form of *warrant*); *it is kind father for you* (4), deducible from Ir. *is dual athar duit é*; and *a cow in connaugh* (12), which Bliss (1977 88) derives from Ir. *bó ar ceannacht* "a cow for sale" and interprets "a cow already on the market", hence "the value of a cow". The Ir. words are (in the order in which they appear in the text): *lough* (*loch* "lake"), *sowins* (*suán* "flummery" + *-s*), *frawhawns* (*fraochán* "bilberry" + *-s*), *buddogh* (*bodach* "churl"), *coshers* (*cóisir* "party, banquet" + E pres. indic. *-s*), *shoh* v. (*seach* n. "puff from a pipe"), *garrawns* (*gearrán* "gelding, nag" + *-s*), *sougawn* (*súgán* "makeshift saddle stuffed with straw"), *spawlpeen* (*spailpín* "migratory laborer"), *maddor* (*meadar* "wooden drinking vessel"), *caddow* (*cadó* "cover, wrap"), *puckawn* (*pocán* "he-goat"). Most of these terms are still current in SIE. The exchange opens with a rather forced pun on the word *planter* — "one who plants (corn, trees etc.)" and "settler, occupier of a country estate".[7]

A You have a country house, are you a planter?

B Yes, I have planted a great many oak trees and ash trees, and some elm trees round a lough.

A And a good warrant you have, it is kind father for you. And what breakfast do you take in the country?

B Why, sometimes sowins, and sometimes stirabout, and in summer we have the best frawhawns in all the country.

A What kind of a man is your neighbor Squire Dolt?

B Why, a meer buddogh. He sometimes coshers with me, and once a month I take a pipe with him, and we shoh it about for an hour together.

A Well, I'd give a cow in connaugh to see you together! I hear he keeps good horses.

B None but garrawns, and I have seen him often riding on a sougawn. In short, he is no better than a spawlpeen.... When I was there last, we had nothing but a meadar to drink out of, and the devil of a night-gown but a caddow.

A Do you make good cheese and butter?

B Yes, when we can get milk; but our cows will never keep a drop of milk without a puckawn.

Swift's advice to the rural gentlemen who found it advantageous to know Irish is that "they shall be such who never intend to visit England, upon pain of being ridiculous. For I do not remember to have heard of any one man that spoke Irish, who had not the accent upon his tongue, easily discernible to any English ear" (Bliss 1979 50). This warning about the possibility of ridicule and rejection in the mother country points up the dilemma of the Anglo-Irish: they were Irish to the English and English to the Irish, and the ambiguity of their status made them selfconscious and apprehensive. Their insecurity expressed itself in assertiveness such as that of the *Dublin Mercury*, which in 1771 defended "the Irish" (i.e. the Anglo-Irish) against the charge of "blundering" (= muddled thinking and inarticulate speech), adding: "It is well known that no people express themselves ... with more perspicuity and precision" in their native tongue, "the English" (Hogan 1927 53-4). John Bush, a visitor to Dublin in 1764, found that in the city's coffee houses a constant topic of conversation (particularly among the "middling" gentry and "people in trade") was "the superiority of the Dublin English to that of London". Bush dismisses the claim as "vain presumption" and "ridiculous vanity", especially since Dublin's "dress, fashions, language and diversion [entertainment]" were "all imported from London". As for the "nobility" and "people of quality", they "are to all intents and purposes ... very Londoners" (Harrington 1991 161).



Anglo-Irish claims to linguistic purity or superiority is suggestive of a deep social and cultural unease. Lady Clonbrony, "a would-be fine lady" in Maria Edgeworth's novel *The Absentee* (1812), is a good example of the phenomenon. Her anxiety to "get into certain circles" of English society leads to a travesty of the refined English accent and manner she tries to simulate, and earns her the contempt of the people she is trying to impress:

> "If you knew all she endures, to look, speak, move, breathe, like an Englishwoman, you would pity her", said Lady Langdale.
> "Yes, and you *cawnt* conceive the *peens* she *teeks* to talk of the *teebles* and *cheers*, and to *thank Q*, and with so much *teeste* to speak pure English", said Mrs. Dareville....
> "But does Lady Clonbrony expect to pass for English?" said the duchess.
> "O yes! Because she is not quite Irish *bred* and *born* — only bred, not born", said Mrs. Dareville. "And she could not be five minutes in your grace's company before she would tell you that she was *Henglish*, born in *Hoxfordshire*."
> In Lady Clonbrony's address there was a mixture of constraint, affectation, and indecision unusual in a person of her birth, rank, and knowledge of the world. A natural and unnatural manner seemed struggling in all her gestures and in every syllable that she articulated — a naturally free, familiar, good-natured, precipitate, Irish manner had been schooled ... into a sober, cold, still, stiff deportment which she mistook for English. A strong Hibernian accent she had, with infinite difficulty, changed into an English tone. Mistaking reverse of wrong for right, she caricatured the English pronunciation.... [She was] in continual apprehension every time she opened her lips, lest some treacherous *a* or *e*,[8] some strong *r*, some puzzling aspirate or non-aspirate, some unguarded note, interrogative, or expostulary, should betray her to be an Irishwoman. Mrs. Dareville had, in her mimicry, perhaps a little exaggerated as to the *teebles* and *cheers*, but still, the general likeness to the representation of Lady Clonbrony was strong enough to strike and vex her son.... He saw that the renegado cowardice with which she denied, abjured, and reviled her own country gained nothing but ridicule and contempt....

When Colambre (the son) disagrees with her about some "point", she remonstrates with him:

> I *big* your *pawdon*, Colambre; surely I, that was *born* in England, an *Henglishwoman bawn*, must be well *infawmed* on this *pint*....

Later in the same conversation, she speaks less guardedly:

> "Indeed, then, she's a sweet girl, and I am very partial to her, there's the truth", cried Lady Clonbrony, in an undisguised Irish accent, and with her natural warm manner. But, a moment afterwards, her features and whole form resumed their constrained stillness and stiffness, and in her English accent she continued....

The marginality of the Anglo-Irish in an English context is more evident in the case of her husband:

> Whilst Lady Clonbrony, in consequence of her residence in London, had become more of a fine lady, Lord Clonbrony, since he left Ireland, had become less of a gentleman. Lady Clonbrony ... had, by giving splendid entertainments, at an enormous expense, made her way into a certain set of fashionable company. But Lord Clonbrony, who was somebody in Ireland, who was a great person in Dublin, found himself nobody in England, a mere cipher in London. Looked down upon by the fine people with whom his lady associated, and heartily weary of them, he retreated from them altogether, and sought entertainment and self-complacency in society beneath him ... both in rank and education, but in which he had the satisfaction of feeling himself the first person in company. Of these associates, the first in talent and in jovial profligacy, was Sir Terence O'Fay — a man of low extraction, who had been knighted by an Irish lord lieutenant in some convivial frolic. No one could tell a good story, or sing a good song, better than Sir Terence; he exaggerated his native brogue, and his natural propensity to blunder, caring little whether the company laughed at him or with him, provided they laughed....

Lady Clonbrony is an instance of sociolinguistic pathology — an extreme example of insecurity in speech, mannerism and social posture. Her neurotic avoidance of pronunciations deemed to be socioculturally inferior leads her into hypercorrection, e.g. *cheers, peens, teekes, teebles* (cf. par. 3.4). *Cawnt* (can't) sounds forced and unnatural (cf. par. 3.5), as do *pawdon* (pardon) and *infawned* (informed) with suppression of /r/. *Bawn* (born) also involves *r*-dropping; the contrast between it and *born* in the previous line (a spelling which implies rhoticity) may be intended to point up the speaker's confusion and inconsistency. *Big* for *beg* may be the outcome of an effort to avoid a "treacherous" *e*; Macklin's Mrs. Diggerty has *quistion* and the like (Hogan 1927



60; cf. par. 3.2). *Pint* (point) suggests a realization of *oi* with something like /əi/ (par. 3.11); *Henglish* and *Hoxford* are probably examples of overcorrection brought on by "a genteel anxiety not to do something so vulgar as dropping an /h/" — "the single most powerful pronunciation shibboleth in England" (Wells 1982 i 253-5).

The Anglo-Irish took their hangups down to the wire. Towards the end of the 19th century F.S. Stoney's Colonel O'Critical complained that unlike his English counterpart, "it is easy to tell an Irish gentleman anywhere by his speech" — "not only his accent or brogue, but certain peculiar expressions, or Irishisms" (Stoney 1885 6). O'Critical "received as good an education as Ireland afforded" at "a high-class school in Munster", then Trinity College where he "obtained several 'honors'". He left Ireland for the first time *c.*1854 "and soon had my eyes opened" (Ibid 7):

> for, after a very short tour in English society ... I became painfully aware of being afflicted with the Irish peculiarities of speech before referred to. If I told an amusing anecdote, 'twas not its wit but my manner which provoked the laughter. If I were getting the best of an argument, some Irishism would escape from my tongue, and bring my logic to ridicule. All this was very humiliating; and I am sure that my experience is only that of thousands upon thousands of my countrymen. Often and often have I bitterly said to myself, why was I not cautioned about these defects at school...?

Why indeed? And who were his countrymen? "Pat" is in all probability Pat the Protestant, not Pat the Papist, though the eponymic use of the name looks like a gesture of inclusiveness, and Pat is stereotypically impulsive and argumentative. Unlike Lady Clonbrony, O'Critical was "born and bred in Ireland", which he refers to as the "fatherland"; moreover, Irish seems to be "our aboriginal language". "Our neighbour, the Saxon, turns our pronunciation to ridicule", and "honest fellow though he be, is still blindfolded with the prejudices of the middle ages with regard to Ireland and the Irish" (Stoney 1885 11 and passim). O'Critical is a kind of O'Fay *malgré lui* but whereas Sir Terence enjoys the crack the Colonel is more like the Clonbronys — hurt and bewildered by his reception in the motherland to which he gave unstinted allegiance. (He held a commission in "the army" and served in India and the Crimea.) History was about to bring Anglo-Irish travails to a conclusion, however: in 1885, the year O'Critical's efforts to make Pat posh were published, the Land Purchase Bill made funds available to tenants who wished to buy rather than rent; through this and other schemes most of the land of Ireland reverted to the Irish (the real McCoys).

**Text 5: Eamon Kelly, *The Rub of a Relic* (1978)**

This extract, reproduced by permission of Mercier Press, is from the repertory of a professional actor and story-teller, the late Eamon Kelly, a Kerryman who spoke a traditional type of SIE with a strong local accent and flavour. The idiom of the narration sets off the piece of showcase English which is at the centre of the anecdote. Frank O'Connor (1967 139) contends that this kind of Latinized bombast "was common all over Ireland in the nineteenth century", and implies that the hedge schools were the chief culprits. Hayden and Hartog (1909 781) also censure "the hedge-schoolmaster's pedantic and ultra-classic vocabulary", exemplified in this ex. from Carleton (1990 [1844] ii 108):

> Why, Miss Norah, ... he who is so beautified as to secure you in the matrimonial paction — *compactum* it is in the larned languages — in other words — to condescend to your capacity — he who is married to you will be a happy man. There is a juvenility about your eyes, and an efflorescence of amaranthin odiferousness about your cheeks and breath, that are enough to communicate the centrifugal motion to any brain adorned with the slightest modicum of sentiment.

One is indeed reminded of Goldsmith's village schoolmaster, whose "words of learned length and thundering sound Amazed the gazing rustics"; Ó Súilleabháin's grandiloquence is intended to have the same effect on the farmer. The pyrotechnic used to "blind" him is one thing; the colloquial language in which it is embedded is another. Kelly's narrative mode is a good example of a SIE variety which, though now old-fashioned, persists among good Rural speakers in Kerry. It is a development of emergent IE of the 18th century, although that early form would not yet have made much headway against Irish, the primary medium of Eoghan Rua Ó Súilleabháin's writings. Ó Súilleabháin (1748-1784) was a poet and playboy whose felicity of language earned him the soubriquet "Eoghan an bhéil bhinn" (of the sweet mouth). A major theme of the rich folklore attaching to him is his ability to outtalk and outwit the well-to-to and avaricious. His victim here is an "upwardly mobile" type who equates English with status and progress.

Eoghan Rua was out walking on day and he called into a farmer's house. An only daughter is all the farmer had and he was on the look-out for a *cliamhain isteach* for her. But the farmer would not be satisfied with any son-in-law, only a young man that could talk English. That was a stiff enough proposition at the time, two hundred years ago, for Irish was the common language of the country. So the farmer, in dread of his life that he'd be left with the daughter idle on his hands, told his story to Eoghan Rua, and he told it to the right man when he told it to Eoghan!

"I know the very man", Eoghan said, "that'd suit you down to the ground. A fine, strapping, honest boy, but I don't think he have any fortune".

"Don't mind that", the farmer said. "I'll ask no money with him if he can talk the English".

"Well now", says Eoghan, "the way it is is the English isn't good by him and on the other hand the English isn't bad by him".

"Bring him here to the house until I see him", the farmer said.

Eoghan went off and he didn't stop until he found a fine, deserving young lad working alone in a field. Eoghan took him home, put him into a good suit and gave a few days teaching him just enough English to be able to answer a question in that language, for Irish was all the boy had. When the young man had mastered the piece of English, Eoghan and himself set out for the farmer's house. There was a big crowd there, all talking away in Irish. The young lad made off with the farmer's daughter, a nice little mallet of a one, and in no time the two were canoodling in the corner. Out in the night Eoghan told the young man to go out in the yard and see what the weather was doing, and when he was gone Eoghan said to the farmer:

"I suppose you'd like to hear this fellow talking English?"

"Isn't that what he's here for", says the farmer.

"He's gone outside", says Eoghan, "to see what the night is doing, so I'll test him for you when he comes in".

When the gorsoon had done whatever he had to do outside he straightened back into the house.

"Well, friend", says Eoghan, "and what are the climatic conditions abroad?"

The young lad halted. Then he threw back his shoulders and with one eye on the farmer's daughter, he said: "From my astronomical observations, my reckoning and my calculations, from the constant rolling of the firmament, the dismal aspect of the stars and the widespread fermentation of the atmosphere, I prognosticate a heavy discharge from the clouds!"

Well, the farmer was there and his mouth opened so wide you could put a turnip into it.

"Oh", says he, "what a sweet sound English makes. I'd stay listening to it till the crack of doom!" My clown! He thought

he had a professor standing there on the floor. There was no trouble about making the match, but they weren't too long married when the farmer found out that that was all the English the young man had. He was mad, fit to be tied. The daughter made no complaint. She was happy out with him as he was. Came the big fair in Castleisland and the farmer was there standing to a few *budógs*, when who should he see passing but Eoghan Rua singing one of his new compositions. The farmer ran after him and caught by the two lapels of his coat saying:

"You worthless blackguard! The way you fooled me."

"Cool down, boy", says Eoghan to him. "Don't be running away with yourself! What did I do to you?"

"Didn't you tell me", says the farmer, "that the son-in-law you landed me with knew English?"

"I said no such thing", says Eoghan. "Toughen now, control yourself. Didn't I say to you that the English wasn't good by him?"

"You did", says the farmer.

"And didn't I say to you the English wasn't bad by him?"

"You did", says the farmer.

"And didn't I say to you so", says Eoghan, "that he had no English good nor bad!"

Unique to Kerry is the use of *by* for possession (17, 64, 66); other forms of SIE prefer *with* [par. 4.14.3(i)]. Also derivable from Ir. are: (i) *the English* (15 etc., but cf. comments on Text 4); (ii) *out* (= late) *in the night* (28); (iii) *what the weather was doing* (29-30, cf. 33-34); (iv) *he straightened back into the house* (35-6): cf. Dinneen (1927) s.v. *dírighim*; (v) *standing to* (55) "minding", a Munsterism derivable from *ag seasamh do*; (vi) *toughen* (63), inferably from *cruaigh* "harden", hence "be steady, resolute". Ir. words are: *cliamhain isteach* (3) "a son-in-law who takes up the father-in-law's house or place" (Dinneen 1927 s.v.); gorsoon (35) from *garsún* "a youth"; and *budógs* (55) "cows, heifers" (with E plural suffix *—s*). *Mallet* (27) as a laudatory epithet for a girl must be attributed to local enterprise; *canoodling* (28) "kissing and embracing" seems to be a general cisAtlantic dialect form.

**Text 6: Charles Kickham, *Knocknagow* (1887)**

The novels of Charles Kickham (1826-1882) depict Irish country life in the late 19th century. They are set in the author's native Tipperary and peopled by "gentry", "strong" farmers, and labourers. The dominant value-system, that of the second group, is a compound of Catholic pietism, Victorian respectability, and private (chiefly agricultural) enterprise; it was to remain the prevailing ethos



of the Southern Irish middle class during the century or so following the Land War of the 1880s until successfully challenged by a more secular, urbanized sensibility. It is nevertheless members of the third class, the landless workers, that are idealized by Kickham. He portrays them sympathetically, emphasising the amiable and positive side of their character. The hero of *Knocknagow* is Mat Donovan, "a tall, brawny peasant" who "excelled in all kinds of work as a farm labourer" and who "could turn his hand almost to anything". A certain ambivalence in Kickham's attitude to Mat is suggested by the mixture of affection and condescension with which he is treated, as in the extract reproduced below. In this scene Henry Lowe, an Englishman of the landlord class who is newly arrived from England, is in the company of Maurice Kearney, a well-to-do farmer (and principal tenant of Lowe's uncle), and Kearney's daughter Mary, whose description is a measure of the romantic, sentimental temper of the novel: "She was tall, though not of the tallest. The driven snow was not whiter than her neck and brow. A faint blush ... tinged her usually pale cheek, which together with a pair of ripe, rosy lips, and eyes of heavenly blue, imparted a warmth to what otherwise might be considered the marble coldness of her almost too ideal beauty". Her conversation with Lowe is interrupted by the arrival of Donovan, who wants to talk to her father, his employer:

Miss Kearney wished Mat a happy Christmas.

"I wish you the same, and a great many of them, Miss", he replied, looking towards her for a moment, and then turned to resume the conversation with her father.

"He is a magnificent specimen of the Irish peasant", said Mr. Lowe to Miss Kearney.

"Let us wait till you hear him talk", said she. "You will be sure to hear something out of the common from Mat the Thrasher as we call him".

Mat, it appeared, wanted to know if Mr. Kearney would sell him "a couple of barrels of the Swedes".

"No", replied the latter; "I won't sell any turnips. I'll want all I have, and more. But I thought you had a good crop of potatoes. I never saw finer".

"They turned out bad", said Mat.

"Were those the potatoes behind your house, Mat?" Miss Kearney asked.

"Nelly pointed them out to me one day, and asked me did I ever see a flower-garden so blooming."

"The very same, Miss", Mat replied, with a sorrowful shake of the head. "I never laid my eyes on such desavers."

"I suppose they were blighted", said Miss Kearney.
"No, then, Miss", he replied, with a reproachful sadness in his look and voice. "Every stalk ov 'em would make a rafter for a house the first of November. But put the best man in the parish to dig 'em after, and a duck 'ud swally all he'd be able to turn out from morning till night."
The idea of a potato-stalk making a rafter for a house made Miss Kearney smile in spite of herself; but the suck swallowing all the potatoes a man could dig in a day, forced her to laugh outright.

To judge by orthographic representation the author seems to have thought of the speech-patterns of his three Irish characters in terms of a dichotomy between the first two and the third. For Kickham this dichotomy may have represented "right" and "wrong" respectively: in the Introduction to the 1887 edition Matthew Russell S.J. mentions that he "was very fond of little children ... and was most patient in teaching them, taking particular care not to allow them to speak incorrectly".[9] There may be a suggestion of this concern with "correctness" in the rather contrived way Kearney is made to interpret *Swedes* "turnips" (11). Leaving aside Lowe's foreign (EE) accent, we can probably infer in the Kearneys' speech a Common variety of contemporary SIE (Rural-tinged in the case of father, somewhat "refined" in the case of the daughter); in that of Donovan a mature form of Rural. The latter's "deviant" pronunciations are signalled in the mimic forms *desavers* "deceivers" (21), *ov* "of" (24), *'ud* "would" (26) and *swally* "swallow" (26). His description of the potatoes is marked by the inventiveness of imagery and comic excess which are constants of the Rural vernacular.

**Text 7: Douglas Hyde, *Love Songs of Connacht* (1893)**

In 1893 Douglas Hyde founded the Gaelic League, a national cultural movement dedicated to the rehabilitation of Irish and the "de-anglicization" of the country. For many years previously he had been gathering stories and poetry from speakers of the moribund and almost discarded ancestral language; in several volumes published from 1890 onwards he presented these texts and their translations into "Hibernian English". His aim, he tells us, was "to give the exact language" of his informants and employ the authentic popular idiom of rural speech in his translations. A quatrain from a love lyric by O'Raftery (Hyde 1903 226-7) will show how effective that procedure could be:

| | |
|---|---|
| Dá bhfeicfeá réult an eolais | If you were to see the Star of Knowledge |
| 'S í teacht i mbéal an bhóthair | And she coming in the mouth of the road, |
| Déarfá go mbudh sheod uait í | You would say she was a jewel at a distance |
| Do thógfadh ceo a's draoidheacht. | Who would lift mist and enchantment. |



The poetic charm of the original and the freshness and simplicity of the translation demonstrated that a new medium lay at the disposal of Irish writers. For Yeats, this "English idiom of the Irish-thinking people of the west" represented "the coming of a new power into literature" (Yeats 1923 28-9). Under the tutelage of the veteran nationalist John O'Leary the young poet (who, like Hyde, was of Anglo-Irish stock) turned to Irish themes and attempted to form a distinctive Irish style in English; he recognized the possibilities of the new, gaelicized vernacular of the countryside as the basis of such a style. "It is the only good English spoken by any large number of people in Ireland today", he declared, "and one must found good literature on a living speech" (Ibid. 29). Thus, what formerly had been a mark of caricature and buffoonery now became a sign of something novel, attractive and dynamic in language and literature. No longer was the concern confined to the superficial matter of variations in vowel and consonant sounds, once considered the beginning and end of peasant speech. The writers of the "renaissance", inspired by Hyde, devoted more attention to structural differences, to the "rhythm of English passed through the Gaelic mode" (Boyd 1923 74).

Besides demonstrating the dialect's potential as the medium of serious literature, Hyde showed his confidence in its ability to function referentially as well as affectively by offering analyses of his collected texts in the same idiom as the texts themselves. The following selection from his *Love Songs of Connacht* (1893 40-3) illustrates these different functions. It consists of two stanzas from the poem "A Ógánaigh an Chúil Cheangailte", together with Hyde's verse interpretation, his literal prose translation and his comments on "a song which cannot be surpassed ... for its sweetness and true gentleness".

| | |
|---|---|
| A ógánaigh an chúil cheangailte | Ringleted youth of my love, |
| Len a raibh mé seal i n-éinfheacht | With thy locks bound loosely behind thee, |
| Chuaidh tú 'réir an bealach seo | You passed the road above, |
| 'S ní tháinig tú do m'fhéuchaint. | But you never came in to find me; |
| Shaoil mé nach ndéunfaidhe dochar duit | Where were the harm for you |
| Dá dtiucfá a's mé d'iarraidh, | If you came for a little to see me? |
| 'S gur b'í do phóigín thabhairfeadh sólás | Your kiss is a wakening dew |
| Dá mbeidhinn i lár an fhiabhrais. | Were I ever so ill or so dreamy. |

Literally: "Oh youth of the bound black hair, With whom I was once together, You went by this way last night, And you did not come to see me. I thought no harm would be done If you were to come and to ask for me, And sure it is your little kiss would give comfort If I were in the midst of fever."

A's shaoil mé a stóirín
Go mbudh gealach agus grian thú,
A's shaoil mé 'na dhiaigh sin
Go mbudh sneachta ar an sliabh thú,
A's shaoil mé 'na dhiaigh sin
Go mbudh lóchrann ó Dhia thú,
Nó gur ab tú an réult eolais
Ag dul romham a's 'mo dhiaigh thú.

I thought, O my love! You were so
As the moon is, or sun on a fountain,
And I thought after that you were snow,
The cold snow on top of the mountain;
And I thought after that, you were more
Like God's lamp shining to find me,
Or the bright star of knowledge before,
And the star of knowledge behind me.

Literally: "And I thought, my storeen, That you were the sun and the moon, And I thought after that That you were snow on the mountain, And I thought after that That you were a lamp from God, Or that you were the star of knowledge Going before me and after me."

Comments: "[This] is another melodious piece in which we find the ... expression, 'star of knowledge', and a lovely expression it is. It is making us understand it is, that there be's double knowledge and greatly increased sharp-sightedness to him who is in love. The love is like a star, and it is like a star of knowledge on account of the way in which it opens our senses, so that we be double more light, more lively and more sharp than we were before. We understand then the glory and beauty of the world in a way we never understood it until that."

In this passage Hyde seems to be attempting to shape an independently narrative form of SIE, autonomous, self-sustaining and valid for all registers and levels of style. That effort was abortive. Ó Murchú (1970 9) considers that Hyde's idiom makes the reader "uncomfortable" because it "breaks the rules of English register usage". Such language "would be acceptable, perhaps, in a poetic or expressive function but not in a serious referential function". Underlying this attitude is the acceptance of "standard" E as "the ideal norm for all categories of ... usage" (Sullivan 1976 46-7), and the relegation of SIE to non-interpretive and non-analytic spheres. The history of modern SIE, as outlined in Chapter I above, suggests that this is a representative attitude, hence Henry's speculations about "the possibility of a separate destiny" for it: "Anglo-Irish literature in its heyday at the beginning of the [twentieth] century, though trying valiantly, failed to create its own standard language. This, more than anything else, has veiled the significance of rural speech as a literary base and source. The language of Synge and [Hyde] is curious or quaint, or otherwise unorthodox, simply because the norm from which it derives did not establish its individual rights, did not survive the competition with written standard English. It tends, then, to be judged by that standard" (Henry 1958b).



"Had there been a sufficient sense of cultural independence and self-reliance in the country", writes Henry (1974),

> it would have been conceivable that a national language incorporating the offspring of English and Irish could have been developed and adopted, supplanting both ... and supplying the want which is so severely felt, namely, an official and standard language which serves and enshrines the linguistic experience and creativeness of the Irish people. If such a language ... was found marvellously effective in literature, how could it lack the less-demanding qualities of the lower registers? That which has happened to literary Anglo-Irish as a properly distinctive type since the beginning of this century, namely, its quick death, suggests that there is no sense of an individual destiny or a national basis for the kinds of English brought over and developed in Ireland.

Henry concludes that "Ireland is fast becoming a mere resonance-chamber" for SIE, which is picked up in Dublin and "in a kind of miming ritual" broadcast to the rest of the country. This linguistic deference and imitation "is the classic condition for cultural inferiority; and no one can deny that the Irish media ... show all the signs of *mimesis*, a culture seeking its models elsewhere ... " (Ibid.).

**Text 8: E. Somerville and M. Ross, *Experiences of an Irish R.M.* (1899)**

The period 1890-1914, during which Douglas Hyde, Patrick Pearse and others were organizing and directing the movements which resulted in the Irish Free State (and ultimately the Republic), was the twilight of the Anglo-Irish Ascendancy. Its decline is imaginatively examined in *The Big House at Inver* and other novels of Edith Somerville and "Martin Ross" (Violet Martin), but these gifted collaborators also presented the lighter side of life among their class, chiefly in the stories which centre on the person of Major Yeates, a Resident Magistrate (a kind of auxiliary judge) in a rural area of Munster (specifically west Cork, where the Somerville residence was located). His "experiences" are personal and non-controversial, having to do chiefly with hunting and horse-racing; they take place in an ambience of humorous blackguardism. In the following excerpt from the story entitled "Lisheen Races, Second-hand" Yeates (the narrator), Leigh Kelway (an English visitor) and Flurry Knox (a knowing, locally bred Anglo-Irishman) are entertained to a vigorous account of an incident at the Lisheen race-meeting, which they missed when their horse-drawn wagon broke down. The scene is the back room of a dingy public house to which the wet and dispirited group had walked; as they eat an unappetising meal ("The bread tasted of mice, the butter of turf-smoke, the tea of brown paper") a devious character called Slipper, "slightly advanced in liquor", enters:

"Good evening to my vinerable friend, Mr. Flurry Knox!" he began, in the voice of a town crier, "and to the Honourable Major Yeates, and the English gintleman!"

This impressive opening immediately attracted an audience from the shop, and the doorway filled with grinning faces as Slipper advanced farther into the room.

"Why weren't ye at the races, Mr. Flurry?" he went on, his roving eye taking a grip of us all at the same time; "sure the Miss Bennetts and all the ladies was asking where were ye".

"It'd take some time to tell them that", said Flurry, with his mouth full; "but what about the races, Slipper? Had you good sport?"

"Sport is it? Divil so pleasant an afternoon ever you seen", replied Slipper. He leaned against a side-table, and all the glasses on it jingled. "Does your honour know Driscoll?" he went on irrelevantly. "Sure you do. He was in your honour's stable. It's what we were all sayin'; it was a great pity your honour was not there, for the likin' you had to Driscoll."

"That's thrue", said a voice at the door.

"There wasn't one in the barony but was gethered in it, through and fro", continued Slipper, with a quelling glance at the interrupter; "and there was tints for sellin' porther, and whisky as pliable as new milk, and boys goin' round the tints outside, feeling for heads with the big ends of their blackthorns, and all kinds of recreations, and the Sons of Liberty's piffler and dhrum band from Skebawn; though faith! there was more of thim runnin' to look at the races than what was playin' in it; not to mintion different occasions that the bandmasther was atin' his lunch within in the whisky tint."

"But what about Driscoll?" said Flurry.

"Sure it's about him I'm tellin' ye", replied Slipper, with the practised orator's watchful eye on his growing audience. "'Twas within in the same whisky tint meself was, with the bandmasther and a few of the lads, an' we buyin' a ha'porth o' crackers, when I seen me brave Driscoll landin' into the tint, and a pair o' thim long boots on him; him that hadn't a shoe nor a stocking to his foot when your honour had him picking grass out o' the stones behind in your yard. 'Well', says I to meself, 'we'll knock some spoort out of Driscoll!'"

"Come here to me, acushla!" says I to him; "I suppose it's some way wake in the legs y'are", says I, "an' the docther put them on ye the way the people wouldn't thrample ye!"



"May the divil choke ye!" says he, pleasant enough, but I knew by the blush he had he was vexed.

"Then I suppose 'tis a left-tenant colonel y'are", says I; "yer mother must be proud out o' ye!" says I, "an' maybe ye'll lend her a loan o' thim waders when she's rinsin' yer bauneen in the river!" says I.

"There'll be work out o' this!" says he, lookin' at me both sour and bitther.

"Well indeed, I was thinkin' you were blue-moulded for want of a batin", say I. "He was for fightin' us then, but afther we had him pacificated with about a quarther of a naggin' o' sperrits, he told us he was goin' ridin' in a race."

"An' what'll ye ride?" says I.

"Owld Bocock's mare", says he.

"Knipes!" says I, sayin' a great curse; "is it that little stageen from the mountains; sure she's somethin' about the one age with meself", says I.

"Many's the time Jamesy Geoghegan and meself used to be dhrivin' her to Macroom with pigs an' all soorts", says I; "an' is it leppin' stone walls ye want her to go now?"

"Faith, there's walls and every vari'ty of obstackle in it", says he.

"It'll be the best o' your play, so", says I, "to leg it away home out o' this".

"An who'll ride her, so?" says he.

"Let the divil ride her", says I.

Leigh Kelway, who had been leaning back seemingly half asleep, obeyed the hypnotism of Slipper's gaze, and opened his eyes.

"That was now all the conversation that passed between himself and meself", resumed Slipper, "and there was no great delay afther that till they said there was a race startin' and the dickens a one at all was goin' to ride only two, Driscoll, and one Clancy. With that then I seen Mr. Kinahane, the Petty Sessions clerk, goin' round clearin' the coorse, an' I gethered a few o' the neighbours, an' we walked the fields hither and over till we seen the most of th' obstackles."

"Stand aisy now by the plantation", says I; "if they get to come as far as this, believe me ye'll see spoort", says I, "an' 'twill be a convanient spot to encourage the mare if she's anyway wake in herself", says I, cuttin' somethin' about five foot of an ash sapling out o' the plantation.

"That's yer sort!" says owld Bocock, that was thravellin' the racecoorse, peggin' a bit o' paper down with a thorn in front of every lep, the way Driscoll 'd know the handiest place to face her at it.

"Well, I hadn't barely thrimmed the ash plant — "

"Have you any jam, Mary Kate?" interrupted Flurry, whose meal had been in no way interfered with by either the story or the highly-scented crowd who had come to listen to it.

"We have no jam, only thraycle, sir", replied the invisible Mary Kate.

"I hadn't the switch barely thrimmed", repeated Slipper firmly, "when I heard the people screechin', an' I seen Driscoll an' Clancy comin' on, leppin' all before them, an owld Bocock's mare bellusin' an' powdherin' along, an bedad! whatever obstackle wouldn't throw *her* down, faith, she'd throw *it* down, an' there's the thraffic they had in it."

"I declare to me sowl", says I, "if they continue on this way there's a great chance some one o' thim 'll win", says I.

"Ye lie!" says the bandmasther, bein' a thrifle fulsome after his luncheon.

"I do not", says I, "in regard of seein' how soople them two boys is. Ye might observe", says I, "that if they have no convanient way to sit on the saddle, they'll ride the neck o' the horse till such time as they gets an occasion to lave it", says I.

"Arrah, shut yer mouth!" says the bandmasther; "they're puckin' out this way now, an' may the divil admire me!" says he, "but Clancy has the other bet out, and the divil such leatherin' and beltin' of owld Bocock's mare ever you seen as what's in it!" says he.

"Well, when I seen them comin' to me, and Driscoll about the length of the plantation behind Clancy, I let a couple of bawls. 'Skelp her, ye big brute!' says I. 'What good's in ye that ye aren't able to skelp her?'"

The yell and the histrionic flourish of his stick with which Slipper delivered this incident brought down the house. Leigh Kelway was sufficiently moved to ask me in an undertone if "skelp" was a local term.

"Well, Mr. Flurry, and gintlemen", recommenced Slipper, "I declare to ye when owld Bocock's mare heard thim roars she sthretched out her neck like a gandher, and when she passed me out she give a couple of grunts, and looked at me as ugly as a Christian".



"Hah!" says I, givin' her a couple o' dhraws o' th' ash plant across the butt o' the tail, the way I wouldn't blind her; "I'll make ye grunt!" says I, "I'll nourish ye!"

"I knew well she was very frightful of th' ash plant since the winter Tommeen Sullivan had her under a side-car. But now, in place of havin' any obligations to me, ye'd be surprised if ye heard the blaspheemious expressions of that young boy that was ridin' her; and whether it was over-anxious he was, turnin' around the way I'd hear him cursin', or whether it was some slither or slide came to owld Bocock's mare, I dunno, but she was bet up agin the last obstackle but two, and before ye could say 'Shnipes', she was standin' on her two ears beyond in th' other field! I declare to ye, on the vartue of me oath, she stood that way till she reconnoithered what side would Driscoll fall, an' she turned about then and rolled on him as cosy as if he was meadow grass!"

Slipper stopped short; the people in the doorway groaned appreciatively; Mary Kate murmured: "The Lord save us!"

"The blood was dhruv out through his nose and ears", continued Slipper, with a voice that indicated the cream of the narration, "and you'd hear his bones crackin' on the ground! You'd have pitied the poor boy".

"Good heavens!" said Leigh Kelway, sitting up very straight in his chair.

"Was he hurt, Slipper?" asked Flurry casually.

"Hurt is it?" echoed Slipper in high scorn; "killed on the spot!"

He paused to relish the denouement on Leigh Kelway. "Oh, divil so pleasant an afthernoon ever you seen; and indeed, Mr. Flurry, it's what we were all sayin', it was a great pity your honour was not there for the likin' you had for Driscoll."

As he spoke the last word there was an outburst of singing and cheering from a car-load of people who had just pulled up at the door. Flurry listened, leaned back in his chair, and began to laugh.

"It scarely strikes one as a comic incident", said Leigh Kelway, very coldly to me; "in fact, it seems to me that the police ought — "

"Show me Slipper!" bawled a voice in the shop; "show me that dirty little undherlooper till I have his blood! Hadn't I the race won only for he souring the mare on me! What's that you say? I tell ye he did! He left seven slaps on her with the handle of a hay-rake — "

There was in the room in which we were sitting a second door, leading to the back yard, a door consecrated to the unobstrusive visits of so-called "Sunday travellers". Through it Slipper faded away like a dream, and, simultaneously, a tall young man, with a face like a red-hot potato tied up in a bandage, squeezed his way from the shop into the room.

"Well Driscoll", said Flurry, "since it wasn't the teeth of the rake he left on the mare, you needn't be talking!"

The passage testifies to its authoresses' ear for the "good talk, nimble, trenchant and humorous ... of the Irish peasant" (Somerville and Ross 1906 272-5). Rejecting the "heavy-handed caricature of Irish humour, daubed with false idiom and preposterous spelling" which appeared in "the English comic papers", they drew on their own experience and firsthand knowledge of "word and phrase and turn of thought", the keys to an understanding of "the wayward and shrewd and sensitive minds that are at the back of the dialect" (Ibid. 277-81). The phonetic spellings in the text were evidently felt to be artistically desirable, and though they go against the spirit of the strictures on bogus orthography (above) they are based on phonetic fact. Exx: *vinerable* (1), *gintleman* (3 etc.), *divil* (12 etc.), *tints* (21 etc.), *thim* (25 etc.), *mintion* (27), *sperrits* (52) [par. 3.1]; *wake* (40 etc.), *batin'* (51), *aisy* (77), *convanient* (79 etc.), *thraycle* (90), *lave* (105) [par. 3.3]; *thrue* (18), *porther* (21), *dhrum* (24), *docther* (40), *thrample* (41), *bitther* (49), *gandher* (121), *dhruv* (142) [par. 3.17.3]; *spoort* (38 etc.) but *sport* (12) as Slipper, consciously or otherwise, echoes Knox; *soorts* (60), *coorse* (74 etc.) [par. 3.8]; *owld* (55 etc.), *sowl* (98) [par. 3.18.1]; *vartue* (136) [par. 3.19.3]. The forms *soople* (102) and *blaspheemious* (130) indicate vowel length; *vari'ty* (62) implies a nonconformist (three-syllable) pronunciation, with schwa absorbtion [par. 3.7]; *left-tenant* (44) and *obstackle* (62 *etc.*) are probably intended to indicate either even or second syllable stress. Non-standard diction comprises: **(i)** Ir. words, viz. *acushla* (*a chuisle*) "my beloved" (39), used ironically as a deflatant of Driscoll's pretensions (symbolized by the "long boots"); *bauneen* (*báinín*) "homespun" (46), implying humble origin; *stageen* (*staigín*) "worthless creature" (56); and *arrah* (*ara*) a dismissive expostulation (106). **(ii)** The verb forms *gethered* (19 etc.), *lep* "leap" (84), *leppin'* (61 etc.), *bet* (108 etc.), *seen* (34 etc.), and *dhruv* (142), all of which are attested in modern SIE (including current varieties). **(iii)** Neologisms and contrived malapropisms, chosen for their acoustic value and pitched at the same level of exaggeration as the narrative generally. *Vinerable* (1) may be a misapprehension, but could just as easily be a barb directed at Anglo-Irish pretentiousness. *Piffler* "fife" (24) might be interpreted as an error of usage by someone with an imperfect grasp of the language, but the suggestion of *piffle* "nonsensical gabble" (and its agent



noun) is highly suggestive of the speaker's attitude to the band. If this is error it is the inspired kind. The use of *pliable* (22) in the sense "smooth" is arrestingly novel, as is *reconnoithered* (137) to mean "saw" or "sensed". *Bellusin'* (= *bellowsing*) "blowing like a bellows" (95) is metaphorically perfect, and *fulsome* (100) ties the bandmaster's formal phrase and his sated condition after lunch into a semantic knot. *Pacificated* (52) and *frightful* (127) are other examples of the speaker's exuberance (standard forms being inadequate for his purpose); *undherlooper* (161), a term of strong but unspecified opprobrium, is effective because of rather than in spite of its vagueness. These verbal flourishes exploit the phonetic resources and extend the semantic range of the vocabulary, which derives from a new dispensation — one in which word-meaning is often obliquely related to standard norms but finely attuned to the tone and theme of the discourse. Slipper's performance is that of a "practised orator" with an eye to his audience and the artist's instinct for the subordination of fact to effect.

Sound-effects and the like are, however, only one aspect of his art. Somerville and Ross (1906 279) noted that "right or wrong, pronunciation and spelling are small things in the presentment of any dialect. The vitalizing power is in the rhythm of the sentence, the turn of phrase, the knowledge of idiom, and of, beyond all, the attitude of mind". Exx of sentence rhythm, phrase and idiom are: **(i)** Emphasis with *to be* [par. 4.11]: *it's about him I'm tellin' ye* (30), *'twas within in the ... tint meself was* (31-2), *I suppose it's some way wake in the legs y'are* (39-40), *I suppose 'tis a left-tenant colonel y'are* (44), *is it leppin' stone walls ye want her to go now?* (60-61), *it was over-anxious he was* (131), *it wasn't the teeth of the rake he left on the mare* (171-2). **(ii)** Prolepsis [par. 4.12]: *It's what we were all sayin'; it was a great pity* (16). **(iii)** Detrimental *on* [par. 4.14.1]: *only for he souring the mare on me* (162). **(iv)** "Existential" *in* [par. 4.14.2 (i)]: *there's walls and every vari'ty of obstackle in it* (62), *such leatherin' and beltin' ... as what's in it* (= as there is) (108-9). **(v)** Loan translations: *the one age with meself* [Ir. *an aois chéanna liom féin*] (57-8), *proud out o' ye* [Ir. *bródúil asaibh*] (45), *the way* "so that" [Ir. *sa chaoi, sa tslí*] (41 etc.). **(vi)** Diction: *skelp* "strike" v., "blow" n. (113 etc.), *Christian* "human being" (123). **(vii)** Concordance: *the ladies was* (9), *there's walls* (62), *they get* (77), *them two boys is* (102-3), *they gets* (105), *they continue* (98). **(viii)** *I hadn't barely thrimmed the ash plant* (86) is a pluperfect, which would be untypical of a native speaker of SIE such as Slipper. A second version, *I hadn't the switch barely thrimmed* (92) brings it more nearly into conformity with a perfective structure which would be familiar to him: cf. parr. 4.5, 4.7 and introduction to Text 1.

All in all, the piece illustrates its authoresses' "sensitive ear and ... penetrating, humorous eye" (O'Brien 1976 146). "Lisheen Races" and its companion pieces "will not ... seem funny to us if we feel ... that their idiom is divorced from any living Irish speech or that the scenes and traits of character that they describe

have no roots in Irish life. But this is not the case with Somerville and Ross; they exaggerate, obviously, as every comic writer does, but their exaggeration is firmly based on Irish ground" (Ibid.). These perceptive comments, written prior to 1965, may be compared with O'Brien's remarks reported by *The Irish Times* of 25 February 1974: "I spent last night in Bandon, Co. Cork.... I felt at times I was among a people as mysterious, as exotic and as polite as the Chinese; a people who, like other Irish people, have taken hold of the English language and moulded it to their own inscrutable cross purposes". As historian Liam de Paor pointed out in a response to these and other views expressed by the then Minister for Posts and Telegraphs, "The imperialist cliché ('inscrutable' goes with 'Chinese') reveals a way of looking, not only at the people of Bandon, but by extension at all non-metropolitan people" (*The Irish Times*, 12 April 1974). O'Brien's facile, patronizing remarks about the local dialect contrast with the attitude of Somerville and Ross. Though landlords and Unionists they were able to recognize the quality and potential of popular speech, and took the trouble to learn its grammar, so that texts such as "Lisheen" and *Hunt* (below) are touchstones of authenticity.

**Text 9: Somerville and Ross, *A Patrick's Day Hunt* (1906)**

Like its companion piece (Text 8) this selection is marked by colloquial vigor, hyperbole and genial malice; but a heavier concentration of syntactic and idiomatic Gaelicisms make it even more richy illustrative of contemporary SIE forms, rhythms and structures, deployed with flair and authority. Considering the authors' social distance from the milieu of the dialect they represent here, their achievement is remarkable. The accuracy of their idiom and the confidence with which they handle it mark them as the greatest of the literary exponents of Rural SIE in its classic phase. In *Hunt* the narrator is a participant in the action; narrative as well as dialogue is in local SIE (with modified spelling). Although its purpose is probably comic effect one could argue that this strategy, like Hyde's, assigns a referential function (albeit not a very serious one) to the dialect. On the other hand, notwithstanding their appreciation of its "trenchant" qualities, there is no indication that the authors looked upon it as the basis of a standard language with a full gamut of registers.

I wash meself every Sathurday morning, whether I want it or no, and 'twas washing my face I was when William Sheehan came in the door, and it no more than ten o'clock in the morning. That's the way I remember 'twas a Sathurday, and Pathrick's Day was Monday.

"God bless the work!" says he.

"You too", says I.



"Would ye lend me the loan of a harness", says he, "to drive Anne Roche" — (that's his wife) — "to town on Pathrick's Day?"

The dear knows, says I to meself, if I walked two mile asking a harness it isn't to drive that one I'd ask it!

"I will to be sure", says I, "and welcome, but is it to town you're going on Pathrick's Day in place of going to Kyleranny? Sure you know yourself there's the fun of Cork in Kyleranny when the Hunt's in it on a Holy-day!"

"I believe so indeed", says he.

"Faith you do believe it", says I. "D'ye remember one time", I says, "when the Hunt was in it, Stephen's Day it was, you comin' down Knockranny Hill hoppin' a quarther of a mile on your one leg, and the other foot fasht in the stirrup, and the owld mare you had that time throttin' on always. The Smith said it was the pleasantest thing ever he seen!"

"God be with the owld days!" says William, "that was long ago times, before I was married", says he.

"Thrue for you!" says I.

"Will ye lend me the harness?" says he to me again.

"Come here now, William", says I, "you an' me is friends this many a year. There isn't one in the counthry I have as much wish for as yourself. The Divil sweep ye!" says I. "Sure it's follying the Hunt you should be, in place of goin' drivin' a side-car to town like a servant boy!" says I, "and you that was careing a puppy all the winter for the Hunt, the same as meself!"

"Ah, that was the grand pup!" says he. "'Twas a pity he died, and God knows", says he, "I dunno in the world what killed him, if it wasn't a bottle of varnish he dhrank one morning".

"Faith", says I to meself, "it's aisy known what killed the poor pup. It isn't long ourselves'd live if we didn't get our victuals!" I drew out then, and I gave William a puck in the chest.

"I'm tellin' you now", says I. "Dang the harness ye'll get from me on Pathrick's Day! No! But you'll throw the saddle on the pony a' Monday morning and you'll come out to the Hunt to jolly yourself!"

"Sure the pony has the colour o' lameness on him since I had him at Cappagh Fair last Tuesday, under pigs", says he. "That was thirty mile on him."

"Arrah! What signifies that?" says I, "that little horse is as tough as an eel!"

"And he have a sore place on his shesht, about as big as a thimble", says he.

"And is it on his sheshe you'd go put the saddle?" says I.
"Well, it is not", says he.
"And as to go putting a collar and harness on a crayture that has the skin sthripped", says I, "if it was an ass itself the polis 'd be afther ye for it."
"Indeed I'm told so", says he.
"Musha, Divil's cure to ye!" says I, "isn't it what you can be tellin' your wife?" says I. "How simple ye are!" says I.
Not another word he spoke but to walk away out o' the house.
"Ye have the man annoyed with your thricks, Conny", says me wife, "why wouldn't ye give him what he was axing and not to be blackguarding that way? Maybe yerself wouldn't be so ready to go borrowing a harness for your wife?" says she.
"Maybe if I was married to Anne Roche it isn't me razor she'd take to go cutting spuds for seed?" says I.
"Arrah, sit down to your breakfast, Conny", says she, "and have done with your chat!"
"I'm tellin' you", says I, "if Anne Roche goes to town on Pathrick's Day, it's her own two legs'll carry her!"
"Glory be to God!" says me wife, "she'll be mad altogether! She'll tear iron!" says she.
"Divil mend her!" says I.
Now as for the foxy mare I had that time, I declare to ye if ye had her within in the stable, and to be keeping oats to her for two days, she'd have as much thricks and *tashpy* in her, and she'd be as anxious for the road as a lad that'd be goin' to a fair. If she was to be kept within always and getting what she'd ax of hay and oats, it's all would be about it she'd break the side-car! (and faith, she was nigh handy to doin' that same one time!) But what can a crayture do that's working always, and getting black potatoes for her diet?
I went to her St. Pathrick's morning early, and the full up of a tin basin of oats in my hand. The very minute I opened the door:
"Ah—hem!" says she to me, this way.
"The Divil go from you!" says I, "wasn't the year long enough for you to get a cough, and not to be sick on Pathrick's Day? And if ye were coughing the full o' the house ye'll not stop within to-day!" says I, "ye can have your choice thing of coughin' to-morrow!" says I.
And b'lieve me, 'tis she that had that same.



I rode her out quite and aisy, it's no more than five mile to Kyleranny, and the two lads of sons I have was legging it out before me.
"What have ye in the bottles?" says I to the eldest little fella when I passed them out.
"Milk, Sir!" says he.
"And what have ye in the bag?" says I to the other lad.
"Me boots, Sir", says he.
I knew well that was a lie for them, but I said naither here nor there to them. When I was passing Macarthy's, coming into Kyleranny, what was in it but William Sheehan's yella horse — "Shan Bui" is the name we has in this counthry for them yella horses with the black sthripe on their back — and he outside the door, and a bag on his nose.
Musha, more power to ye, William! says I to meself, ye stole away clever! But indeed it's aisy known that Herself had the kay of the bin!
Himself came out then; he was afther drinkin' a couple or three glasses o' porther to hearten himself, the poor fella, and he was 'long with me from that out from first to last, but not a word good or bad he spoke of the wife.
The like o' the crowd of people that was in Kyleranny that day never you seen — side-cars, and carts, and phaytons, and all sorts, let alone them that was goin' huntin'. Ye wouldn't hardly know there was hounds in it at all with the dint of the people that'd be around them, and it'd be as good for you to thry to get into Heaven as to get past the cross roads. Ye'd lose your life cursin' before the owld women'd stand out from under your feet. Ye'd have to be going around them this way, the same as a person that'd be winding a watch.
"Is it sick the Major is, that he's not in it?" says I to Tim Hurley the Whip (that's the son of an Aunt of mine by the mother), when I got to come at him, "and Johnny Daly riding Monaloo?"
"He has the 'fluenzy", says Tim.
"Is it bad with him?" says I.
"He's bad enough to-day", says he, "but yesterday he was clear dead altogether."
"It's a pity anything would ail him", says I.
The Major was a fine man, always, and his family was a fine family. Sure me father used to say that in owld times if ye went to the Big House ye'd get the smell o' roast beef when ye'd be

no more than half way up the avenue, and there'd be dhrinkin' all day and knockin' all night, and if ye axed the change of a half-crown, it wasn't in it.

Faith, I said to John Daly, there wouldn't be any fun, nor no cursin' nor nothing, when the Major wouldn't be in it.

"Maybe I might please ye yet before the day's out", says he, lookin' at me ugly enough. "Times up!" says he then, and with that he comminced to bugle, and away with himself and Tim and the dogs, out north for Dempsey's Gorse.

Well, you'd have to pity William Sheehan if ye seen him that time follyin' the hounds out the road from Kyleranny to Dempsey's Gorse. As soon as me bowld Shan Bui felt the horses throttin, and batthering, and belting the road afther him, he made all sorts of shapes and forms of himself, and as for William, if it wasn't for the almighty howlt he cot of the crupper of the owld saddle, he was a dead man.

"Blasht your sowl, William!" says owld Dan Donavan to him, "if you would save your bones", says he, "you will lead him out now for a mile till you're coming up to Dempsey's, and when ye have the hill agin him then's the time ye'll get satisfaction!"

Well, William had great courage the same day. He held his howlt on the little horse out to Dempsey's, and when we come to the gap into the southern field, below the house, Johnny Daly went away in up through the land. Well, at the third field west of where Dempsey had the turnips two years ago, there was about three foot of a stone wall before us. The yella pony jumped it very crabbed, but the minute he landed, and he havin' the fall o' the ground before him, he made a ball of himself, and he bet a lash on Dan Donovan's owld white mare that wasn't sayin' a word, only goin' from step to step over the wall, like a Christian, and with that he legged it away down the hill!

B'lieve me, Willaim was promising God that time that if he come safe out of it he'd howld to the side-car and not ax to go huntin' agin! But indeed poor William had great courage all through, only for the wife.

"Whatever way it is", says I to Dan Donovan, and we wheeling round the brink o' the hill, "every horse that's in it will have his 'nough of grass ate before the dog'll have them furze bushes rattled out, and, I'm tellin' ye, that'll quieten them."

"The divil a fox is there in it at all", says Dan.

"Well, now", says William, "there's a woman of the Sullivans' that has a little house beyond, is afther tellin' me a while ago



himself and his pups has a nest in it some place. Last week she seen them walkin' in and out of it, like young pigs."

"Maybe she didn't tell ye what way her sons has them pairsecuted with greyhounds and bulldogs and all sorts!" says Dan.

Well, divil such screechin' ever ye heard as what the dogs comminced then down in the furze.

"That's Fiddler!" says Dan, "that's a great hound! Maybe it's a cat he have nooked in it!"

"Faith, well is he called Fiddler!" says I, "he roars most furious".

"Look over! Look over at Johnny Daly!" says William, "what bugling he have now! If it's a cat itself, what harm would it do them to ate her! It's little ateing there is in the like of her; them poor craytures of dogs does be starved with the hunger; and that's what has them yowling this way."

"Look at Johnny skelpin' round the bog!" says I, "mind ye, he's souple yet, and he as gross as a bullock, and a back on him as long as a double-ditch!"

"Whisht!" says Dan, "that's the Whip man screechin' to the dogs! They have a fox surely!"

"Ye lie!" says William, "that's Jeremi'h Drishcoll's screech, I seen him within in the furze. Hi cock! Jeremi'h! Bate him out of it, boy!"

"Ah, that's a fine sober fox", says owld Dan, "he'll not lave his den for them. It's a pity now", says he, "that the Major wouldn't have a fox keeping in a stable, and on a holiday, or the like o' that, to put a halter on him, and lead him out before the hounds. Begob, he'd give them a nice chase!"

With that all the lads on the hills around let a roar out o' them.

"Hulla! Hulla! Hulla!" says they. "Look at the cat! Look at he! Look at he! Down him! Land him!"

Every dog that was in it legged it to the roar.

Well, if ye seen Johnny Daly comin' down the hill that time ye'd think the fairies was afther him. He'd jump the house, he was that mad!

"Plase God he'll not come our way!" says I.

I declare to ye now, if you seen Jeremi'h Driscoll leppin' the furze bushes, and Johnny Daly afther him with the whip, ye'd as soon be lookin' at it as ateing your dinner. And as for Tim Hurley, you'd have to pity him, sthrivin' to go around every hound that was in it.

"The dogs have her ate! More power! They have the owld cat ate!" says Smartheen, that was sitting up on the wall behind us. "She was dam cute! I thought she'd besht them! The shkamer!"

'Twasn't long afther that till Tim Hurley had all the dogs gothered and counted, and 'tis he that got his own trouble with them! Them poor fellas of Whips catches great hardship.

Johnny Daly faced away up the hill agin them, and the whole o' thim afther him.

"It's for Bludth he's making", says I, "and if that's to be the way, it's there ye'll see leppin'!' says I. "Tighten yerself now Dan!" says I, "thim banks above in Bludth does he made up very crabby, and as for walls, it's not stones at all they has in them, but bog mould and slates!"

Well, for all, poor William Sheehan had great courage that day. "Your sowl to the divil, Smartheen!" says he. "Knock a few o' thim stones, boy!"

With that he gives the yella pony a salamandher of a belt, and he coorsed him about three turns around the field, the way he'd knock the wind out o' him, in regard of he being out on grass always, and when he thought he felt him jaded it's then he faced him in at the wall. But in spite of all he jumped it very sevare and very ugly. Them Shan Buies is very piggish that way. Meself, I don't like them flippant leppers; I'd like a horse that will put his two forefeet into the butt o' the wall, and give ye time to say two Aves and a Pather before he leps out.

"As for my mare", says I to Dan, the same time, "she boxed her knee a fortnight ago, and it's big with her yet, and faith she's avouring it always. And indeed that's a cross place in any case", says I, "God bless ye, Smartheen", says I, "throw down a couple more o' them stones!"

I'm tellin' ye Smartheen was a decent civil boy always.

We follied on the bohireens afther that, ye'd think 'twas a wedding with all that was in it! Throttin' and steppin' their horses, and the hounds and the ladies and gentlemen and all out before us.

"Faith", says I, "they'd get as nice a shweat this way as what they'd get in any quadhreel whatever in Dublin Castle", says I, "and as for jogglin' and jowltin", says I, "any one'd be the better o' this in his health while he'll live", says I.

Indeed, all that was in it was teeming down with the heat before we were up into Bludth at all.



Comin' up out o' the bohireen there was a stick left across in the end of it, keepin' in calves; a middlin' heavy pole, and the two ends fasht. If it was in the Cork Park races ye wouldn't see as much fun as what we knocked out of it with young Tom Dennehy! Sure he was ridin' the Docthor's grey mare, an' he dhressed out, and grand yella gaiters on him, and he in dhread of his life!

"Dennehy took great use out o' the bohireens all through!" says one of the lads; "'tis time for him to throw a lep for us now!"

It's well the Docthor wasn't looking at them that time, and they weltin' the mare with switches and stones, and Dennehy howlding her back from the lep when she'd be gethered for it.

— Begob! He fell heavy when the crayture jumped in the spite of him! And there's where the fun was!

Ye wouldn't blame him to be afraid if it wasn't for the dirty little boasting he has always. But indeed 'twould stun any one to hear the talk of the Dennehys.

"Mind yourself now, William", says Dan, afther the three of us had a place made out above on the hill for ourselves to stand aisy. "The hill tops is lakes afther the rain", says he, "though be Jingo!" says he, "that little horse went over the hill very knacky!"

"Look at Smartheen comin' down the bohireen over!" says I, "what have he in the bag? Ye'd say it was a side o' bacon with all the dogs that's snortin' afther it!"

"Be dom!" says William, "but it's a fox! Look at Johnny Daly that has all his own dogs dhrove in under the wall. B'lieve me, them two has it settled out! We'll see sport now", says he, "afther Smartheen'll throw down the owld bag and give the fox a couple of kicks for to rise his heart for him!"

Well, what it was vexed Johnny Daly I dunno, but he was mad altogether! He lepped out the wall before him, and he was wicked with the passion as that he didn't roar, nor say a word, till he had Smartheen cot by the coat and the whip ruz to him to sthrike him! Ye wouldn't know what was the two o' thim sayin', but Smartheen thought to run, and 'twas then Johnny cot the bag secondly to take it from him. Every lad that was in it comminced to cheer and to bawl when they seen the two o' thim in howlts. I believe meself let a few screeches, but as for William, if it was his father that he seen took by the polis, an' he dhrunk, he wouldn't have more nature for him than what he showed to that boy.

"*Hon - a - maun - dhiaoul*! He'll have him dhragged off the horse!" says Dan.

"He will! He will!" says I, "he's dam stubborn!"

Maybe if it wasn't for the way Johnny crooked the owld horse with the spur, sthrivin' to squeeze the leg around him, he'd have held his howlt, but a Turk couldn't stand it with the hoist that owld Monaloo let out of him.

"He's down!" says Dan. "He's dead! 'Tis on his head he's fallen!"

"Ye're a liar!" says William, "it's on the fox he fell! The big mastheen of a tyrant!"

'Twasn't long then till the whole of us was gethered lookin' at Johnny, and he ravin' like a cat in the measles, and every bit that was on him desthroyed with the gutther, and says he to Smartheen, givin' a bitter big curse:

"It's all I wish', says he, 'that ye were a football before me! Ye wouldn't last me three kicks!" says he.

'Twould dhrive a chill through your stomach to be leshnin' to the talk he had.

And sure the fox was as flat as the palm o' yer hand within in the bag!

"Oh, fie, fie!" says Dan, "our fox is gone from us!"

Indeed, ye wouldn't like to be lookin' at the crayture. Johnny Daly's a very weighty man, and sure it's the last sthraw, as they say, put the hump on the camel. But in any case Smartheen battled it out well, and all that was in it was givin' him applauses.

Yerself knows Bludth, that there's as many hooks and pooks in it as that a person'd be moidthered before he'd have them gone around, let alone dogs, and horses.

"B'lieve me", says Dan, "'tis as good for them to give over; sure we're sick and tired waitin' on them. The fox that keeps this hill has a sthrong dungeon, and sorra fear of him to lave it for to be sporting for them. What a fool he is!"

"Yerrah shut yer mouth, Dan!" says I, "thim lads on the paikeen south is screechin' like as if they seen somethin'! What have ye over there?" says I, lettin' a roar.

"Yerrah, what are they sayin' at all?" says William, "it's like pigs talkin'! Sure I can't understand them no more than if I was a fool!"

With that the dogs comminced to gallop, and away with the whole of us. Well, William had great courage always.

"'Tis down the gulley we should go, and we'll be before them whatever side they'll turn", says he.



"Musha, the divil go from ye!" says I, "maybe it's down the chimbly ye'd have us go! Sure a man itself couldn't stand in it, it's that steep!"

"No, nor ten men couldn't!" says Dan.

"If it was the ugliest place in life, ye'll be hard set to find a betther", says William.

Well, afther all, we went down in it, as well as another, and you may say there was scroogin' and scramblin', and thim that was afther us was bet down on us like a load o' hay, and thim that was before us cursin' black and blue for the way ourselves was squeezin' them.

"Faith! We're as throng as three in a bed!" says Dan, "the dogs could run away in their choice place and divil a one of us would know what side they went!"

"He's gone north agin!" says a lad above on the hill, and every one that was in it turned about in the gully and up with thim up it agin.

"Maybe if it was himself was down in it he wouldn't have so much chat about goin' north!" says I, "and we twistin' in it like ye'd be dancin' a reel."

But as for William's little horse, if it was the roof of the chapel he was on he'd run on it like a bird, rocks or slates or any other thing, he wouldn't give a dang for them. The sight'd lave your eyes if ye were lookin' at us afther that, comin' down out the Bludth, with slidin' and slippin', and buck leps and all sorts, and the dogs yowlin' away through the counthry from us. Great banks there was below in the fields. Every one' of them that we come into my mare would crouch like a hen before it, and she'd let a screech, and over with her, and wouldn't lave an iron on it. That was her routheen always, only when she soured by the dint of the Shan Bui, that was baulking with William out before her. When I'd have to dhrive her over before me she'd be waitin' on me the far side of the fence, ateing grass, till I'd come afther her. She is a grand mare indeed, and high ginthry does be jumpin' mad to buy her foals.

'Twasn't long till we come up to the dogs, where they were searchin' and snuffin' round the four corners of the field, and divil a smell could they get. We seen a lad then standing up on a rock, waving.

"He's gone wesht up the road!" says he.

"Did ye see him?" says Johnny Daly.

"Faith I did so!" says me lad, "and he was the most outrageous thief of a fox ever ye seen!"

I went up to the lad.

"Where did ye get the two coats ye're afther throwing behind the wall?" says I.

"'Tis aiqual to you where I got them", says me lad, "ax no questions and ye'll be told no lies!"

"Faith, there's no occasion", says I, "sure it's you is good-natured to be carryin' the two coats that was on my two sons this morning", says I, "and you bloated with running", says I.

Divil a word he said, but away with him.

"'Thim two young lads o' mine will be apt to get a bating before night!" says I to meself, "and they're in the want of it!"

"Forrad! Forrad!" says Johnny to the dogs, that was whining most peevish round and about, and you'd think if he never had a nose on him he'd get the smell o' the paraffin oil, it was that parsevarin'.

Two mile we legged it then, and the biggest walls in the counthry was in it, and God help them that had to be building them afther us! Comin' up Milleenavillen, William and a few more of us turned about round the butt o' the hill, for fear we'd be bet out entirely, and it wasn't long till we met with a great mountaineer of a big bank down in the widow Brinckley's land. Meself dhrew out back a couple o' fields, and knocked a few sticks that was in a gap, but me brave William didn't do but to let a roar to the Shan Bui, and to land him two clouts in the jaw comin' into the bank. The Shan Bui lepped up on to it, as loose as a hare, with the fright, but what'd be before him only posts that the widow Brinckley had dhrove in the far side o' the bank, and ropes on them, and clothes hangin' out on them. He put a hump on himself like a ferret when he seen them, but if all the polis in Ireland was below mindin' the clothes, he'd have to change his feet and lep out on to them, with the gallop he had on him, and he cot the two hind legs in the ropes, and himself and William and the clothes was thrown down in the field.

"He's dead!" says I. "'Twould kill him if he was a bull!"

"'Twould, or if he was an ass", says young Tom Dennehy, that was on the eastern side o' the fence.

Well afther all, not a bit in the world was on him, only a tooth he had was stirrin' always in his head afther it. But I'm tellin' ye, the widow Brinckley faced him the same as Jeffrey faced his



cat, as they say, in regard of some sort of a petticoat the Shan Bui had dhraggin' afther him.

Out with the whole of us then from her into the road and left her afther us, and she dhrawing down saints and divils and the price o' the petticoat on us.

"It couldn't be", says I, "that it's into William's land the dogs is facin' now!

Look at the line they're going beyond over the hill!'

"Begob, it is!" says Dan.

"If that be so it'd be betther for William to go under the sod!" says I.

Faith, I believe the divil was always busy with the Shan Bui! The very minute he got the smell o' the road under his feet, he comminced firin' and lashin' and when he had William loosened, it's then he legged it.

"He's diddled now entirely!" says I, "that horse won't stand or stay till he lands him within his own yard. The Lord look down in pity on William this day! Herself'll ate the face off him!"

Begob, the Shan Bui kept the one gallop always, the same as a thrain, and we battherin' the road afther him, and the dogs and all screechin' down the hill before us. Your heart'd rise if ye were listenin' to them!

"He'll run to the say with him!" says Dan, "the two o' them'll be cliffted!"

"Sorra fear of him!" says I, "what a fool he is! Look at him now, tightening himself comin' down to the gate!"

Begannies! The villyan wheeled into the yard as nate as a bicycle, and every hound in the pack was in it before him!

'Twas the week afther, and I goin' to owld Dick Courtney's funeral (the Lord have mercy on him) and who would I meet only Anne Roche!

Well now I declare to ye, divil such an ateing ever I got from any woman! The dogs wouldn't pick me bones afther her! Sure she pitched all that was within and without to the Seventeen Divils. And sure there was no blame on me at all, only she seen them two young whipsthers o' mine when they thrown the owld bag they had with the ferret's bed back into her henhouse, and they near dead with thrailing it out through the counthry.

A half a gallon of paraffin they had soaked in it. If it was herself and not meself had one and eightpence lost by it she might be talkin'.

I'm told she gave William the Seven Shows of Cork on the head of it, but indeed poor William had great courage the same day.

The following analysis, comprehensive though not exhaustive, shows the density of SIE features in the text.

I. Phonology and Orthography. **(i)** /e/→/i/, /i/→/e/ [par. 3.1]: *agin* (150 etc.), *comminced* (178 etc.), *divil* (29 etc.), *ginthry* (370), *thim* (223 etc.), *leshnin'* (311). **(ii)** Representing /e:/ [par. 3.3]: *aiqual* (382), *aisy* (36 etc.), *ate* (184 etc.), *bate* (193), *kay* (106), *lave* (195 etc.), *nate* (443), *nayther* (98), *plase* (207), *say* (439), *sevare* (234). **(iii)** *follying* (30 etc.) [par. 3.7.2]. **(iv)** *coorsed* (230) [par. 3.8]. **(v)** *villyan* (443) [cf. par. 3.8.1]. **(vi)** /ʃ/ for /s/ [par. 3.16]: *besht* (215), *blasht* (147), *fasht* (20 etc.), *shkamer* (215), *shweat* (248), *tashpy* (74); *shesht* (50 etc.) implies initial /tʃ/→/ʃ/. **(vii)** *th, dh* representing [T], [D] before /— (ə)r/ [par. 3.17.3]: *counthry* (28), *Pathrick's* (4 etc.), *quarther* (19), *Sathurday* (1 etc.), *thrue* (25); inconsistencies include *drew* (38), *drinkin'* (107), *drive* (8), *trouble* (217). **(viii)** *ow* indicating diphthongization of /o:/ before /l/ [par. 3.18.1]: *bowld* (142), *howld* v. (163), *howlt* n. (145 etc.), *jowltin'* (250), *mould* (225), *owld* (21 etc.), *sowl* (147 etc.). **(ix)** *pairsecuted* (175) with vowel-lengthening before /r/ [par. 3.19.2]. **(x)** *parseverin'* (392) with lowering of *er* [par. 3.19.3] and /e:/ in the stressed syllable (cf. ii above). **(xi)** *polis* (292 etc.) indicating initial stress [par. 3.19.7]. **(xii)** Miscellaneous forms, chiefly in mimetic spelling: *quite* "quiet" (90) indicating a monosyllable [par. 3.7], *dom* "damn" (278) showing vowel retraction but cf. *dam* (215, 297) [cf. parr. 3.4-3.5]. In *she's [f]avouring* (240) /f/ is assimilated to /s/, as it can be in Ir., cf. *as [s]throng* (347). *Sure* and *faith* are frequent asseverations; *divil* is used passim in expostulation, execration, denial, negation, and general intensification.

II. Verbs and Concordance. **(i)** AX: In 60 etc. it retains its OE form, later metathesized to *ask*. **(ii)** BE: pres. t. *is* + pl. no., pret. *was* + pl. no., e.g. *you an' me is* (27), *two lads ... was* (91), *there was hounds* (114), *fairies was* (205), *hill tops is* (273), *ourselves was* (345), *great banks there was* (362), *the polis ... was* (407), *the dogs is* (422). **(iii)** BEAT, CATCH LEAP, RISE: pp. *bet* (344 etc.), *cot* pret. and pp. (145 etc.), *lep* v., n. (237, 265 etc.), pp. *ruz* "rose" = risen (286 etc.): imitative spelling indicates the shortened vowel of Rural, generally lengthened in Common. *Whips catches* (218). **(iv)** COME: pret. *come* (152 etc.). **(v)** DRIVE: pp. *dhrove* (279 etc.). **(vi)** GATHER: pret. and pp. *gethered* (265, 305), pp. *gothered* (217 etc.). **(vii)** HAVE: sg., pl. pres. t. *have/has* (101, 173 etc.). **(viii)** SEE: *seen* = *saw*, all persons (22 etc.). **(ix)** TAKE: pp. *took* (292). **(x)** THROW: pret. *thrown* (452). **(xi)** *Cliffted* (440) is pp. of *to clifft* "to fall over a cliff".



III. Irish Diction and Idiom. **(i)** *God bless the work!* (6), Ir. *bail ó Dhia ar an obair!* **(ii)** *the dear knows* "God knows" (10), explained by Bliss (1984 142) as a double error involving the confusion of obsolete Ir. *Fiadha* "God" with its homophone *fia* "deer" which was in turn identified with E *dear* in *Oh dear!* and the like. **(iii)** *on your one leg* (19-20), Ir. *ar do leathchois*. **(iv)** *arrah* (46 etc.) "interjection, 'but now, really truly', used at the beginning of a clause in an expostulatory or deprecating sense" (Din. 1927 s.v. *ara*). **(v)** *crayture* (52 etc.), generally /kre:Tər/ in SIE, hence derivable from Ir. *créatúir* "a creature, a person to be pitied" (Din. 1927 s.v.) but /kre:tʃər/ *creature* may be meant. **(vi)** *if it was an ass itself* (53, cf. 183), Ir. *dá mb' asal féin é* [par. 2.2.4]. **(vii)** *tashpy* (74), represents an oblique form of *teaspach* "exuberance, liveliness", with /ʃ/ for /s/ [par. 3.16]. **(viii)** *your choice thing* (87), Ir. *do rogha rud*. **(ix)** *Shan Bui* (101 etc.), Ir. *Sean-Bhuí* "Old Yellow". **(x)** *musha* (104 etc.) "interjection, "indeed, well indeed" (Din. 1927 s.v. *muise*). **(xi)** *away with* (138 etc.), Ir. *as go bráth le*; cf. *up with* (351), *over with* (364), *out with* (419). **(xii)** *he bet a lash on* (158-9), Ir. *bhuail sé buille ar*. **(xiii)** *his 'nough* (167-8), Ir. *a dhóthain*. **(xiv)** *a woman of the Sullivans'* (171), Ir. *bean de mhuintir Shúilleabháin*. **(xv)** *the like of her* (184), Ir. *a leithéid*. **(xvi)** *whisht!* (190), Ir. *'thuist*, oblique form of *tost* "silence". **(xvii)** *let a roar* (200), Ir. *béic a ligean*. **(xviii)** *hulla* (201) exclamation inciting dogs to the chase, Ir. id. **(xix)** *the way* "so that" (230), Ir. *sa chaoi, sa tslí*. **(xx)** *throw down* "knock" (241), Ir. *caith anuas*. **(xxi)** *Dennehy took great use out o' the bohireens* [by-roads] (261), Ir. *bhain ... an-úsáid ... as na bóithríní*. **(xxii)** *throw a lep* (263), Ir. *léim a chaitheamh*. **(xxiii)** *hon a maun dhiaoul!* (295), recte *th'anam 'on diabhal* "your soul to the devil!" **(xxiv)** *mastheen* (304), Ir. *maistín* "mastiff, ruffian". **(xxv)** *the fox that keeps this hill* (324), Ir. *an sionnach a choinníon an cnoc seo*. **(xxvi)** *yerrah* (327 etc.) "of course, in sooth, indeed, generally depreciative" (Din. 1927 s.v. *dhera*). **(xxvii)** *paikeen* (327) "juncture of earth-fences" (Din. 1927 s.v. *péicín*). **(xxviii)** *in their choice place* (348), Ir. *ina rogha áit*. **(xxix)** *what side they went* (349), Ir. *cén taobh a chuaigh (a ndeacha) siad*. **(xxx)** *routheen* (365) "? habit, characteristic behavior", ? E *route* + *-een* [par. 2.3.3]. **(xxxi)** *to go under the sod* (426) "to die and be buried", Ir. *dul fén bhfód*.

IV. Sytnax. **(i)** Progressives [par. 4.1]: *be tellin' your wife* (56-7), *them that had to be building them* (394-5), *if ye had her within in the stable, and to be keeping oats to her* (= fed her oats regularly) (72-3). **(ii)** Statal Perfect [par. 4.5]: *ye have the man annoyed* (59), *the dogs have her ate* (213), *before he'd have them gone around* = circumvented (321-2, cf. 271-2, 295-6). **(iii)** Perfect in *after* [par. 4.6]: *he was afther dhrinkin'* (107), *the two coats ye're afther throwing* (380), etc. *'Tis on his head he's fallen* (302) and one or two other standard perfects represent lapses of concentration on the part of the authors; *a woman ... is afther tellin' me a while ago* (171-2) is suspect from an aspectual viewpoint [par. 4.4]. **(iv)** Present

Habitual [par. 4.8]: *them poor … dogs does be starved* (184-5), *thim banks … does be made up* (223), *high ginthry does be jumping mad* (369-70). **(v)** Infinitive phrase for subordinate clause [par. 4.10]: *not another word he spoke but to walk away out o' the house* (58). **(vi)** Emphasis with *to be* [par. 4.11]: *'twas washing my face I was* (1-2), *it isn't to drive that one I'd ask it* (11), *is it to town you're going …?* (12-13); many other exx of this well developed feature passim, e.g. 29-30, 36, 50, 68, etc. **(vii)** Prolepsis [par. 4.12]: *it's all would be about it she'd break the side-car* (77-8). *It's all I wish … that ye were a football before me!* (309). **(viii)** Definite Article [par. 4.13]: *Ah, that was the grand pup!* (33), *a crayture that has the skin sthripped* (52-3), *he has the 'fluenzy* (123), *the wife* "his wife" (110 etc.), cf. *his wife* (9). **(ix)** Prepositions [parr. 4.14ff.]: "Detrimental" *on* [par. 4.14.1]: *not a bit in the world was on him* (414). Presence or existence with *in* [par. 4.14.2 (i)]: *when the Hunt's in it* (14-15), *when the Major wouldn't be in it* (135), *if ye axed the change of a half-crown, it wasn't in it* (132-3); other exx passim. *With* expressing (a) agency [par. 4.14.3 (ii)]: *desthroyed with the guttther* (307); (b) possession [par. 4.14.3 (iii)]: *Is it bad with him?* (124), *it's big with her* (239). *Under* (44) translates Ir. *fé, faoi* "under (= bearing, supporting, drawing)". **(x)** "Coordinating" or "subordinating" *and*: *William Sheehan's yella horse … and he outside the door, and a bag on his nose* (100-03), *his father … took by the polis, an' he dhrunk* (292-3), *the whole of us was gethered lookin' at Johnny, and he ravin'* (305-6), *the week afther, and I goin' to owld Dick Courtney's funeral* (445-6). Henry (1957 206) considers that this usage "is very idiomatic in Irish" (cf. Ó Dón. 1977 s.v. *agus*) "and seems un-English"; but Hogan (1934 113) thinks that "A-I has this from older English and from Irish"; he quotes Shakespeare's "They suffer us to famish, and their storehouses filled with grain" (*Cor.* I i 82). Odlin (1992 184ff.) gives exx from EModE and ModE, including one from Steinbeck, but concludes that in view of its structural versatility and its geographical correlation with Irish, "subordinating" *and* in IE is substratal, not superstratal.

(V) Semantics. Freedom and uninhibitedness produce semantic innovation, some of which resists analysis. "Vigorous jumpers" may be the denotational equivalent of *flippant leppers* (235), but the suggestiveness of sound and tone is lost in the transfer. Attempts to find an equivalent for *sevare* "severe" (234) involves a similar difficulty. In *a great mountaineer of a big bank* (398-9) and *a salamandher of a belt* (229) the semantic "displacement" is a tactic which promotes sound at the expense of meaning in the interests of drama and intensity. Other exx of the semantic process are *desthroyed with the guttther* (307), where *destroyed* (a word whose range of meaning extends from the trifling to the critical) has the sense "ruined" and *gutter* "mud" (its primary signification in SIE); *thief* (378) "villain", *Christian* (160) "human being (as distinct from the



lower animals)". *Ax* in *William was promising God … bed … not ax to go thimin agin* (162-4) and perhaps *thought* in *Smartheen thought to run* (288) are instances of "dyslexicology" or mistranslation [par. 2.2.4] based on Ir. *iarraim* "to ask, to try" and *sílim* "to think, to attempt". *Nature* "sympathy, solidarity" (293) is a better illustration of the semantic trap involving English words and Irish meanings: E *nature* in the senses of its conventional Ir. equivalent *nádúr* "kindness, compassion, filial piety". *Scroogin'* (343), a well-contrived partner for *scramblin'* (343), thrives on its imprecision. Such alliterative pairs — *jogglin' and jowltin'* (250), *slidin' and slippin'* (360), *searchin' and snuffin'* (372), cf. *firin' and lashin'* (430) — form part of the phonetic and semantic means by which the rhetorical principle of overstatement is realized; cf. the collocation *throttin, and batthering, and belting* (143), with inconsistent treatment of *-ing* [par. 3.15]; other exx passim.

### Text 10: J.M. Synge, *The Playboy of the Western World* (1907)

In Synge's masterpiece a fugitive, Christy Mahon, is lionized by the people of a remote community in north Mayo because he allegedly killed his father. His admirers include Pegeen, the daughter of a local publican; but when (like Driscoll in "Lisheen Races") the "dead" man turns up looking for revenge her admiration turns to bitterness and she rejects her "playboy" as "an ugly liar was playing … the hero". In the scene from Act III reproduced below, the harshness of the play recedes into the background as Christy woos Pegeen with a lyricism that is reminiscent of Hyde's Love Songs. His self-esteem buoyed up by victories at sport and by Pegeen's affection, he expresses his love for her in "words would raise the top-knot of a scholar".

Pegeen (radiantly, wiping his face with her shawl) Well, you're the lad, and you'll have great times from this out when you could win that wealth of prizes, and you sweating in the heat of noon!

Christy (looking at her with delight) I'll have great times if I win the crowning prize I'm seeking now, and that's your promise that you'll wed me in a fortnight, when our banns is called.

Pegeen (backing away from him) You've right daring to go ask me that, when all knows you'll be starting to some girl in your own townland, when your father's rotten in four months or five.

Christy (indignantly) Starting from you is it? (He follows her.) I will not, then, and when the airs is warming, in four months or five, it's then yourself and me should be

smells do be rising, and you'd see a little shiny new moon, maybe, sinking on the hills.

Pegeen (looking at him playfully) And it's that kind of a poacher's love you'd make, Christy Mahon, on the sides of Neifin, when the night is down?

Christy It's little you'll think if my love's a poacher's, or an earl's itself, when you'll feel my two hands stretched around you, and I squeezing kisses on your puckered lips, till I'd feel a kind of pity for the Lord God is all ages sitting lonesome in His golden chair.

Pegeen That'll be right fun, Christy Mahon, and any girl would walk herheart out before she'd meet a young man was your like for eloquence or talk at all.

Christy (encouraged) Let you wait to hear me talking till we're astray in Erris, when Good Friday's by, drinking a sup from a well, and making mighty kisses with our wetted mouths, or gaming in a gap of sunshine, with yourself stretched back into your necklace, in the flowers of the earth.

Pegeen (in a low voice, touched by his tone) I'd be nice so, is it?

Christy (with rapture) If the mitred bishops seen you that time, they'd be the like of the holy prophets, I'm thinking, do be straining the bars of Paradise to lay eyes on the Lady Helen of Troy, and she abroad, pacing back and forward, with a nosegay in her golden shawl.

Pegeen (with real tenderness) And what is it I have, Christy Mahon, to make me fitting entertainment for the like of you, that has such poet's talking, and such bravery of heart?

Christy (in a low voice) Isn't there the light of seven heavens in your heart alone, the way you'll be an angel's lamp to me from this out, and I abroad in the darkness, spearing salmons in the Owen or the Carrowmore?

Pegeen If I was your wife I'd be along with you those nights, Christy Mahon, the way you'd see I was a great hand at coaxing the bailiffs, or coining funny nicknames for the stars of night.

Christy You, is it? Taking your death in the hailstones, or in the fogs of dawn.



Pegeen Yourself and me would shelter easy in a narrow bush (with a qualm of dread); but we're only talking, maybe, for this would be a poor, thatched place to hold a fine lad is the like of you.

Christy (putting his arm round her) If I wasn't a good Christian, it's on my naked knees I'd be saying my prayers and paters to every jackstraw you have roofing your head, and every stony pebble is paving the laneway to your door.

Pegeen (radiantly) If that's the truth I'll be burning candles from this out to the miracles of God that have brought you from the south to-day, and I with my gowns bought ready, the way that I can wed you, and not wait at all.

Christy It's miracles, and that's the truth. Me there toiling a long while, and walking a long while, not knowing at all I was drawing all times nearer to this holy day.

Pegeen And myself, a girl, was tempted often to go sailing the seas till I'd marry a Jew-man with ten kegs of gold, and I not knowing at all there was the like of you drawing nearer, like the stars of God.

Christy And to think I'm long years hearing women talking that talk, to all bloody fools, and this the first time I've heard the like of your voice talking sweetly for my own delight.

Pegeen And to think it's me is talking sweetly, Christy Mahon, and I the fright of seven townlands for my biting tongue. Well, the heart's a wonder, and I'm thinking there won't be our like in Mayo for gallant lovers from this hour to-day. (Drunken singing is heard outside.) There's my father coming from the wake, and when he's had his sleep we'll tell him, for he's peaceful then.

Synge's treatment of the relative pronoun is anomalous. It is generally omitted, as in *the Lord God is all ages sitting lonesome* (25-6), *a young man was your like* (28-9), *every stoney pebble is paving the laneway* (64-5), *and to think it's me is talking* (81), but retained in *the like of you, that has such poet's talking* (44-5) and *the miracles of God that have brought you* (67-8). The absence of the relative is marked in Rural SIE but not an absolute feature of it, hence Synge's inconsistency is not a sure indication of error or uncertainty. The issue is more clear-cut in the case of the perfect tense: *this is the first time I've heard* (78-9) and *when he's had his sleep* (86-7) strike a false note. Genuine local dialect of the

kind Synge is attempting to reproduce would undoubtedly prefer the preterite in the first case, and most likely the *after*-structure in the second [parr. 4.4, 4.6]. By contrast, the habitual present in *do be* [par. 4.8] is employed with greater confidence (16-17, 39-40), and the same is true of the progressive *you'll be starting* (10) "you'll start" (= go) and *I'm thinking* (83) [par. 4.9], the imperative *let you wait* (30) [par. 4.1], and emphasis with *to be*: *it's then yourself and me should be pacing Neifin* (15-16, cf. 19-20, 22, 81). Idiom derivable from Ir. include *like*, Ir. *leithéid* as in *do leithéid* "your like, the like of you" used as a substantive (29, 44, 60, 79, 84); *from this out* (67), Ir. *as seo amach* "henceforth"; *when* (2) "since", from *nuair*; *the way* "so that" (52, 69). Concordance etc.: *our banns is* (7-8), *all knows* (10), *the airs is* (14); preterite *seen* (38). Proper names are *Erris* (31), Ir. *Iorras*, a barony; *Neifin* (21), Ir. *Néifinn* /ne:fin / a mountain; the *Owen* and *Carrowmore* (50), rivers. For *and* in *Helen of Troy, and she abroad* (41) see commentary on Text 9: Syntax (x).

Whether Synge's idiom is "a realistic portrayal of the language ... of the Irish peasantry" or "a gloriously artificial construct" (O'Toole 1986) remains a matter of argument. The quoted passage, noted for its extravagance of word and image, illustrates the author's liking for melodrama and linguistic flamboyance. He defends these proclivities in the Preface to *The Playboy*. "Anyone who has lived in real intimacy with the Irish peasantry", he writes, "will know that the wildest sayings and ideas in this play are tame indeed compared with the fancies one may hear in any little hillside cabin...." This "copious" language — the product of "a popular imagination that is fiery, and magnificent, and tender" — provided him with the "striking and beautiful phrases" that were to be the rhetorical counterpart of his themes, themselves drawn from "what is superb and wild in reality". Since "all art is a collaboration" his use of Rural SIE necessarily represents a selection and a heightening; given his propensity for "richness" and his aversion to "pallid and joyless words", it would be surprising if he did not sometimes overstep the mark, hence the impression the reader sometimes gets of a language imperfectly learned and used with more enthusiasm and daring than precision. Christy's sensuous lyricism in the courtship scene brings to mind Thomas McDonagh's remark that Synge was "more often rich than right" (McDonagh 1916 48). But he is right too, for there is a dramatic appropriateness in the excesses of a man who is beside himself with the excitement of love, achievement, and self-discovery.

**Text 11: Seán O'Casey, *The Plough and the Stars* (1926)**

O'Casey is in some ways the urban counterpart of Synge. His "Dublin" plays — *The Shadow of a Gunman* (1922), *Juno and the Paycock* (1924), and *The Plough and the Stars* (1926) — celebrate the working class of his native city, just as Synge's dramas do their rural equivalents and contemporaries. Both men



used the vernacular of their subjects to good effect, and both were the victims of nationalist idealism — Synge in the case of the *Playboy* riots in 1907, O'Casey in the fracas over the final scene in Act II of *Plough*, reproduced here in part. There are thematic links between the two dramatists as well. In *Shadow* Donal Davoren is presumed by his fellow tenement dwellers to be an IRA-man; the glamour of his reputation wins him the admiration of a young woman, Minnie Powell. This parallel with *Playboy* suggests that O'Casey meant, like Synge, to show how a shy, introverted man discovers heroic qualities in himself through "the power of a lie". But this is not how the play develops. Davoren is decidedly unheroic and is saved from arrest and probable execution by Minnie, who loses her life in the process. This is an expression of O'Casey's great theme — the destructive intrusiveness of war in the lives of ordinary people, and (again reminiscent of Synge) the heroism of women in the face of male cowardice, illusion and intransigence.

The second act of *Plough* is a triumph of dramaturgy. The setting is a public house at the corner of the street in which a nationalist rally is being held. The man who addresses the crowd is Patrick Pearse, the chief ideologist and organizer of the 1916 Rising. His harangue about redemptive violence is set off, in typical O'Casey counterpoint, against the rows between Bessy Burgess (a pro-British fruit-seller) and Mrs. Gogan (a patriotic charwoman) on the one hand, and Peter Flynn (a laborer and romantic nationalist) and The Covey (a fitter and socialist) on the other. The treatment of the latter is particularly interesting. Given O'Casey's political creed we might expect him to be treated sympathetically, but he is presented instead as a sloganeering fake, dogmatic, narrow-minded and fearful of women. In the final analysis O'Casey is more humanist than socialist, nationalist or polemicist. The values he celebrates are human, not ideological; the repositories of these values are the poor, deprived and disinherited — the victims of the public events initiated by men's aggressive idealism. By the end of the play the author is able to use the unheroic characters such as the rather dissipated Fluther Good to suggest that "decent realists can ... make a better world than any Nationalist or Socialist dreamer" (Fallis 1978 188).

Act II opens with a conversation between the barman and the prostitute Rosie Redmond, a good-looking, "well shaped girl of twenty ... wearing a cream blouse with [a] glad neck". She is fairly cynical about the warlike sentiments expressed by the Speaker, but the latter's words inspire would-be patriots Peter and Fluther to the point where they "drink and speak with the fulness of emotional passion". A carpenter by trade, Fluther is a man of forty who "rarely surrender[s] to thoughts of anxiety", is "fond of his 'oil' but determined to conquer the habit before he dies". Peter, "a little thin bit of a man" with an expression of "animated anguish, mixed with irritated defiance",

is a wannabe soldier whose ridiculous uniform (ll.110ff.) and waspish disposition make him the butt of others' humor; his relationship with The Covey is particularly strained. Towards the end of the act Captain Brennan and Lieutenants Clitheroe and Langan enter, carrying their flags — the tricolour of the Volunteers (which later became the national flag) and the banner of the Citizen Army depicting the plough and stars from which the play gets its title. The presence of these emblems in a bar seemed to some members of the first audience to be a desecration, and Rosie's presence was felt to be a slur on Irish womanhood. These appear to have been the proximate causes of the "riots" which disrupted performances of the play during its first production in February 1926.

Barman (wiping counter) Nothin' much doin' in your line to-night, Rosie?

Rosie Curse o' God on th' haporth, hardly, Tom. There isn't much notice taken of a pretty petticoat of a night like this.... They're all in a holy mood. Th' solemn-lookin' dials on th' whole o' them an' they marchin' to th' meetin'. You'd think they were th' glorious company of th' saints, an' th' noble army of martyrs thrampin' through th' sthreets of paradise. They're all thinkin' of higher things than a girl's garthers.... It's a tremendous meetin'; four platforms they have — there's one o' them just outside th' window.

(Through the window is silhouetted the figure of a tall man who is speaking to the crowd. The barman and Rosie look out of the window and listen.)

Speaker It is a glorious thing to see arms in the hands of Irishmen. We must accustom ourselves to the thought of arms, we accustom ourselves to the sight of arms, we must accustom ourselves to the use of arms.... Bloodshed is a cleansing and sanctifying thing, and the nation that regards it as the final horror has lost its manhood.... There are many things more horrible than bloodshed, and slavery is one of them!

(The figure moves away towards the Right and is lost to sight and hearing.)

Rosie It's th' sacred thruth, mind you, what that man's afther sayin'.

Barman If I was only a little younger, I'd be plungin' mad into th' middle of it!



Rosie (who is still looking out of the window) Oh, here's the two gems runnin' over again for their oil!

(Peter and Fluther enter tumultuously. They are hot, and full and hasty with the things they have seen and heard. Emotion is bubbling up in them, so that when they drink, and when they speak, they drink and speak with the fullness of emotional passion. Peter leads the way to the counter.)

Peter (splutteringly to Barman) Two halves ... (To Fluther) A meetin' like this always makes me feel as if I could dhrink Loch Erinn dhry!

Fluther You couldn't feel any way else at a time like this when th' spirit of a man is pulsin' to be out fightin' for th' thruth with his feet thremblin' on th' way, maybe to the gallows, an' his ears tinglin' with th' faint, far-away sound of burstin' rifle-shots that'll maybe whip th' last little shock o' life out of him that's left lingerin' in his body!

Peter I felt a burnin' lump in me throat when I heard th' band playin' "The Soldiers' Song", rememberin' last hearin' it marchin' in military formation with th' people starin' on both sides at us, carryin' with us th' pride an' resolution o' Dublin to th' grave of Wolfe Tone.

Fluther Get th' Dublin men goin' an' they'll go on full force for anything that's thryin' to bar them away from what they're wantin', where th' slim thinkin' country boyo ud limp away from th' first faintest touch of compromisation!

Peter (hurriedly to the Barman) Two more, Tom! ... (To Fluther) Th' memory of all th' things that was done, an' all th' things that was suffered be th' people, was boomin' in me brain.... Every nerve in me body was quiverin' to do somethin' desperate!

Fluther Jammed as I was in th' crowd, I listened to th' speeches pattherin' on th' people's head, like rain fallin' on th' corn; every derogatory thought went out o' me mind, an' I said to meself, 'You can die now, Fluther, for you've seen th' shadow-dhreams of th' past leppin' to life in th' bodies of livin' men that show, if we were without a titther

o' courage for centuries, we're vice versa now!' Looka here. (He stretches out his arm under Peter's face and rolls up his sleeve.) The blood was *boilin'* in me veins!

(The silhouette of the tall figure again moves into the frame of the window speaking to the people.)

Peter (unaware, in his enthusiasm, of the speaker's appearance, to Fluther) I was burnin' to dhraw me sword, an' wave an' wave it over me —

Fluther (overwhelming Peter) Will you stop your blatherin' for a minute, man, an' let us hear what he's sayin'!

Speaker Comrade soldiers of the Irish Volunteers and of the Citizen Army, we rejoice in this terrible war. The old heart of the earth needed to be warmed with the red wine of the battlefields.... Such august homage was never offered to God as this: the homage of millions of lives given gladly for love of country. And we must be ready to pour the same red wine in the same glorious sacrifice, for without shedding of blood there is no redemption!

(The figure moves out of sight and hearing.)

Fluther (gulping down the drink that remains in his glass, and rushing out) Come on, man; this is too good to be missed!

(Peter finishes his drink less rapidly, and as he is going out wiping his mouth with the back of his hand he runs into the Covey coming in. He immediately erects his body like a young cock, and with his chin thrust forward, and a look of venomous dignity on his face, he marches out.)

Covey (at counter) Give us a glass o' malt, for God's sake, till I stimulate meself from the shock o' seein' th' sight that's afther goin' out!

Rosie (all business, coming over to the counter, and standing near the Covey) Another one for me, Tommy; (to the barman) th' young gentleman's ordherin' it in th' corner of his eye.

(The barman brings the drink for the Covey, and leaves it on the counter. Rosie whips it up.)

Barman Ay, houl' on there, houl' on there, Rosie!

Rosie (to the barman) What are you houldin' on out o' you for? Didn't you hear th' young gentleman say that he couldn't refuse anything to a nice little bird? (to the Covey) Isn't that right, Jiggs? (the Covey says nothing.)



Didn't I know, Tommy, it would be all right? It takes Rosie to size a young man up, an' tell th' thoughts that are thremblin' in his mind. Isn't that right, Jiggs?

(The Covey stirs uneasily, moves a little farther away, and pulls his cap over his eyes.)

Rosie (moving after him) Great meetin' that's gettin' held outside. Well, it's up to us all, anyway, to fight for our freedom.

Covey (to barman) Two more, please. (To Rosie) Freedom! What's th' use o' freedom, if it's not economic freedom?

Rosie (emphasizing with extended arm and moving finger) I used them very words just before you come in. "A lot o' thricksters", says I, "that wouldn't know what freedom was if they got it from their mother". ... (to barman) Didn't I, Tommy?

Barman I disremember.

Rosie: No, you don't disremember. Remember you said, yourself, it was all "only a flash in th' pan". Well, "flash in th' pan or no flash in th' pan", says I, "they're not goin' to get Rosie Redmond", says I, "to fight for freedom that wouldn't be worth winnin' in a raffle!"

Covey There's only one freedom for th' workin' man: conthrol o' th' means o' production, rates of exchange, an' th' means of disthribution.

(Tapping Rosie on the shoulder) Look here, comrade, I'll leave here to-morrow night for you a copy of Jenersky's *Thesis on the Origin, Development, an' Consolidation of the Evolutionary Idea of the Proletariat.*

Rosie (throwing off her shawl on to the counter, and showing an exemplified glad neck, which reveals a good deal of a white bosom) If y'ass Rosie, it's heartbreakin' to see a young fella thinkin' of anything, or admirin' anything, but silk thransparent stockin's showin' off the shape of a little lassie's legs!

(The Covey, frightened, moves a little away.)

Rosie (following on) Out in th' park in th' shade of a warm summery evenin', with your little darlin' bridie to be, kissin' an' cuddlin' (she tries to put her arm around his neck), kissin' an' cuddlin', ay?

Covey (frightened) Ay, what are you doin'? None o' that, now; none o' that. I've something else to do besides shinannickin' afther Judies!

Rosie Oh, little duckey, oh, shy little duckey! Never held a mot's hand, an' wouldn't know how to tittle a little Judy! (She clips him under the chin.) Tittle him undher th' chin, tittle him undher th' chin!

Covey (breaking away and running out) Ay, go on, now; I don't want to have any meddlin' with a lassie like you!

Rosie (enraged) Jasus, it's in a monasthery some of us ought to be, spendin' our holidays kneelin' on our adorers, tellin' our beads, an' knockin' hell out of our buzzums!

Covey (outside) Cuckoo-oo!

(Peter and Fluther come in again, followed by Mrs. Gogan, carrying a baby in her arms. They go over to the counter.)

Peter (with plaintive anger) It's terrible that young Covey can't let me pass without proddin' at me! Did you hear him murmurin' 'cuckoo' when we were passin'?

Fluther (irritably) I wouldn't be everlastin' cockin' me ear to hear every little whisper that was floatin' around about me! It's my rule never to lose me temper till it would be dethrimental to keep it. There's nothin' derogatory in th' use o' the word "cuckoo", is there?

Peter (tearfully) It's not th' word; it's th' way he says it: he never says it straight out, but murmurs it with curious quiverin' ripples, like variations on a flute!

Fluther Ah, what odds if he gave it with variations on a thrombone! (To Mrs Gogan) What's yours goin' to be, ma'am?

Mrs G. Ah, a half o' malt, Fluther.

Fluther (to barman) Three halves, Tommy.

(The barman brings the drinks.)

Mrs G. (drinking) The Foresthers' is a gorgeous dhress! I don't think I've seen nicer, mind you, in a pantomime.... Th' loveliest part of th' dhress, I think, is th' osthrich's plume.... When yous are goin' along, an' I see them wavin' an' noddin' an' waggin', I seem to be lookin' at each of yous hangin' at th' end of a rope, your eyes bulgin' an' your legs twistin' an' jerkin', gaspin' an' gaspin' for breath while yous are thryin' to die for Ireland!



be ...r Ireland!

Peter Are you goin' to start th' young Covey's game o' proddin' an' twartin' a man? There's not many that's talkin' can say that for twenty-five years he never missed a pilgrimage to Bodenstown!

Fluther You're always blowin' about goin' to Bodenstown. D'ye think no one but yourself ever went to Bodenstown?

Peter (plaintively) I'm not blowin' about it; but there's not a year that I go there but I pluck a leaf off Tone's grave, an' this very day me prayer-book is nearly full of them.

Fluther (scornfully) Then Fluther has a vice versa opinion of them that put ivy leaves into their prayer-books, scabbin' it on th' clergy, an' thryin' to out-do th' haloes o' th' saints be lookin' as if he was wearin' around his head a glittherin' aroree boree allis! (Fiercely) Sure, I don't care a damn if you slep' in Bodenstown! You can take your breakfast, dinner, an' tea on th' grave in Bodenstown, if you like, for Fluther!

Mrs G. Oh, don't start a fight, boys, for God's sake; I was only sayin' what a nice costume it is — nicer than th' kilts, for, God forgive me, I always think th' kilts is hardly decent.

Fluther Ah, sure, when you'd look at him, you'd wondher whether th' man was makin' fun o' th' costume, or th' costume was makin' fun o' th' man!

Barman Now then, thry to speak asy, will yous? We don't want no shoutin' here.

(The Covey followed by Bessie Burgess comes in). They go over to the opposite end of the counter, and direct their gaze on the other group.)

Covey (to barman) Two glasses o' malt.

Peter There he is, now; I knew he wouldn't be long till he folleyed me in.

Bessie (speaking to the Covey, but really at the other party) I can't for th' life o' me undherstand how they can call themselves Catholics, when they won't lift a finger to help poor little Catholic Belgium.

Mrs G. (raising her voice) What about poor little Catholic Ireland?

Bessie (over to Mrs. Gogan) You mind your own business, ma'am, an' stupefy your foolishness be gettin' dhrunk.

Peter (anxiously) Take no notice of her; pay no attention to her. She's just tormentin' herself towards havin' a row with somebody.

Bessie There's a storm of anger tossin' in me heart, thinkin' of all th' poor Tommies, an' with them me own son, dhrenched in water an' soaked in blood, gropin' their way to a shattherin' death, in a shower o' shells! Young men with th' sunny lust o' life beamin' in them, layin' down their white bodies, shredded into torn an' bloody pieces, on th' althar that God Himself has built for th' sacrifice of heroes!

Mrs G. Isn't it a nice thing to have to be listenin' to a lassie an' hangin' our heads in a dead silence, knowin' that some persons think more of a ball of malt than they do of th' blessed saints.

Fluther Whisht; she's always dangerous an' derogatory when she's well oiled. Th' safest way to hindher her from havin' any enjoyment out of her spite, is to dip our thought into the fact of her bein' a female person what has moved out of th' sight of ordinary sensible people.

Bessie To look at some o' th' women that's knockin' about, now, is a thing to make a body sigh.... A woman on her own, dhrinkin' with a bevy o' men, is hardly an example to her sex.... A woman dhrinkin' with a woman is one thing, an' a woman dhrinkin' with herself is still a woman — flappers may be put in another category altogether — but a middle-aged married woman makin' herself th' centre of a circle ofmen is as a woman that is loud an' stubborn, whose feet abideth not in her own house.

Covey (to Bessie) When I think of all th' problems in front o' th' workers, it makes me sick to be lookin' at oul' codgers goin' about dhressed up like green-accoutred figures gone asthray out of a toyshop!

Peter Gracious God, give me patience to be listenin' to that blasted young Covey proddin' at me from over at th' other end of th' shop!

Mrs G. (dipping her finger in the whisky, and moistening with it the lips of her baby) Cissie Gogan's a woman livin' for nigh on twenty-five years in her own room, an' beyond biddin' th' time o' day to her neighbours, never



yet as much as nodded her head in th' direction of other people's business, while she knows some as are never content unless they're standin' senthry over other people's doin's!

(Bessie is about to reply, when the tall, dark figure is again silhouetted against the window, and the voice of the speaker is heard speaking passionately.)

Speaker The last sixteen months have been the most glorious in the history of Europe. Heroism has come back to the earth. War is a terrible thing, but war is not an evil thing. People in Ireland dread war because they do not know it. Ireland has not known the exhilaration of war for over a hundred years. When war comes to Ireland she must welcome it as she would welcome the Angel of God!

(The figure passes out of sight and hearing.)

Covey (towards all present) Dope, dope. There only one war worth havin': th' war for th' economic emancipation of th' proletariat.

Bessie They may crow away out o' them; but it ud be fitther for some o' them to mend their ways, an' cease from havin' scouts out watchin' for th' comin' of th' Saint Vincent de Paul man, for fear they'd be nailed lowerin' a pint of beer, mockin' th' man with an angel face, shinin' with th' glamour of deceit an' lies!

Mrs G. An' a certain lassie standin' stiff behind her own door with her ears cocked listenin' to what's being said, stuffed till she's sthrained with envy of a neighbour thryin' for a few little things that may be got be hard sthrivin' to keep up to th' letther an' th' law, an' th' practices of th' Church!

Peter (to Mrs. Gogan) If I was you, Mrs. Gogan, I'd parry her jabbin' remarks be a powerful silence that'll keep her tantalizin' words from penethratin' into your feelin's. It's always betther to leave these people to th' vengeance o' God!

Bessie Bessie Burgess doesn't put up to know much, never havin' a swaggerin' mind, thanks be to God, but goin' on packin' up knowledge accordin' to her conscience: precept upon precept, line upon line; here a little, an' there a little. But (with a passionate swing of her

shawl), thanks be to Christ, she knows when she was got, where she was got, an' how she was got, while there's some she knows, decoratin' their finger with a well-polished weddin' ring, would be hard put to it if they were assed to show their weddin' lines!

Mrs G. (plunging out into the centre of the floor in a wild tempest of hysterical rage) Y' oul' rip of a blasted liar, me weddin' ring's been well earned be twenty years be th' side o' me husband, now takin' his rest in heaven, married to me be Father Dempsey, in th' Chapel o' Saint Jude's, in th' Christmas Week of eighteen hundhred an' ninety-five; an' any kid, livin' or dead, that Jinnie Gogan's had since, was got between th' bordhers of th' Ten Commandments! ... An' that's more than some o' you can say that are kep' from th' dhread o' desthruction be a few drowsy virtues, that th' first whisper of temptation lulls into a sleep, that'll know one sin from another only on th' day of their last anointin', an' that use th' innocent light o' th' shinin' stars to dip into th' sins of a night's diversion!

Bessie (jumping out to face Mrs Gogan, and bringing the palms of her hands together in sharp claps to emphasize her remarks) Liar to you, too, ma'am, y' oul' hardened threspasser on other people's good nature, wizenin' up your soul in th' arts o' dodgeries, till every dhrop of respectability in a female is dhried up in her, lookin' at your ready-made manoeuverin' with th' menkind!

Barman Here, there; here, there; speak asy there. No rowin' here, no rowin' here, now.

Fluther (trying to calm Mrs. Gogan) Now Jinnie, Jinnie, it's a derogatory thing to be smirchin' a night like this with a row; it's rompin' with th' feelin's of hope we ought to be, instead o' bein' vice versa!

Peter (trying to quiet Bessie) I'm terrible dawny, Mrs. Burgess, an' a fight leaves me weak for a long time aftherwards.... Please, Mrs. Burgess, before there's damage done, try to have a little respect for yourself.

Bessie (with a push of her hand that sends Peter tottering to the end of the shop) G'way, you little sermonizing, little yella-faced, little consequential, little pudgy, little bum, you!



Mrs G. (screaming) Fluther, leggo! I'm not goin' to keep an unresistin' silence, an' her scattherin' her festherin' words in me face, stirrin' up every dhrop of decency in a respectable female, with her restless rally o' lies that would make a saint say his prayer backwards!

Bessie (shouting) Ah, everybody knows well that th' best charity that can be shown to you is to hide th' thruth as much as our thrue worship of God almighty will allow us!

Mrs G. (frantically) Here, houl' th' kid, one o' yous; houl' th' kid for a minute! There's nothin' for it but to show this little lassie a lesson or two.... (To Peter) Here, houl' th' kid, you. (Before Peter is aware of it, she places the infant in his arms.)

Mrs G. (to Bessie, standing before her in a fighting attitude) Come on, now, me loyal lassie, dyin' with grief for little Catholic Belgium! When Jinnie Gogan's done with you, you'll have a little leisure lyin' down to think an' pray for your king an' counthry!

Barman (coming from behind the counter, getting between the women and proceeding to push them towards the door) Here, now, since yous can't have a little friendly argument quietly, you'll get out o' this place in quick time. Go on, an' settle your differences somewhere else — I don't want to have another endorsement on me licence.

Peter (anxiously over to Mrs Gogan) Here, take your kid back, ower this. How nicely I was picked, now, for it to be plumped into me arms!

Covey She knew who she was givin' it to, maybe.

Peter (hotly to the Covey) Now, I'm givin' you fair warnin', me young Covey, to quit firin' your jibes an' jeers at me.... For one o' these days, I'll run out in front o' God Almighty an' take your sacred life!

Barman (pushing Bessie out after Mrs. Gogan) Go on, now; out you go.

Bessie (as she goes out) If you think, me lassie, that Bessie Burgess has an untidy conscience, she'll soon show you to th' differ!

Peter (leaving the baby down on the floor) Ay, be Jasus, wait there, till I give her back her youngster! (He runs to the

door.) Ay, there, ay! (He comes back.) There, she's afther goin' without her kid. What are we goin' to do with it, now?

Covey What are we goin' to do with it? Bring it outside an' show everybody what you're afther findin'!

Peter (in a panic to Fluther) Pick it up, you, Fluther, an' run afther her with it, will you?

Fluther What d'ye take Fluther for? You must think Fluther's a right gom. D'ye think Fluther's like yourself, destitute of a titther of undherstandin'?

Barman (imperatively to Peter) Take it up, man, an' run out afther her with it, before she's gone too far. You're not goin to leave th' bloody thing here, are you?

Peter (plaintively, as he lifts up the baby) Well, God Almighty, give me patience with all th' scorners, tormentors, an' twarters that are always an' ever thryin' to goad me into prayin' for their blindin' an' blastin' an' burnin' in th' world to come!
(He goes out.)

I. Orthography and Forms. **(i)** *asy* "easy" (220, 345) [par. 3.3], cf. *Jasus* (162, 398) implying /e:/ as in general colloquial SIE when used asseverationally-irreverently, as here. **(ii)** *folleyed* "followed" (227) [par. 3.7.2]. **(iii)** [T], [D] are represented by *th* and *dh* in *thrampin'* (8), *sthreets* (9), *garthers* (10), *thruth, afther* (26), *dhrink, dhry* (40) and many others; *drowsy* (333) *try* (353), *tormentors* (414) and *t[h]warters* (415) are inconsistencies [par. 3.17.3]. **(iv)** *houl* "hold" (107), *houldin'* (108), *oul* (267 etc.) [par. 3.18.1]. **(v)** Characteristic of PDE is the development of *t* to *r* in *ower* "out [of]" (386) [par. 3.17.5]. **(vi)** *me* "my", *be* "by" and *yous* "you (pl)" occur [par. 2.3.2].

II. Concordance and Syntax. **(i)** Agreement of *is, was* with plural number: *things that was done ... things that was suffered* (58-9), *there's not many that's talkin'* (198-9), *th' women that's knockin' about* (256). **(ii)** Perfect in *after* [par. 4.6]: *what that man's afther sayin'* (26-7), *th' sight that's afther goin' out* (99-100), *she's afther goin'* (400-01), *what you're afther findin'* (404). The speaker (Pearse) uses the standard perfect throughout: *has lost* (21), *have been* (284), *has come* (285), *has not known* (288); in his formal register it is less unexpected than Fluther's *you've seen* (66), *a ... person what has moved* (254-5) or Mrs Gogan's *I've seen* (187). Similarly, for *that Jinnie Gogan's had* (330) we might have expected *that J.G. had* [parr. 4.4, 4.7]. **(iii)** Progressive Tense [par. 4.9]: *I'd be plungin' mad into th' middle of it* (28-9), *what they're wantin'* (54-5), *to be listenin' to* (247, 270), *to be lookin'* (267). **(iv)** Emphasis [par. 4.11]: *it's in a monasthery some of us ought to be* (162-3). **(v)** Coordinating *and*: *Th' solemn-lookin' dials on th' whole o' them an' they marchin' to th' meetin'* (5-7); cf. commentary on Text 9: Syntax (x).



III. Vocabulary and Semantics. **(i)** Loanwords from Ir. are: *whist* "be silent" (251) from *thuist*, and *gom* (408) from *gam* "naïve or gullible person, fool"; non-standard E words include *mot* "girl" (157), *got* "begot, conceived" (319, 330), and *dawny* "delicate" (351). The meaning of *boyo* (55) oscillates in SIE between "rascal" and "blackguard", but as employed by Fluther it seems to suggest rural duplicity and cowardice as well. Indeed, a special segment of the vocabulary is comprised of Fluther's highly personal lexicon, with its malapropisms, neologisms and semantic anarchy. For example, *titther* (68, 409) seems to mean "tittle" but *tittherin'* (further on in the play) "nonsensical" or "pusillanimous". His favourite word is *derogatory*, used and abused in many contexts. It seems to mean "negative" or the like in l. 64, "offensive" or "insulting" in l. 175, and "aggressive" in l. 251, while in l. 348 the context requires something like "discreditable". *Compromisation* (56) implies physical engagement since it causes limping and retreat. (Fluther is a Dublin patriot and does not trust a "country boyo" to stand his ground.) **(ii)** Proper Names: *The Soldier's Song* (49) is a patriotic song which became the national anthem after independence. *Wolfe Tone* (52), "the father of Irish republicanism" (d. 1798), is buried in *Bodenstown* (200ff.); his grave was (and is) the scene of annual commemorations. *Loch Erinn* (40): *Loch Éirne*, usually anglicized *Erne*, in Co. Fermanagh; the phrase *to drink L.E. dry* is used of heavy drinkers.

IV. Style. Simmons (1983 79) notes O'Casey's "consistent tendency to elaborate and decorate" the language of the play. Alliteration is well developed as an aid to emotional intensity and rhetorical effect, e.g. *boomin' in me brain* (60), *blood ... boilin'* (71), *th' thoughts that are thremblin'* (113-4), *a shattherin' death, in a shower o' shells* (242), *kissin' an' cuddlin'* (149), *king an' counthry* (377), *blindin' an' blastin' an' burnin'* (416) etc. Simmons (op. cit. 86) thinks of this stylistic device as a "disease", so deleterious to tone and sense that, for instance, Bessie's comments in ll. 239ff. are "an insult to human suffering". This may be true, but it may also indicate a misunderstanding of O'Casey's purposes, one of which is to compare Bessy's support of the British war effort with Pearse's glorification of militarism in the cause of Irish freedom, the point being that neither is a pacifist and both use religious imagery to justify war. As to the style objected to by Simmons, the writer who would employ the language of physical sensation reaches almost reflexively for alliteration. Rhetorical excess is a characteristic O'Casey mode; he is at his most exuberant in the volumes of his autobiography, and the same tendency is evident in *Plough*. On the other

hand there is a diversity of register and stylistic levels in the play. The emotional fantasizing of Peter and Fluther has its appropriate expression, as have the high chivalric principles of the Speaker and the doctrinaire socialism of the Covey. In contrast with these is the realism and understatement of Rosie, whose concerns are immediate and practical: how to make a living, pay rent and so on. Rosie, indeed, is without principle as it is understood by the male characters. She is prepared to tailor her remarks to the requirements of potential clients or benefactors. Early in the act, for example, she anticipates the barman's sentiments, and in ll. 101ff. she attempts to intuit (or direct) the feelings of the Covey — ineffectually, as it turns out. In lines not excerpted she is rebuffed a second time; later, she intervenes on behalf of Fluther, and this ploy is successful. All this points to O'Casey's recurring theme, namely that heroics and rhetoric are masculine, pragmatism and accommodation feminine. The men are typically given to exaggeration and bombast, but the real bravery and resourcefulness belong principally to the women. Rosie and Mrs. Gogan, no less than Bessie, emerge from the play as people of courage and character.

**Text 12: J.B. Keane, *The Field* (1966)**

Land, along with nationality and religion, is said to be the great constant of Irish history. Early Irish civilization was rural and pastoral, with wealth reckoned chiefly in land and cattle; it is only recently that the agricultural sector of the economy has come to be outweighed by the manufacturing and service sectors. Before industrialization, land was the principal source of wealth and status, hence the premium placed on its ownership, especially in rural culture. "There's a craze for land everywhere", says one of the characters in the present selection; and another — the protagonist — says with finality, "land is all that matters". Indeed, until recently the "typical" or "representative" Irish murder was apt to result from a dispute over land. Such is the case in J. B. Keane's powerful drama *The Field*, excerpts from which are reproduced below by courtesy of Mercier Press.

The Kerry playwright's vision of rural and small town Ireland is far removed for the Arcadian simplicities of romantic patriots and tourism promoters. Life in Carraigthomond, "a small village in the southwest", is bleak. Land hunger, tribal loyalty and various forms of self-interest (principally self-preservation of one kind of another) combine to bring about murder, virtual embezzlement and a cover-up of both. The law is stymied, and even the personal intervention of the bishop (who threatens interdict) cannot break the conspiracy of silence and collusion.

The action of the play is initiated by a decision of a widow, Maggie Butler, to sell a four-acre field, "a handsome parcel of land" with "fine inchy grazing" that "cry[s] like a carpet". She hires Mick Flanagan, a local publican-cum-auctioneer, and puts a reserve of £800 on the property. "Bull" McCabe, an ambitious,



ruthless farmer, has the grazing of the field (i.e. has it hired for his cattle to graze) and considers that this circumstance gives him virtual ownership of it, a "right" which he intends to formalize by buying it — at his own price. Under threat of boycott and the promise of fees on the reserve price, Flanagan connives with McCabe to mulct the widow. This arrangement is upset when William Dee, a Galwayman living in England but wishing to return to Ireland (in deference to his wife), proposes to buy the field and set up a blockmaking business in it. McCabe regards this as a usurpation of his claims and "rights", and sure to push up the price as well. The upshot is that he and his son Tadhg kill Dee and buy the field — for £350.

Though the events of the play are said to take place in 1965, McCabe's concept of ownership is so archaic that it hardly belongs to the twentieth century, never mind an Ireland gearing itself for EU membership and agribusiness. The acquisition of land is perceived as a family enterprise extended in time, an incremental activity continuing single-mindedly from generation to generation: "I watched this field for forty years and my father before me watched it for forty more". This antiquated attitude is matched by a highly personal — even intimate — relationship with the field: "I know every rib of grass and every thistle and every whitethorn bush that bounds it. There's shamrock in the southwest corner.... The north part is bounded by forty sloe bushes.... This is a sweet little field, this...." It is as if he has transferred to the field the affection he should have given to his wife (from whom he is estranged, though they share the same house), hence his sense of outrage when he learns that Dee proposes to pave part of the field for the purpose of making concrete building blocks: "God Almighty! 'tis a sin to cover grass and clover with concrete". But this "ecological" attitude springs from a conservative rather than a conservational impulse. Possession of the field means upward social mobility: "We'll be important people yet, important people boy", he assures his son.

Keane is sometimes thought of as the heir of Synge, and there is some basis for comparison, e.g. similarities of setting and theme (the stranger in a small enclosed community, for instance). Attitudes towards the law, a central theme in both *Field* and *Playboy*, is another apparent point of contact. McCabe sees "the dirty hand of the law" in the legal provisions governing the sale of the field, including the stipulation that the property go to the highest bidder. Similarly "the treachery of the law" is invoked in *Playboy*, and the "loosèd kharki cut-throats" feared by Pegeen are generally taken to be the military or police, both part of a garrison. In these circumstances "a daring fellow is a jewel of the world", and Christy's crime, which technically makes him an outlaw, is a prima facie case for making him an in-law. The ethic of *Playboy*, in other words, proceeds from the duty to resist the law and its agents because [illegible] hence the enthusiastic reception for the self-proclaimed parricide. McCabe's

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suspicion of the Irish police, an unarmed force set up after independence, is hardly analogous to that. The guards are not blameless: they sometimes lack moral (and perhaps physical) courage; but McCabe's dislike and distrust of legal process is based not on some such consideration as that which motivates the characters in *Playboy*, but on paranoia induced by the primitive instincts of greed and brutality.

Where Keane and Synge really intersect (and in the process establish a dramatic kinship with O'Casey) is in their attitude to loveless marriages, especially as this affects women. McCabe and his wife haven't spoken to each other for eighteen years. The ever-pregnant Maimie Flanagan is the harrassed wife of a demanding, inattentive businessman with unpleasant personal habits. But there is genuine affection between Dandy McCabe (Bull's cousin) and his wife, who are "married twenty four years and never a [harsh] word" between them. The plight of Keane's women is best exemplified in the character and condition of Maimie. Her hunger for tenderness and appreciation, not forthcoming from her boorish (and sometimes brutal) husband, makes her easy prey for "Bird" O'Donnell, who is able to wheedle free drinks out of her by plying her with stories about an imaginary admirer. She smokes too much, inferably from tension and frustration; and it appears that her most pleasant experience at the hands of a man was when she was anointed after her husband struck her and knocked her down the stairs. Having holy viaticum administered by the priest was "more soothing that getting your hair done. [It was] something like a massage...." Trapped in a cycle of reproduction and obliged by her circumstances to suppress the truth about the murder — and watch her sensitive, affectionate son Leamy break down under that strain of having to do likewise — she is the centre of the dramatist's concern and the emotional focus of the play.

1 ["Bird" O'Donnell and McCabe discuss the field. Tadhg is also present.]

Bird 'Tis a good bit of land, though, Bull. You'll have to admit that.

5 Bull Oh, I'll admit it all right but 'twas the manure of my heifers that made it good. Five years of the best cowdung in Carraigthomond and forty pounds a year for grazing. That's two hundred pounds I paid her, not counting the cost of the cow dung and the thistles we 10 cut year in year out. To me that field isn't worth a penny over four hundred pounds. Now I've paid her two hundred in rent. I reckon if she got two hundred more from me she'd be well paid. Wouldn't you say so....



Bird You're a fair man, Bull.

15 Bull She'd be well paid indeed, if I was to fork out two hundred pounds.

Bird Very well paid ... but suppose there's other bidders, Bull?

Bull There won't be any other bidders! I'll see to that. Half this village is related to me and them that isn't is related 20 to my wife.

Bird There's bound to be outsiders bidding. There's a craze for land everywhere.

(Bull points at his ashplant, which is on counter, seizes it and strikes the floor with force. He brings drink with 25 him and leans on counter.)

Bull That's what I care about outsiders. Accursed friggers with nothing in their heads only to own the ground we're walkin' on. We had their likes long enough, hadn't we. Land is all that matters. Own your own land.

30 (Enter Mick Flanagan)

Mick Well, now, what's the problem?

Bull The Bird here tells me you have a field for sale.

Mick That's right!

Bull You're aware of the fact that me and Tadhg has had the 35 grazing of this field for the past five years and has the grazin' of it now?

Mick Yes, I am. Of course I am.

Bull Five times forty pounds is two hundred pounds. A lot of money!

40 Mick 'Tis a lot.

Bull I'll grant you 'tis a lot. A lot of countin' in hard-earned single pound notes. Two hundred pounds in grazing alone. Who'd pay it but myself?

Mick Five forties is a fair sum.

45 Bull 'Twould give me as much claim to the field as the woman who has it for sale. (Mick doesn't answer.)

Tadhg There wouldn't be a stitch of grass in it only for the manure of the heifers — our heifers.

Bull And the bullocks! Don't forget the bullocks, Tadhg. 50 Our bullocks is more fat and content than women with husbands in England.

Tadhg 'Twas us kept the donkeys out of it.

Bull If there's one thing that addles me, it's wandering donkeys. I can't sleep at night over them. I swear to

you I get into bed happy and there I'd be just settlin' down when I'd think of the long-eared thievin' pirates. No sleep for me that night. I keep thinking of the grass they eat on me, and the clover … the fine young clover.

Tadhg A hungry ass would eat as much as two cows.

Bull If he's an ass he's after grass — someone else's grass. I often come across a lonesome ass in April when you'd see no growth anywhere an' you'd be sparin' the young fields for hungry heifers. Do you remember the black stallion donkey with the single ear and the eyes like a saint?

Tadhg Do I?

Bull The first time I met that stallion was a Stephen's Day and he staring through one of the gates of the field we're buying now. You'd think butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. To look at his face you'd think grass was the last thing in his head. He gave me a look and he trotted off. That night he broke the gate. Three months we watched him until we cornered him. Tadhg there beat him to death. He was a solid hour flaking him with his fists and me with a blackthorn … An' do you mean to tell me I have no claim to this field? That any outside stranger can make his open bid and do us out of what's ours, after we huntin' every connivin' jackass from the countryside?

Mick Ah, now, Bull, be fair! She's entitled to the best price she can get. The field is legally hers.

Bull An' she'll get a fair price. I'll hand you over two hundred pounds here an' now an' you'll give me a receipt.

Mick Two hundred pounds! Ah, you'll have to do better than that. Anyway, 'tis for public auction on these premises, the first day of April. 'Tis out of my hands, Bull … Sorry!

[McCabe suggests that Flanagan not publicize the sale so that there will be no other bidders, but the auctioneer seems reluctant to do this. McCabe reminds him that "'Twas done before. You did it yourself."]

Mick Hold it! Hold it! I can't be party to this. There's a reserve of eight hundred pounds and the old woman needs the money. Apart from that it's illegal.

Bull (Laughs) Illegal! That's a good one! (Nudges his companions) Did you hear that … illegal?



Mick There's my commission. Five percent of eight hundred pounds is forty pounds. I'm not going to lose forty quid because you need a cheap field.

Bull (Threateningly) I need that field! I have nineteen acres and no passage to water. I have to get a passage. I'll pay you the forty pounds the day of the auction, provided my bid is accepted.

Mick You don't seem to understand that this is highway robbery.

Bull 'Tis worse robbery the other way. Do you want some hangblasted shagger of a stranger to get it?

Mick What about Maggie Butler? 'Tis her field and no one else's.

Bull 'Tis as much mine! Look here, Flanagan, there's nothing to prevent a boycott of your shop.

Mick What … what do you mean?

Bull There's a hundred relations of mine in this village and around it. Not one of them will ever set foot in this pub again if I say so.

Mick Give me the forty pounds now and I'll do my best.

[McCabe gives a justification of his claim to the field, proposes to give Dee a "fright", and pressures the Flanagans and their son Leamy, O'Donnell, Dandy McCabe and his wife into supplying him with an alibi.]

Bull I'm a fair man and I want nothing but what's mine! I won't be wronged in my own village in my own country by an imported landgrabber. The sweat I've lost won't be given for nothing. A total stranger has come and he wants to bury my sweat and blood in concrete. It's ag'in God an' man an' I was never the person to bow the head when trouble came and no man is goin' to do me out of my natural-born rights. Now this robber comes from nowhere and he's nothin' less than a robber … And you all know the cure for a robber … he must be given a fright and a fright he's goin' to get. But people forgets old friends when there's a danger and if this robber gets a fright and a bit of a beatin', we'll have the Civic Guards goin' around askin' questions. Now, you know the kind Civic Guards is … what is friends, I ask, unless 'tis to pull one another out of hoults.

What is neighbours and relations for unless 'tis to "love ye one another" says the Gospel. So, when the Civic Guards come with their long noses, all of you will remember that Tadhg and myself were in this pub at the time that robbin' gazebo got his dues ... we'll give him just enough to teach him a lesson. Now, I'll want a promise, won't I, to show we can trust one another.

[Having extracted the "promise" McCabe and his son go to the field and wait in ambush for Dee. They talk as they await their victim.)

Tadhg He'll never come now. 'Tis all hours of the night.

Bull We'll give it another half-hour and if he doesn't show up we'll go to our beds. God knows I could sleep now, boy.

Tadhg And my Ma will be wondering.

Bull Let her wonder. You'll hear no complaint out of her.

Tadhg Why don't yourself and Ma talk, Da?

Bull Ah, hould your tongue!

Tadhg Ah, Da, come on! I always told you about my women.

Bull Your mother is a peculiar woman, son. I won't account for her. She's led me a queer life all these years.

Tadhg How long has it been?

Bull How long has what been?

Tadhg Since you spoke to her?

Bull Eat your sandwich, can't you, and give us a rest. I'm addled from you.

Tadhg Ah, tell us, Da. (Sits near him)

Bull (Rises, pauses and returns to Tadhg) Eighteen years since I slept with her or spoke to her.

Tadhg Who was the cause?

Bull Who was the cause, but a tinker's pony ... a hang-gallows piebald pony, a runty get of a gluttonous knacker with one eye. I was at the fair of Carrigthomond that day ... and she gave permission to a tinker's widow to let the pony loose in one of the fields. The land was carryin' fourteen cows an' grass scarce. Fourteen cows, imagine, an' to go throwin' a pony in on top of them! Cripes, Tadhg, a tinker's pony would eat the hair off a child's head!

Tadhg He would, Dad, he would. But what happened between Ma and yourself?

Bull God blast you! ... that's what happened. Amn't I after tellin' you?



Tadhg But after the pony ... what happened?

Bull I was in bed when she told me. I had a share of booze taken. I walloped her more than I meant, maybe. I went out and looked at the pony ... he had one eye, a sightful right eye. I shot him through the two eyes, the blind and the good ... a barrel at a time. It often played on my conscience. If 'twas an ass now, 'twouldn't matter, but a pony is a pony.

Tadhg An' she never spoke to you since?

Bull Never a word. Not even a lone word, good or bad, in all that time. I tried to talk to her, to come around her. I put in electric light and bought the television. I built that goddamned bathroom .... All over a tinker's nag, a dirty one-eyed pony. You'd swear he was human.

[McCabe hears a noise.]

Bull Listen! Listen! [...]

Tadhg That's only a jet [...]

Bull An aeroplane, is it?

Tadhg That's all it is. I often hear them down here at night. I could tell you the different kinds.

Bull (Good-natured) An' what do you be doin' down here at night? Eh? Not sayin' your prayers, I'll bet!

Tadhg Oh, ramblin' around, watchin' out for donkeys.

(He slaps his armpits and moves around.)

Bull Women, I suppose! Anyone I know?

Tadhg Ah, now, Da!

Bull Ah, come on! Tell your oul' Da.

Tadhg There's a daughter of Patsy Finnerty's.

Bull I seen her. I seen her. A bit red in the legs but a good wedge of a woman. Can she milk?

Tadhg As good as ourselves.

Bull Can she handle pigs and feed calves?

Tadhg She knows more about them than myself.

Bull If she does, she knows a lot.

Tadhg She's as strong as a man.

Bull And an only daughter into the bargain.

Tadhg There's nine acres of land.

Bull I know there's nine. A good nine. Good man yourself. I reared you well. Did you question her?

Tadhg I'd say she'd be willing enough. I wouldn't try to rush her though. She's pampered and headstrong.

Tadhg I often drops a hint and she don't seem unwilling to listen.

Bull Nine acres o' land! Think of it! Keep your napper screwed on and we'll be important people yet, important people boy!

Tadhg Why do you think I'm chasing her?

Intense but unavailing police activity follows the murder of Dee. The solidarity of the conspirators and the fear McCabe is able to instil in potential witnesses defeats the investigation; the tribal prevails over the civil and ecclesiastical. Mrs. Butler is cheated but is too intimidated to co-operate with the gardaí. For Maimie complicity in the cover-up is destabilizing — a fact which helps to account for the vehemence and sardonic humour of her exchanges with the priest and policemen, in which she gives voice to a desperation bordering on hysteria. When the sergeant rebukes her for not being serious enough she can say in all honesty that she *is* serious. She is grim.

A somewhat enigmatic quality is introduced into McCabe's character in his final utterances (not excerpted), during which he appears to be rejected by Tadhg. Remorse, suggested in the last line, is difficult to imagine in a character who only a few minutes before was prepared to defame his victim, and who seems to be ready not only to face God's judgement without qualm but to challenge the deity Himself. His arguments about class discrimination (not excerpted), while valid enough as a general criticism of country and small town snobberies, are unconvincing from a man who has pretensions to higher social status and is prepared to kill to achieve it.

The language of *The Field* represents a modernized version of Rural SIE, but remains a richly cadenced southwestern (Kerry) variety which is meant to be heard rather than read. Since one of the play's themes is class distinction and social stratification it is not surprising to find it in a variety of registers, from the fairly self-conscious formality of the bishop to the blunt informality of McCabe, who uses most of the "non-standard" forms and structures. These are now considered in turn.

I. Diction and Concord. **(i)** Forms and meanings: *ag'in* "against" (125) [par. 3.1], *hould* v. "hold" (153), *hoults* 'holds' n.pl. = difficulties (136) [par. 3.18.1]. **(ii)** Agreement: *there's other bidders* (17), *them that isn't* (19), *there's bound to be outsiders* (21), *me and Tadhg has* (34), *our bullocks is* (50), *people forgets* (131), *Civic Guards is* (134), *what is friends* (135) *I often drops* (221). **(iii)** A repeated concession to "book" E is the plural *pounds* after numerals, cf. 6, 7, 8 etc.



II. Syntax. **(i)** Statal Perfect [par. 4.5]: *I had a share of booze taken* (180-1). **(ii)** Present Habitual [par. 4.8]: *An' what do you be doin'...?* (199) **(iii)** Coordinating *and*: *I met that stallion ... and he staring* (66-7): cf. the commentary on Text 9: Syntax (x). **(iv)** Perfect tenses. *Amn't I after tellin' you?* (177-8) is the only *after* perfect. A standardizing principle seems to be operative here. In my experience Rural SIE does not have perfect tenses [par. 4.2], and no more discordant note can be struck than to put them in the months of traditionalist speakers such as McCabe, giving their speech a stilted, unnatural quality. It is hard to account for the diffidence of Irish writers in respect of this feature, which is almost always "corrected" — as in *The Field*, where a perfect is used in virtually every context in which a simple past, present or *after*-structure is called for: *I've paid* (11), *the sweat I've lost* (122-3), *a total stranger has come* (123), *she's led me* (156), *how long has it been?* (157, cf. 158). In non-excerpted parts of the text we find *I've been assaulted* and the response *I suppose you have, a man has been murdered, he's been questioned, I've said goodbye, you've been after us.* In *I wasn't* the preterite is used properly, with perfective force; the exceptional but accurate *if he wanted* "if he had wanted" [par. 4.7] shows the author's familiarity and comfort with the genuine article, but in the extract above we find the standardized pluperfect *me and Tadhg has had* (34). Such inconsistencies are perhaps to be expected in a transitional text (below).

III. A final category involves questions of linguistic sensibility. There seems to be a stylistic or rhetorical principle at work the effect of which is to tilt the language in the direction of standardization and melodrama. This may account for some inconsistency of register, especially in the case of Mrs. Butler. When the sergeant, who moves easily from quasi-formality to informality, assures her that if she's afraid of someone he'll "go to that person and tell him that if he so much as looks at you sideways, it will be as much as his life is worth", her response, "oh, no ... no ... You musn't ... You musn't ... You can't", sounds a bit overdone for someone of her age and condition. She would be more likely to say "Don't, for God's sake" or the like. Similarly the sergeant's "somebody you fear" would more normally be "somebody you're afraid of", and the relative *who* (in *the woman who has it*) sounds strange from McCabe. Maimie's speech is stippled with Americanisms (the verbal expression of her escape fantasy); in a passage not excerpted she complains to Bird about having "nine kids in a dump where you wouldn't get a chance to see yourself in a mirror. The drapers don't even put panties on the windows here...." This last sentence, with its AE loanwords and the *on*-structure (based in Ir., = in) is a good example of hybridization at work in this text. One might sum up by saying that *The Field* shows SIE in an advanced state of transition from the classical norms of Rural towards "standard" or "general" E and oriented towards AE especially in diction and idiom. It may be that in the writings of the great John B. classical Irish literature in English reaches its term.

## Text 13: Finley Peter Dunne, Mr. Dooley (*c.*1900)

Considering the number of people who emigrated from Ireland to North America — upwards of 7,000,000 between the early 17th and early 20th centuries, according to Miller (1985 3) — the Irish ingredient in AE seems disproportionately small. Mencken (1963 [1919] 196) suggest two kinds of influence: (i) pronunciations which "reinforced American archaisms" such as *bile* "boil", *h'ist* "hoist", *jine* "join" (par. 3.10) and *chaw* "chew" (forms which he identifies with New England dialect); (ii) "certain uses of Gaelic, carried over into the English of Ireland, [which] fell upon fertile soil in America", e.g. "the employment of the definite article before nouns" (*the Latin, the measles*) [par. 4.13], "gratuitous asseveration" instead of "*yes* or *no*", and intensifiers or "stretch forms" such as *yes (no) siree, yes indeedy* and *teetotal.*[10] Not all this is convincing, but even if we accept it (and add some of the loan words and structures cited in par. 2.1.1 and ch. IV fnn 4-5) the total is meagre and confirms the impression of a negligible impact relative to numbers. However, as Mencken (op. cit. 195) points out, "the influence of Irish English upon American awaits serious investigation".[11]

One distinctive Hibernian voice in American social satire at the turn of the twentieth century was that of Martin Dooley. The creation of newspaperman F.P. Dunne, Dooley was a Roscommon man living in Archey Road in the Irish section of Chicago. Here in his saloon "forninst th' gas-house and beyant Healey's slough and not far from the polis station" he held forth on issues public and private for more than two decades. "He observes the passing show and meditates thereon", wrote his creator. A realist with an analytical and skeptical intelligence, he has a commensurate ability to coin a phrase or aphorism, and his reflections are made all the more memorable for being expressed in a rich if spurious brogue. The typical Dooleyism is a compound of pungency and cynicism directed against "the humbug, sham and corruption of city life" (Schaaf 1977 22) or used as a deflatant of pomp, pretence and hypocrisy (his own included). "I'm sthrong f'r any revolution that ain't going to happen in me day", he tells Hennessy. And when the latter — his acolyte and straight man — asks him what he thinks "iv the man down in Pinnsylvanya who says th' Lord an' him is partners in a coal mine", Dooley asks, "Has he divided the profits?" In 1894, when the Rev. C. H. Parkhurst's crusade against vice and corruption in New York led to a public commission of investigation, Dooley responded with a characteristic piece of irony and a clarifying distinction. "Vice is a creature of such heejous mien ... that th' more ye see it the betther ye like it ... the theory iv meself ... and other larned men is that vice whin it's broke is a crime an' whin it's got a bank account is a necessity...." Since "gettin' money an' behavin' ye'ersilf don't always go together", Dooley is sympathetic towards criminals, "th' simplest crathers in the wide wurruld — innocent,



straightforward, dangerous people, that haven't sinse enough to be honest and prosperous". The deliberate rearrangement of conventional moral indicators into ironic juxtaposition is Dooley's method of giving a new perspective on good and bad.

The jingoism of the Spanish-American war (1898) seems to have offended Dunne, and when a stampede of thousands of army mules in Tampa, Florida, added a touch of comic opera to the conflict he had his opportunity for a mock encomium of "Sicrety iv War" R. J. Alger and other muleheads in government (Section A). Claims of racial and religious superiority also stirred Dunne to anger, none more so than the recrudescence of nativism (Protestant triumphalism) and Anglophilia following the war with Spain. When Theodore Roosevelt's election in 1904 was hailed as an "Anglo-Saxon" triumph, Dooley pictured American ambassador Joseph Choate arriving at Buckingham Palace "as fast as his hands an' knees wud carry him". Dunne's thoughts on the Anglo-Saxon question found expression in a classic piece of Dooley debunking (Section B).

Private and domestic as well as public and national issues come within the purview of the Archey Road philosopher. In Section C he comments discerningly on the relative merits of the married and single life. A bachelor himself, he sees bachelorhood in positive and patriotic terms, i.e. as an extension of the grand American principle of expansionism (as against the isolationism of married life). The monologue develops into a review of Dooley's roving eye and disastrous courting habits; the troubles of husbands driven to hard work (and consequent success) by termagant wives are contrasted with the life of ease led by the single man. Nevertheless Hennessy's sly thrust finds its mark, and the panegyric ends on a sour note. In Section D Dooley discourses on a subject with resonance for our time as well as his own: women's liberation — which in this instance comes to grief.

### A

"I see", said Mr. Dooley, "th' first gr-reat land battle iv th' war has been fought."

"Where was that?" demanded Mr. Hennessy, in great excitement. "Lord save us, but where was that?"

"Th' Alger gyards", said Mr. Dooley, "bruk fr'm th' corral where they had thim tied up, atin' thistles, an' med a desp'rate charge on th' camp at Tampa. They dayscinded like a whur-rlwind, dhrivin' th' astonished throops befure thim, an' thin charged back again, completin' their earned iv desthruction. At th' las' account th' brave sojers was climbin' threes an' tillygraft poles, an' a rig'mint iv mules was kickin' th' pink silk linin' out of iv th' officers' quarthers. Th' gallant mules was led be a most

courageous jackass, an' 'tis undhersthud that me frind Mack [President McKinley] will appint him a brigadier-gin-ral jus' as soon as he can find out who his father is. 'Tis too bad he'll have no childher to perpituate th' fame iv him. He wint through th' camp at th' head iv his throops iv mules without castin' a shoe. He's th' biggest jackass in Tampa to-day, not exciptin' th' cinsor; an' I doubt if they'se a bigger wan in Wash'n'ton, though I cud name a few that cud thry a race with him. Annyhow, they'll know how to reward him. They know a jackass whin they see wan, an' they see a good manny in that peaceful city."

**B**

"An Anglo-Saxon, Hinnissy, is a German that's forgot who was his parents. They'se a lot iv thim in this counthry. There must be as manny as two in Boston; they'se wan up in Maine, an' another lives in Bogg's Ferry in New York State, and dhrives a milk wagon. Mack is an Anglo-Saxon. His folks come fr'm th' County Armagh, an' their naytional Anglo-Saxon hymn is 'O'Donnell Aboo'. Teddy Rosenfelt is another Anglo-Saxon. An' I'm an Anglo-Saxon. I'm wan iv th' hottest Anglo-Saxons that iver come out iv Anglo-Saxony. Th' name iv Dooley has been th' proudest Anglo-Saxon name in th' County Roscommon f'r many years.

"Schwartzmeister is an Anglo-Saxon, but he doesn't know it, an' won't till some wan tells him. Pether Bowbeen down be th' Frinch church is formin' the Circle Francaize Anglo-Saxon club, an' me ol' frind Dominigo that used to boss th' Ar-rchey R-road wagon whin Callaghan had th' sthreet conthract will march at th' head iv th' Dago Anglo-Saxons whin th' time comes. There ar-re twinty thousan' Rooshian Jews at a quarther a vote in th' Sivinth Ward; an', ar-rmed with rag hooks, they'd be a tur-rble thing f'r anny inimy iv th' Anglo-Saxon 'lieance to face. Th' Bohemians an' Pole Anglo-Saxons may be a little slow in wakin' up to what th' pa-apers calls our common hurtage, but ye may be sure they'll be all r-right whin they're called on. We've got together an Anglo-Saxon 'lieance in this wa-ard, an' we're goin' to ilict Sarsfield O'Brien prisidint, Hugh O'Neill Darsey vice-prisidint, Robert Immitt Clancy sicrety, an' Wolfe Tone Malone three-as-urer. O'Brien'll be a good wan



to have. He was in the Fenian r-raid, an' his father carrid a pike in forty-eight. An' he's in th' Clan. Besides, he has a sthrong pull with th' Ancient Ordher iv Anglo-Saxon Hibernyans.

"I tell ye, whin th' Clan an' th' Sons iv Sweden an' th' Banana Club an' th' Circle Francaize an' th' Pollacky Benivolent Society an' th' Rooshian Sons of Dinnymite an' th' Benny Brith an' th' Coffee Clutch that Schwartzmeister r-runs an th' Turrnd'ye-mind an' th' Holland Society an' th' Afro-Americans an' th' other Anglo-Saxons begin f'r to raise their Anglo-Saxon battle-cry, it'll be all day with th' eight or nine people in th' wurruld that has th' misfortune iv not bein' brought up Anglo-Saxons."

**C**

"It's always been a wondher to me", said Mr. Hennessy, "ye never marrid."

"It's been a wondher to manny", Mr. Dooley replied haughtily. "Maybe if I'd been as aisy pleased as most — an' this is not sayin' annything again you an' ye'ers, Hinnissy, f'r ye got much th' best iv it — I might be th' father iv happy childher an' have money in th' bank awaitin' th' day whin th' intherest on th' morgedge fell due. 'Tis not f'r lack iv opporchunities I'm here alone, I tell ye that me bucko, f'r th' time was whin th' sound iv me feet'd bring more heads to th' windies iv Ar-rchey R-road thin'd bob up to see ye'er fun'ral go by. An' that's many a wan."

"Ah, well", said Mr. Hennessy, "I was but jokin' ye". His tone mollified his friend, who went on: "To tell ye th' truth Hinnissy, th' raison I niver got marrid was I niver cud pick a choice. I've th' makin' iv an ixcillint ol' Turk in me, to be sure, f'r I look on all the sect as iligeable f'r me hand an' I'm on'y resthrained fr'm r-rentin' Lincoln Park f'r a home an' askin' thim all to clave on'y to me, be me nachral modesty an' th' laws iv th' State iv Illinye.

"'Twas always so with me an' I think it is so with most men that dies bachelors. Be r-readin' th' pa-apers ye'd think a bachelor was a man bor-rn with a depraved an' parvarse hathred iv wan iv our most cherished institootions, an' an' anti-expansionist d'ye mind. But 'tis no such thing. A bachelor's a man that wud extend his benificint rule over all th' female wurruld, fr'm th' snow-capped girls iv Alaska to th' sunny eileens iv th' Passyfic. A marrid man's a person with a limited affection

— a protictionist an' anti-expansionist, a mugwump, be hivins. 'Tis th' bachelor that's keepin' alive th' rivrince f'r th' sect.

"Whin I was a young man, ye cud search fr'm wan end iv th' town to th' other f'r me akel with th' ladies. Ye niver see me in them days, but 'twas me had a rogue's eye an' a leg far beyant th' common r-run iv props. I cud dance with th' best iv thim, me voice was that sthrong 'twas impossible to hear annywan else whin I sung 'Th' Pretty Maid Milkin' th' Cow', an' I was dhressed to kill on Sundahs. 'Twas thin I bought th' hat ye see me wear at th' picnic. 'Twas 'Good mornin', Misther Dooley, an' will ye come in an' have a cup iv tay', an' 'How d'ye do, Misther Dooley, I didn't see ye at mass this mornin', an' 'Martin, me boy, dhrop in an' take a hand at forty-fives. Th' young ladies has been askin' me ar-re ye dead'. I was th' pop'lar idol, ye might say, an' manny's th' black look I got over th' shouldher at picnic an' wake. But I minded thim little. If a bull again me come fr'm th' pope himself in thim days whin me heart was high, I'd tuck it in me pocket an' say: 'I'll r-read it whin I get time'.

"Well, I'd take one iv th' girls out in me horse an' buggy iv a Sundah an' I'd think she was th' finest in th' wurruld an' I'd be sayin' all kinds iv jokin' things to her about marredge licenses bein' marked down on account iv th' poor demand an' how th' parish priest was thinkin' iv bein' thransferred to a parish where th' folks was more kindly disposed to each other an' th' likes iv that, whin out iv th' corner iv me eye I'd see another girl go by, an' bless me if I cud keep th' lid iv me r-right eye still or hold me tongue fr'm such unfortchnit remarks as: 'That there Molly Heaney's th' fine girl, th' fine, sthrappin' girl, don't ye think so?' Well, ye know, afther that I might as well be dhrivin' an ice wagon as a pleasure rig; more thin wanst I near lost th' tip iv me nose in th' jamb iv th' dure thryin' to give an affictshionate farewell. An' so it wint on, till I got th' repytation iv a flirt an' a philandhrer f'r no raison at all, d'ye mind, but me widespread fondness. I like thim all, dark an' light, large an' small, young an' old, marrid an' single, widdied an' divorced, an' so I niver marrid annywan. But ye'll find me photygraft in some albums an' me bills in more thin wan livery stable.

"I think marrid men gets on th' best f'r they have a home an' fam'ly to lave in th' mornin' an' a home an' fam'ly to go back to at night; that makes thim wurruk. Some men's domestic



throubles dhrives thim to dhrink, others to book. I read about a man becomin' a millyonaire an' ye think he done it be his own exertions whin 'tis much again little 'twas th' fear iv comin' home impty-handed an' dislike iv stayin' ar-round th' house all day that made him rich. Misther Standard Ile takes in millyons in a year but he might be playin' dominoes in an injine house if it wasn't f'r Mrs. Standard Ile. 'Tis th' thought iv that dear quiet lady at home, in her white cap with her ca'm motherly face, waitin' patiently f'r him with a bell-punch that injooces him to put a shtick iv dinnymite in somebody else's ile well an' bury his securities whin th' assissor comes ar-round. Near ivry man's property ought to be in the wife's name an' most iv it is.

"But with a bachelor 'tis diff'rent. Ye an' I ar-re settin' here together an' Clancy dhrops in. Clancy's wife's away an he's out f'r a good time an' he comes to me f'r it. A bachelor's f'r th' enjymint of his marrid frinds' vacations. Whin Clancy's wife's at home an' I go to see him he r-runs th' pail out in a valise, an' we take our criminal dhrink in th' woodshed. Well, th' three iv us sits here an' pass th' dhrink an' sing our songs iv glee till about ilivin o'clock; thin ye begin to look over ye'er shouldher ivry time ye hear a woman's voice an' fin'lly ye get up an' yawn an' dhrink ivrything on th' table an' gallop home. Clancy an' I raysume our argymint on th' Chinese sityation an' afterwards we carol together, me singin' th' chune an' him doin' a razor edge tinor. Thin he tells me how much he cares f'r me an' proposes to rassle me an' weeps to think how bad he threats his wife an' begs me niver to marry, f'r a bachelor's life's th' on'y wan, an' 'tis past two o' clock whin I hook him on a friendly polisman an' sind him thrippin' — th' polisman — down the street. All r-right so far. But in th' mornin' another story. If Clancy gets home an' finds his wife's rayturned fr'm th' seaside or th' stock yards, or wherever 'tis she's spint her vacation, they'se no r-rest f'r him in th' mornin'. His head may sound in his ears like a automobill an' th' look iv an egg may make his knees thremble, but he's got to be off to th' blacksmith shop, an' hiven help his helper that mornin'. So Clancy's getting' r-rich an' puttin' a coopoly on his house.

"But with me 'tis diff'rent. Whin Phibbius Appollo, as Hogan calls th' sun, raises his head above th' gas house, I'm cuddled up in me couch an' Morphus, gawd iv sleep, has a sthrangle hold

on me. Th' alarm clock begins to go off an' I've just sthrength enough to raise up an' fire it through th' window. Two hours aftherward I have a gleam iv human intillygince an' hook me watch out fr'm undher th' pillow. 'It's eight o'clock', says I. 'But is it eight in th' mornin' or eight in th' evenin'?' says I. 'Faith, I dinnaw, an' divvle a bit care I. Eight's on'y a number', says I. 'It riprisints nawthin', says I. 'They'se hours enough in th' day f'r a free man. I'll tur-rn over an' sleep till eight-wan and thin I'll wake up refrished', I says. 'Tis ilivin o'clock whin me tired lids part f'r good an' Casey has been here to pay me eight dollars an' findin' me not up has gone away f'r another year. A marrid man gets th' money, Hinnissy, but a bachelor man gets th' sleep. Whin all me marrid frinds is off to wurruk poundin' th' ongrateful sand an' wheelin' th' rebellyous slag, in th' heat iv th' afthernoon, ye can see ye'er onfortchnit bachelor frind perambulatin' up an' down th' shady side iv th' sthreet, with an umbrelly over his head an' a wurrud iv cheer fr'm young an' old to enliven his loneliness."

"But th' childher?" asked Mr. Hennessy slyly.

"Childher!" said Mr. Dooley. "Sure I have th' finest fam'ly in th' city. Without scandal I'm th' father iv ivry child in Ar-rchey R-road fr'm end to end."

"An' none iv ye'er own", said Mr. Hennessy.

"I wish to hell, Hinnissy", said Mr. Dooley savagely, "ye'd not lean against mirror, I don't want to have to tell ye again."

## D

"Molly Donahue have up an' become a new woman! It's been a good thing f'r ol' man Donahue, though.... He shtud ivrything that mortal man cud stand. He seen her appearin' in th' road wearin' clothes that no lady shud wear an' ridin' a bicycle; he was humiliated whin she demanded to vote; he put his pride under his ar-rm an' ma-arched out iv th' house whin she committed assault-an'-batthry on th' piannah. But he's got to th' end iv th' rope now.

"He was in here las' night, how-come ye-so, with his hat cocked over his eye an' a look iv risolution on his face; an' whin he left me, he says, says he, 'Dooley', he says, 'I'll conquir, or I'll die', he says.

"It's been comin' f'r months, but it on'y bust on Donahue las' week. He'd come home at night tired out, an' afther supper he was pullin' off his boots, whin Mollie an' th' mother begun talkin'



about th' rights iv females. "Tis th' era iv th' new woman', says Mollie. 'Ye're right', says th' mother. 'What d'ye mean be the new woman?' says Donahue, holdin' his boot in his hand. 'Th' new woman', says Mollie. 'She'll be free fr'm th' oppression iv man', she says. 'She'll wurruk out her own way, without help or hinderance', she says. 'She'll wear what clothes she wants', she says, 'an' she'll be no man's slave', she says. 'They'll be no such thing as givin' a girl in marredge to a clown an' makin' her dipindant on his whims', she says. 'Th' women'll earn their own livin', she says, 'an' mebbe', she says, 'th' men'll stay at home an' dredge in th' house wurruk', she says. 'A-ho', says Donahue. 'An' that's th' new woman, is it?' he says. An' he said no more that night.

"But th' nex' mornin' Mrs. Donahue an' Mollie come to his dure. 'Get up', says Mrs. Donahue, 'an' bring in some coal', she says. 'Ye drowsy man, ye'll be late f'r ye'er wurruk'. 'Divvle th' bit of coal I'll fetch', says Donahue. 'Go away an' lave me alone', he says. 'Ye're inthruptin' me dreams'. 'What ails ye, man alive?' says Mrs. Donahue. 'Get up'. 'Go away', says Donahue, 'an' lave me slumber', he says. 'An' as f'r you, Honoria, ye'd best see what there is in cupboord an' put it in ye'er dinner-pail', he says; 'I heerd th' first whistle blow a minyit ago', he say; 'an' there's a pile iv slag at th' mills that has to be wheeled off befure th' sup'rintindint comes around', he says. 'Ye know ye can't afford to lose ye'er job with me in this dilicate condition', he says. 'I'm going to sleep now', he says. 'An', Mollie, do ye bring me in a cup iv cocoa an' a pooched igg at tin', he says. 'I ixpect me music-teacher about that time. We have to take a wallop out iv Wagner an Bootoven befure noon'. 'Th' lord save us fr'm harm', says Mrs. Donahue. 'Th' man's clean crazy'. 'Divvle's th' bit', says Donahue, wavin' his red flannel undhershirt in th' air. 'I'm the new man', he says.

"Well, sir, Donahue said it flured thim complete. They didn't know what to say. Mollie was game, an' she fetched in th' coal; but Mrs. Donahue got nervous as eight o'clock come around. 'Ye're not goin' to stay in bed all day an' lose ye'er job', she says. 'Th' 'ell with me job', says Donahue. 'I'm not th' man to take wurruk whin they'se industhrees women with nawthin' to do', he says. 'Show me th' pa-apers', he says. 'I want to see where I can get an eighty-cint bonnet f'r two and a half'. He's that stubborn he'd 've stayed in bed all day, but th' good woman weakened.

'Come', she says, 'don't be foolish', she says. 'Ye wudden't have th' ol' woman wurrukin' in th' mills', she says. '"Twas all a joke', she says. 'Oh-ho, th' ol' woman!' he says. 'Th' ol' woman! Well, that's a horse iv another color', he says. 'An' I don't mind tellin' ye th' mills is closed down to-day, Honoria'. So he dhressed himself an' wint out; an' says he to Mollie, he says; 'Miss Newwoman', says he, 'ye may find wurruk enough around th' house', he says. 'An', if ye have time, ye might paint th' stoop', he says. 'Th' ol' man is goin' to take th' ol' woman down by Halsted Sthreet an blow himsilf f'r a new shawl f'r her'.
"An' he's been that proud iv th' victhry that he's been a reg'lar customer f'r a week."

I. Orthography. Dunne's comic-satiric purpose is served by a plethora of "phonetic" spellings, some of which seem to have a visual function only, e.g. *(m)anny* (passim), *morgedge* (70), *marredge* (111) and the like. *Hibernyans* (53), *millyonaire* (132), *millyons* (136) and *rebellyous* (185) are probably otiose also, as are *cud* (20 etc.), *wud* (87) and *shud* (199) — though the last three exx could be meant to indicate the close /u/ of SIE [par. 3.9]. *Passyfic* (89) may imply initial stress, like *polisman* (160). The author's determination to make the visual image as eccentric as possible is exemplified in forms such as *tillygraft* (10), *Tur-rnd'ye-mind* "Turnverein" (57-8), *photygraft* (126), *dinnymite* (56), *coopoly* (168) and *Bootoven* (239).

II. Vowels. **(i)** The tendency to generalise the change from *e* to *i* must be attributed to the wish to maximise visual and aural effect. In genuine SIE dialects this change comes about chiefly before nasals [par. 3.1], hence Dooley's *thim* (6 etc.), *thin* (8), *frind* (13 etc.), *cinsor* (19), *whin* (92 etc.), *Frinch* (37), *twinty* (41), *inimy* (43), *impty* (134), *injine* (137), *tinor* (156), *spint* (163), *sup'rintindint* (234), *tin* (237), *cint* (250), *wint* (257) and others are all real or potential forms. *Divvle* "devil" (177 etc.), an orthographic reflex of the popular pronunciation [divəl], is accurate, hence "analogous" forms such as *iv* "of" (passim), *hiven* (167, cf. 99), *niver* (76 etc.), and *ilivin* (151 etc.) are also possible in SIE. On the other hand spellings such as *tillygraft* (10), *rig'mint* (11), *perpituate* (16), *exciptin'* (18), *ixcillint* (77), *iligeable* (78), *affictshionate* (121), *assissor* (141), *refrished* (180), *conquir* (206), *opprission* (214) and *dilicate* (235) strain credulity. Inconsistencies such as *enjyment* (147, "recte" *injymint), enliven* (188, "recte" *inlivin*), *dipindant* (219, "recte" *dipindint*) and *egg* (165) but *igg* (237) draws attention to lapses of concentration. **(ii)** Exx of /e:/ = *ea* [par 3.3] include *atin'* (6), *aisy* (66), *raison* (76 etc.), *clave* (80 etc.), *akel* "equal" (93), *tay* (100), *lave* (129 etc.); lapses (into conventional spelling) include *pleased* (66),



*seaside* (163), *beat* (185), *lean* (195), *mean* (212), *dreams* (228), *clean* (240) etc. The prefixes *de-* and *re-* also have /e:/, spelled *ay*, in *dayscinded* (7), *raysume* (154) and *rayturned* (162). **(iii)** Exx of "schwa absorbtion" [par. 3.7] include *desp'rate* (6), *philandhrer* (123), *fam'ly* (190), *batthry* (202), *inthruptin'* (189), *victhry* (262); *diff'rent* (144 etc.) is more typical of AE than of IE. **(iv)** The spellings *Sundah* (110) and *piannah* (202) imply final [a] or [ə]; *carrid* (51) and *marrid* (64 etc.) indicate a shortened vowel, [ɪ] or [ə], in the unstressed syllable [par. 3.7.2]. **(v)** [u:] in *befure* (8 etc.), *dure* (121 etc.), *pooched* (237) and *flured* (243) [par. 3.8]. The implied [u:] in *Rooshian* (41) has some validity in SIE, supported as it is by Ir. Rúiseach /ru:ʃəx/ "Russian". **(vi)** The initial vowel of *ongrateful* (184) and *onfortchnit* (186) may represent the sound [o̤] [par. 3.9]; the *u* of *hurtage* "heritage" (46) may mean [o̤] or [ʊ], though the word looks more like a fairly strained pun. **(vii)** In the stressed syllables of *appint* (14), *Illinye* (81), *Ile/ile* (135 etc.) and *enjymint* (147) we are in all probability meant to understand [əi] (par. 3.10); *choice* (77) is a lapse. **(viii)** Lengthening of /e/ before /r/ [par. 3.19.2] is exemplified in *earned* "errand" (9); the movement of *er* to *ar* [par. 3.19.3] in *parvarse* (84), cf. *person* (89). **(ix)** Shortening of the vowel in *bruk* "broke" (5) and *med* "made" (6) is attested in SIE, the second ex. being altogether typical of the colloquial register. The vowel [ɑ] in *one*, indicated by the spelling *wan* (26 etc.), is also the colloquial norm in SIE. The form *rassle* "wrestle" (157) implies the [a] of normal SIE pronunciation, but vowel-lengthening in *gawd* (171) and *nawthin'* (178 etc.) is not; the *a-a* of *waard* (48, cf. 42) and *pa-apers* (45 etc.) probably indicates a very long vowel, though it could suggest vowel quality — perhaps SIE /e:/ as distinct from AE /ei/ in the latter case.

III. Consonants. **(i)** The combination /t/ + /j/ or /d/ + /j/ (orthographically *tu* or *du*) generally results in affrication [par. 3.8.1], as in *opporchunities* (70), *nachral* (80), *unfortchnit* (117), *injooces* (140) and *chune* (155); *due* (70) and *institootions* (85) are exceptions. Yod-dropping is exemplified in *pop'lar* (103) and *reg'lar* (262). **(ii)** [t], [d] before /-(ə)r/ [par. 3.17.3] indicated by *th*, *dh*: *dhrivin'* ... *throops* (8), *desthruction* (9), *threes* (10), *quarthers* (12), *childher* (16 etc.), *counthry* (25), *Pether* (36), *sthreet conthract* (39) etc. **(iii)** The transposition [ʃ] for [s], typical of early IE [par. 3.16] and common in modern western dialects, is represented by *shtick* (140) and *shtud* (197). **(iv)** *Sojers* (10) and *on'y* (78 etc.) are exx of *l*-suppression (vocalization) typical of old-fashioned SIE (cf. Moylan 1996 306). **(v)** Doubling of *r* is a favourite type of nonconformist spelling. Its function is somewhat problematic: lengthening may be implied, but it seems more likely that the flapped fortis sound of Ir. and some forms of SIE is meant. Exx: *gr-reat* (1), *hwur-rlwind* (7), *ar-rmed* (42), *tur-rble* (43), *r-right* (46 etc.), *war-rd* (48), *r-raid* (51), *wurruld* (61 etc.), *Ar-rchey R-road*

(72 etc.), *bor-rn* (84), *ar-re* (103 etc.), *wurruk* (130 etc.), *r-rich* (168), *tur-rn* (179), *wurrud* (188).

IV. Tense, Concord, Syntax. **(i)** There are no *after*-structures [par. 4.6]; exx of the perfect are *has been fought* (2), *we've got* (47), *it's always been* (63), *ladies has been askin'* (103), *Casey has been here* (181), *Molly Donahue have … become* (196), *he's got* (202). **(ii)** The preterites *see* (93), *seen* (198), *sung* (97), *come* (106) and *done* (132) occur. **(iii)** Agreement is inconsistent: non-standard exx include: *sojers was* (10), *mules was* (11) *they'se* [there is] *wan* (26, cf. 178 etc.), *who was his parents* (24-5), *pa-apers calls* (45), *men that dies* (82-3), *folks was* (114), *marrid men gets* (128), *throubles dhrives* (131), *frinds is* (184); cf. the mixed-usage utterance *th' three iv us sits here an' pass th' dhrink an' sing* (149-50). **(iv)** Emphasis with *to be* [par. 4.11]: *'tis th' bachelor that's keepin'* (91), *'twas me had a rogue's eye* (94), *'twas thin I bought th' hat* (98).

The conclusion that Dooleyspeak is a synthetic product will hardly surprise. It does not represent any real dialect of IE but is rather an impressionistic compound or conflation of many — principally SIE — varieties, with a dollop of New World blather for good measure. The palatalization implied in the form *gyards* (5), for instance, is more characteristic of NIE than of SIE; *dinnaw* "don't know" (177), where the last vowel represents an openish /o:/ but is phonetically [ɑ:], is most typical of Kerry speech; the initial sound of *naytional* (24) seems to indicate the [ɛ:] associated in particular with western dialects [par. 3.4]. Apart from the likelihood that some non-standard forms are attributable to typesetters (Schaaf 1977 35-6), there is the fact that Dunne was more essayist and entertainer than linguist; the language of his Dooley columns was a way of "grabbing" his readers, and its inner consistency was a secondary consideration. The sage of A-archey R-road speaks fluent Irish-American pastiche.



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1. The spelling *ketherin* (*keperin* in the MS) indicates that *th* was still an interdental fricative. By EModIr. times this had developed into [h] or [ʔ], as indicated by the spelling *kern* in Shakespeare's *Richard II* (II i 155-8): "Now for our Irish wars: We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns Which live like venom where no venom else But they have privilege to live". If *kerns* here retains its strict Irish meaning (i.e. footsoldiers), the gloss "cause the downfall of" (Campbell 1958 196) seems appropriate for *supplant*; that early sense is testified to by OED. But if (as seems likely) *kerns* has the more general sense "the Irish people as a whole", then the later sense of *supplant*, "to dispossess and take the place of … especially by treacherous or dishonourable means" (illustrated in OED by, among others, a quotation from *The Tempest*), seems more appropriate. To so dispossess was not a priority in Richard's time (late 14th century) but was in Shakespeare's, so that the medieval campaign takes on a contemporary dimension, as in *Henry V*. *Venom* means "snakes": since St Patrick banished the real ones the only ones left are the people (again assuming the extended sense of *kerns*). The image of the Irish as vermin is perhaps more typical of Elizabethan than of Ricardian times, so here again a former conflict is invested with the semantic and polemical — indeed racist — force of the contemporary one. We need not overstate the differences between the two situations, but in addition to the longstanding culture argument the Tudors had a Darwinian justification for genocidal terror: since the Irish were subhuman as well as primitive "they could be eliminated" (Edwards et al. 2007 119). Such was the brutality of the mopping-up operation in Ulster after Kinsale that an honorable English soldier requested a transfer because (he said) huntsmen, not soldiers, were required in the north (Ibid. 125). This brings us full circle to Birmingham the hunter and his cavalier conscience almost a century before Richard's arrival on the scene.
2. Smith (1998 297ff.) argues that the speakers' "deviations from standard English" are intended to show their "subordinate [cultural] status" and identify that condition not only with the Irish but with "degenerate" Old English, thereby justifying New English colonizing activity then taking place at the expense of these two groups. As the *Masque* was being performed in December 1613 an Old English delegation was waiting to see the king to protest gerrymandering and other "discriminatory practices by the … Protestant administration in Dublin" (Ibid. 305). When he received them four months later, James specified his objections to their Catholicism and its political implications: "You that are of a contrary religion … are but half subjects.… The Pope is your father *in spiritualibus* and I *in temporalibus* only. You that send your children to the seminaries of treason, strive henceforth to become full subjects … and then I shall respect you all alike" (Ibid. 306).
3. The image of the Irishman slashing Norman throats dies hard in some quarters. Kevin Myers, an Englishman whose humor it was to call his *Irish Times* column "An Irishman's Diary", wrote this on Dec. 5, 1995: "Templeogue House [was] built just up the road from the stand of yews which gives Terenure its name. Were the yews there when the Normans came along the [river] Dodder in 1200 and started building the watchtower which stands to this day?" This speculative question leads to a dark fantasy of treacherous locals lurking in the shadows of the yew trees, knives at the ready, waiting to pounce on dutiful but depressed or exhausted Frenchmen: "How many Norman sentries spent glum years staring forlornly down the … Dodder waiting for native woodkernes to come and cut their throats? Maybe the woodkernes hid in the stand of yew — which is no doubt the reason why there are no yew left there at all. Newry, too, is named after the yew which once grew densely there. Were those trees also felled so that Norman sentries could safely catch forty winks and not have their throats cut?"
4. "The most unusual and … most characteristic … oaths" in 17th and early 18th century texts representing IE "are those which invoke some person's hand" (Bliss 1979 257). This is typically Irish (cf. Din., Ó Dón. s.v. *lámh*), but Bliss (op. cit.) points to OED's "instances from 1300 onwards in contexts which have no Irish connection".
5. Bliss (1979 233ff.) adduces tantalizing evidence that the attempt to make E conform to the palatal-velar pattern of Ir. phonology was fairly systematic in formative-stage IE. Of nineteen texts suitable for comparison, he found that nine had "*sh*-spelling only in the neighbourhood of front vowels" while in the rest "such spellings [were] not limited in this way".

6. Harvey (1998 69) says that "in Galway and much of the west, many of the gentry understood and spoke Irish". A number of these would have been Catholics of Old English descent such as the Bellews of east Galway, and would probably not have been so ideologically averse to Irish as New English types such as Swift. However, they were not particularly enamored of an Irish accent in English. In the 18th century Mary Bellew may have attended the Ursuline college in Lille, where it was thought she would "pick up a better accent" from mixing with the English students there, and learn some French (Ibid. 96-7).
7. There was a vogue for planting trees in the 18th century; it was intended to counteract the widespread deforestation caused by war, felling of trees for agricultural and commercial purposes, etc. In 1749 Lord Orrery declared that "every gentleman in Ireland is become a planter" (Harvey 1998 72).
8. Sheridan (1781) observes that "the chief mistakes made by the Irish in pronouncing English lie … in the sounds of *a* and *e*", so that *patron* and *matron*, for instance, assonated with *father* but were *paytron* and *maytron* in EE (Hogan 1927 59-60). That older *patron* is retained in SIE as [paTərn], often spelled *pattern*, in the specialized sense "saint's day devotions". O'Critical advises Pat not to "pronounce the indefinite article *ah*. It does not rhyme with 'bah' but with 'bay'…. Don't, Pat, pronounce 'any' and 'many' as *anny* and *manny*, but as 'enny' and 'menny' ... and don't make the 'a' in 'than' too broad; the word should sound almost like 'then'" (Stoney 1885 11, 13). With so menny pitfalls lying in wait for the unwary of tongue, it is no wonder Lady Clonbrony lived "in continual apprehension every time she opened her lips".
9. A man of similar conviction turns up in *The Farm by Lough Gur*, reminiscences of middle class country life in Co. Limerick in the late 19th century. The man in question was, like Kickham, an ardent nationalist but "whatever he thought of the English, he treated their language with the utmost respect" and "would always pull us up if we spoke ungrammatically or used expressions and phrases which were only heard from the peasantry" (Carbery 1978 [1934] 52).
10. "The Irishman is almost incapable of saying plain *yes* or *no*; he must always add some extra and gratuitous asseveration. The American liking for intensives … undoubtedly got a lift from the Irish newcomers" (Mencken 1963 [1919] 196). This claim sounds exaggerated, but Mencken is on to something in respect of *yes* and *no*. Irish has no synonyms for these words; in answers the verb of the question is repeated affirmatively or negatively, e.g. *An ólfaidh tú deoch? Ólfad / Ní ólfad.* "Will you have a drink? I will (not)". *An bhfaca tú é? Chonnaic / Ní fhaca.* "Did you see him (it)? I did (not)". This method of affirmation and denial transferred to SIE and often turns up in Synge, e.g. *Is it that? It is, stranger* (*SG*). *Tell me is herself coming, Nora? She is, Kathleen* (*RS*). *Did you never hear that from the young girls? I did not, then* (*PWW*). "The manner in which the children of the peasantry answer any question is quite pleasant", wrote Asenath Nicholson (2002 [1847] 117). "They never say 'yes' or 'no'; but 'I have not, ma'am', 'I will, ma'am', 'I do, ma'am', or 'I do not, ma'am'." Colonel O'Critical urges Pat to desist from such "Hibernian answers" (Stoney 1885 63-4).
11. The ethnic and religious gulf between Irish immigrants and Anglo-Americans constitutes an *a priori* case for the unlikelihood of Irish linguistic or other influence on the established culture. "An intense dislike of the Irish … was strong in New England", according to Thomas Flanagan (*The New York Review*, 29 Nov. 2001). A famine-era emigrant from Clogheen, Co. Tipperary wrote home that "savage Yankees would sooner see the devil than an Irishman". His employer was apparently one such because his job required him to chop wood from 4:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. in snowdrifts higher than himself (*The Sunday Tribune*, 30 Apr. 2000). Such situations were not conducive to cultural exchange, especially from have-not to have. The virulence of inherited anti-Irish prejudice is evident in the remarks of Nathaniel Hawthorne about immigrants he observed in northern New England in 1835. "Nothing struck me more, in Burlington [Vermont], than the great number of Irish emigrants. They have filled the British provinces [Canada] to the brim, and continue to ascend the St. Lawrence, in infinite tribes, overflowing by every outlet into the [United] States. At Burlington they swarm in huts and mean dwellings near the lake, lounge about the wharves, and elbow the native citizens entirely out of competition in their own line. Every species of mere bodily labor is the prerogative of these Irish. Such is their multitude, in comparison with any possible demand for their services, that it is difficult to conceive how a third of them should earn even a daily glass of whiskey, which is doubtless their first necessity of life — daily bread being only the second. The men exhibit a lazy strength and careless



merriment, as if they had fed well hitherto, and meant to feed better hereafter; the women strode about, uncovered in the open air, with far plumper waists and brawnier limbs, as well as bolder faces, than our shy and slender females; and their progeny, which was innumerable, had the reddest and the roundest cheeks of any children in America" (*The Irish Times*, 4 May 2000). As late as World War II there could be little enough contact between the Irish-Catholic and Anglo-Protestant communities. Hartford, Connecticut, for instance, was "socially bifurcated between the Protestants, who owned and ran the insurance companies, the banks, and their ancillary law firms, and the Irish, who ran the city's services and politics. The Irish Catholics of my parents' generation, no matter how affluent, did not socialize with Protestants, or 'Yanks', as the Irish invariably called them" (John Gregory Dunne, *The New Yorker*, 17 July 2000). In view of this it is not surprising that Mencken (op. cit. 195) concludes that "the Irish gave American very few words; *shillelagh* [and] *smithereens* … almost exhaust the list". Cassidy (2007 passim) begs to differ, arguing that Irish lexical influence on AE was extensive. In the following exx I retain his not always convincing forms and definitions: *baloney* (Ir. *béal ónna* "silly talk"), *boogaloo* (*bogadh luath* "move quickly"), *buccaneer* (*boc aniar* "rogue from the west"), *buckaroo* (*bocaí rua* "wild playboy, tough rogue"), *bunkum* (*buan-chumadh* "perpetual invention, long made-up tale"), *cop* (*ceap* "protector, leader"), *crony* (*comh-roghna* "fellow-favorites, mutual sweethearts"), *dingbat* (*duine bocht* "beggar, hobo, stupid person"), *ditch* (*de dít* "from a place"), *dork* (*dorc* "small person, dwarf"), *dude* (*dúd* "dolt, numbskull, foolish-looking person"), *dutch* in phr. *in d.* (*duais* "trouble"), *gimmick* (*camóg* "crooked device"), *guzzle* (*gus óil* "drink vigorously"), *hanker* (*an-ghá* "great need"), *jazz* (*teas* "heat, passion, excitement"), *lam* as in *on the l.* (*léim* "jump"), *nicknacks* (*neamhghnách* "unusual, exotic"), *scam* (*'s cam (é)* "(it) is a trick"), *slum* (*'s lom (é)*, "(it) is an exposed … place, it is poverty"), *spiel* (*speal* "sharp, cutting, satiric speech"), *square* = honest, upright (*'s cóir (é)* "(it) is honesty … fair play"), *sucker* (*sách úr* "fresh 'fat cat', new well-fed fellow"), *swank* (*somhaoineach* "valuable, rich"), *twerp* (*doirb* "worm, insect, spineless person"), *yackin'* (*éagcaoin* "complaining, lamenting"), *yell* (*éamh oll* "great cry, loud call"). These are imaginative connections, but accepting them is a stretch.

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# Afterword

"The pace of change in Ireland is dizzying," wrote an *Irish Times* correspondent in 1997; the same writer had previously noted "the astonishing changes in Irish English taking place at the moment" and "the mass embrace of new accents by middle class children" (*The Irish Times*, 26 July 1994).

Those children, now adults, are members of an uninhibited, apparently self-confident generation which has largely abandoned the past: struldbrugs disconnected from history, at home with information technology, and in the market for novelty. In a benign perspective the wholesale rejection of the traditional, religious and secular, by the emancipated young might be seen as merely the latest phase in a centuries-long process by which our hybrid cultural identity was formed rather than as iconoclasm, estrangement, or indifference. But in any event, the alacrity with which immigrant articulations are picked up suggests a search for an alternative to what has been discarded. Easy reception of British television, as well as the ubiquity of American films and T.V. programmes, provide the framework of such an alternative and much of its substance. Exx cited in paragraphs 3.6, 3.12 and 3.18 show how susceptible some people are to cross-channel fashions (even offbeat ones), and how a trend can metastasize among anxious, deracinated middle-class speakers, especially public functionaries such as broadcasters — a tribe notoriously prone to imitation and echo: nuair a chacann gé cacann siad uilig. Irish tabloid newspapers follow their British counterparts like Wordsworth's boy, who acted "as if his whole ambition were endless imitation".

It is tempting to reach for the Whorf-Sapir hypothesis (the theory that language conditions thought) by way of explanation, especially given the proximity of "these islands" in the age of the Web. "Just [Ireland's] shape on the map, next to Great Britain's spiky upstanding silhouette, suggested the huddled roundness of a docile spouse," says John Updike in *The Afterlife*. Historical hangover, then? "A colonial power may be expelled by a movement of national liberation," writes Declan Kiberd, "but habits of self-doubt may persist long after the occupier has gone" (*The Irish Times*, 5 May 2007). More acerbically, John Waters speaks of the "self-loathing" which is "hard-wired into the post-colonial consciousness" (*The Irish Times*, 26 June 2006). Similarly, Nuala O'Faolain noted "the distaste for anything native that so disfigures contemporary Ireland" (*The Sunday Tribune*, 8 June 2006), though in an essay on "Riverdance" she conceded that "little by little we become prouder of ourselves" (*The Irish Times*, 12 Feb. 1995). The proliferation of radio stations promises support and validation of the local, though some of them are finding it difficult to escape the stiltedness of the mother station Radio Telefís Éireann, itself now thankfully not so uptight and anglocentric as formally.

Where does all this leave our subject-matter? "Irish English ... is now arid and defunct," in the judgment of linguist David Barnwell of the National University of Ireland, Maynooth. "[B]y any linguistic analysis the English of Ireland has become virtually indistinguishable in syntax and lexicon from that of other countries, principally Britain. Pronunciation remains local to a large degree, but even that is tending towards some cosmopolitan norm" (*The Irish Times*, 15 Aug. 2007). This is consistent with the judgment of historian Joe Lee (1989 660), who contends that insofar as the "distinctive quality" of SIE "derived from the transition to English of a Gaelic turn of phrase, is was doomed from the outset". Fellow-historian John A. Murphy (quoted by Lee) concurs: "... the present generation speak conventional and idiomless English — the result of the ... levelling influence of the media and ... second level schooling. [Irish English], which some optimists saw as a linguistic identity in its own right, has proved to be a purely transitional phase."

These latter statements seem to refer specially to matters of syntax, and to that extent are accurate enough; but the distinctive Cork accents of professors Lee and Murphy themselves make the point that standardized grammar and diction are independent of pronunciation. Dire predictions of a monochromatic future are perhaps premature, and even though a Common-based standard is emerging it is likely to be fairly distinctive. *Non omnis moriar*. However, the classical phase is over.



# Abbreviations

| | |
|---|---|
| adj. | adjective, -ival |
| AE | American English |
| A-I | Anglo-Irish |
| cf. | compare |
| dial. | dialect(al) |
| E | English |
| EE | English English |
| EME | English Middle English |
| EModE | Early Modern English |
| EModIr. | Early Modern Irish |
| esp. | especially |
| ex(x) | example(s) |
| Fr. | French |
| GE | General English |
| Ger. | German |
| H-E (HE) | Hiberno-English |
| Ibid. | same book (source) |
| IE | Irish English |
| IME | Irish Middle English |
| Ir. | Irish |
| lit. | literally |
| ME | Middle English |
| ModE | Modern English |
| ModIr. | Modern Irish |
| ModStE | Modern Standard English |
| n. | noun |
| NEE | Northern English English |
| NIE | Northern Irish English |
| OE | Old English |
| OED | Oxford English Dictionary |
| OFr. | Old French |
| OIr. | Old Irish |
| op. cit. | work (source) cited |
| par. | paragraph |
| PDE | Popular Dublin English |
| pl. (no.) | plural (number) |
| poss. | possessive |
| pp. | past participle |
| prep. | preposition |
| pres. indic. | present indicative |
| pres. t. | present tense |
| pret. | preterite (past tense) |
| RP | Received Pronunciation ('Oxford' E) |
| SEE | Southern English English |
| sg. | singular |
| SIE | Southern Irish English |
| StE | Standard English |
| s.v.(s.vv.) | under the word(s) |
| v. | verb |
| vbl. n. | verbal noun |

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